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IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

XXVII.

As Irene had feared, Dr. Macklin was selected to join the Damascus station, and to give what opening to the truth he could by his prescriptions and surgeries.

"I could n't escape this," he privately explained to Mrs. Payson, on the evening of his arrival. "I did n't want to impose my presence on Irene, and I dreaded to meet her for my own sake. But Dr. Anson could n't come without either displacing or dividing another family. It seemed wrong to call on the mission to consider my private affairs. I said nothing about them, and here I am."

"But your health, doctor," she sighed. "I am afraid the summer here will quite break you down."

"That does n't matter. If I can die, and die in this work, I shan't grieve over it. Do you think Irene will be much troubled by my presence?"

"I don't care if she is," snapped Mrs. Payson. "I hope so. I hope she has *some* conscience."

"She *has* a conscience," declared the doctor, with equal spirit. "She is a good, sweet, noble girl. It is n't her fault if men fall in love with her who are not worthy of her."

Mrs. Payson gazed at her magnani-

mous favorite in mute amazement and despair.

"I ought not to fret at you," said Macklin, repenting of his impetuosity. "You are my fast friend, and I thank you for it."

"I was n't hurt. I was merely wondering to see you so changed."

"Yes, *I am* changed," sighed the doctor. "When a man is bled at his heart, it takes the pride and the spunk out of him. I don't know but it betters him. I am no longer conceited about my spirit, and I think I can offer the other cheek to the smiter. Well, this is unmanly and silly, — this prattling about my own sorrow. Let us say no more of it so long as I remain with you. And — one thing more, my dear friend — I want you to treat Irene as though we were all one in purpose and love."

"Oh, yes," said the good lady. "There must be no quarreling in the mission. And besides, it might send her back to Bhandun; she was n't obliged to come here."

The doctor, in spite of the deep wound in his heart, was so amused over this shrewd after-thought that he smiled as he turned away.

A number of days passed in quiet. There was no war in Lebanon and none in the Payson household. Dr. Macklin spent much of his time in receiving and

visiting a horde of patients, who seemed to start into existence under his pills, as if these had been the stones of Deucalion. Irene, who had no girls to teach, occasionally lent a hand at washing a wound or a sore-eyed baby, and devoted some hours every day to an ambitious attempt at translating a Sabbath-school book into Arabic, meanwhile often wishing herself back in Lebanon, where she could be of more obvious use.

The two never met except at meal-times, and otherwise in the presence of the Paysons. Each tried to look upon the other solely as a fellow-laborer in the great vineyard. The doctor wrestled earnestly with himself for repining that Irene should not love him as well as the cause of righteousness; and the young lady, on her part, strove to revere him as a most noble friend, who deserved everything from her that she could truly give.

It was rather a forced situation, one must admit; and I don't wonder that it lasted only a week or so. One sultry afternoon, when the heat was beyond the computation of a common thermometer, the doctor and Irene sought what freshness there was in the great saloon. In this lofty apartment, where the waters of the Barida bubbled over the marble fountain, there was at least a look and a noise of coolness.

"I can stay nowhere else," apologized Macklin, who had entered last. "I can't bear these heats as I once could."

"Lie down on the mukaad," she replied, pointing out the one opposite to herself. "You must get a rest when you can. You know the mission stands on its medicine chest."

"I wish these people cared as much for their souls as they do for their bodies," he sighed, stretching himself out wearily. "Payson would have more work, and I should have less, and things would look better."

Then there was a long silence, during which she sewed languidly, and he furtively gazed at her. The only sound in the great, dim, superb hall was the monotonous bubbling and dripping of the

marble basin. This murmur was magically tranquillizing and full of influences of content. It seemed enough to make two people willing to stay there forever, and able to find each other's companionship all sufficient for happiness. As Macklin listened to it, and looked the while at Irene, the idea of marriage stole into his mind, and instantly won entire possession.

"Irene," he said, in a tone which was so peculiar that she started and raised her eyes quickly.

"I have kept silence a long while, Irene," he continued, feeling in some wild way that that start of hers had given him permission to say all he would. "I have accorded you plenty of time to think over what we talked of in Beirut."

She did not answer him at once. There was something in his voice and manner which deeply moved her. It was a despairing composure, like that of a sick person who earnestly desires to live, yet sees little hope of life, and strives after resignation. She had a sentiment of throbbing pity for this patient, and yet evidently racked, sufferer; and, mingled with it, there was undoubtedly gratitude and admiration for an affection which knew no changing. It is a combination of emotions which has often helped to make a lover victorious on his second trial.

"You will not blame me, I trust, for returning to the subject," he added, imploringly.

She shook her head. She knew not how to do otherwise; as yet she could not decide what words to utter.

"Then I may hope?" gasped Macklin, suddenly half beside himself, and leaping to his feet.

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed Irene, sitting straight up and staring at him. "What do you mean? What did I say? I said nothing."

"You surely gave me to understand that you did not object?"—

"No, no! Sit down again. Let me tell you how it was. I want you to listen to me."

She had quite recovered her calmness of demeanor, if not of spirit. Even a

shy and sensitive girl can get somewhat used to being proposed to, if she has practice enough. The doctor resumed his seat in a subdued frame of mind, as men generally do when so ordered by their heart's darlings.

"I said I did not blame you for speaking of it again," she went on. "That is what you asked me, and I nodded, yes. That was all, and it was true. How can I blame you for remembering me kindly? I thought you meant no more. I thought—I hoped, at least—that you would stop there. I did n't mean that you should go on to say more."

"But I must say more," persisted Macklin. "Now that my mouth is opened on the subject, I must tell you"—

"No, no, no!" broke in Irene. "You are not reasonable; you are hardly kind. Would you have a girl marry without love? It must n't be talked of. Oh, I do like you—as a friend."

"That is so easily said," groaned the doctor. "What does it amount to?"

"It won't amount to much if this goes on," returned Irene, firmly. "If this goes on, it will be one constant bicker. We shall cease—that is easy enough to foresee—we shall cease to be friends."

"Never!" declared Macklin, loudly. "You can't help my being your friend, no matter how much you hate me."

"I shall never hate you," she said.

"Then, why"—he pleaded; but suddenly there came upon him a crushing sense of the hopelessness of his suit, and, throwing himself at full length upon the mukaad, he buried his face in a cushion.

A brave and noble-hearted man in tears is a moving spectacle to a girl who has the right kind of heart in her bosom. For a moment Irene had a feeling that she must give up this struggle some day, and that she might as well surrender at once. Then her nervous fingers, straying aimlessly about, rested on the pocket of her dress, and became conscious of a letter there. It was the last epistle from DeVries, received and read that morning, and not yet answered.

"Of course I can't stay here," she

said, rising softly. "I shall go to my own room."

"I won't drive you away!" sobbed the doctor, springing up and rushing by her out of the saloon.

She returned slowly to the sofa, sat down, took out Hubertsen's letter, and looked at it pensively. There was a consciousness that the sight of her own name in that handwriting gave her pleasure,—a pleasure which streamed like warmth through all her being, even to the very veins in her fingers.

"If it had not been for that!"—she thought. "But where am I drifting to? This also will never be."

All the same, her reply was written that very day, in a kind of passion of haste; and when Hubertsen read it he said to himself that his little Puritan was a charming correspondent; in fact, he so declared to her in his own next.

Of course, Irene dreaded her next meeting with the doctor; but the good-hearted man made it very easy for her. After a severe wrestle with the confusions of his spirit, he found grace to resolve that their intercourse should not be "one constant bicker," and he decided to be once more the frank, boisterous friend and comrade. By a heroic effort—an effort perhaps incredible to some men who have been in the like situation—he put aside all shrinkings, reserves, broodings, and incriminations, and treated her as he had done in their early acquaintance. He joked her, he made believe bully her a little, and, in short, took on the deportment of an elder brother.

Irene half believed that he no longer cared for her, and possibly never had cared very seriously. At all events, the change was delightful in comparison with love-making, and she did her best to assume his tone of unceremonious familiarity. So for a time they consorted comfortably enough, and had somewhat the air of boon companions. Once, indeed, there was such a scene as might occur between a young lady and a mentoring brother-in-law.

They were walking through the bazaars, gazing at the long rows of slovenly

alcoves on either hand, and at the dignified, handsome, white-turbaned Damascenes, whose grave, dark eyes scornfully returned their glances. A ragged, cringing Jew saluted the doctor humbly, and handed him a letter. Macklin gave the wretched creature a piastre, and of course looked at the address.

"It is mine," said Irene, reaching hastily for it. "It must have dropped out of my pocket when I paid for that robotlicoom."

But the doctor had already seen the superscription of "Mr. Porter Brassey, American Consul, Beirut."

"What are you corresponding with that man for?" he demanded, quite in his old domineering way.

Now Irene might have told him that Mr. Brassey had written her a second offer of marriage, and that this letter contained a courteous refusal of the same. But of course she did not feel at liberty to disclose the consul's love secrets,—at least, not to another gentleman.

"I have business with him," she laughed. "Do you suppose that ladies never have anything to do with affairs of state?"

"Nonsense!" said the doctor. "I insist upon knowing what that letter is about."

"I can't tell you."

"What do you mean?" he almost shouted. "Are you to correspond with that commonplace creature, and your old friends to know nothing about it?"

"My old friends of six months' standing!" Irene laughed again.

"If it is *your* secret, of course I don't insist," he retorted, sarcastically.

"Of course it is *n't* my secret. How you do jibe at me! But I am not going to tell you; I won't tell you the first thing."

"You must *n't* send the letter, then."

"I must and shall send it. How absurd!"

"Well, go on in your own way," he replied, loudly. "You will get into trouble, with your recklessness, some of these days."

He was trying to be in a passion, as a

sort of comfort to himself. There was a runnel of Barida water in the street, and he straddled to the other bank of it. He would not walk near her for some minutes. Meantime, the black-bearded, cross-legged merchants looked on with composed eyes of scorn, or exchanged contemptuous Moslem smiles over this street tiff between a Frank and his unveiled, brazen wife.

On reaching home, Macklin so bullied Mrs. Payson about this correspondence between her ward and Mr. Brassey that she told him the whole story of that functionary's persistent love.

"She *must* answer him," argued the lady, gently. "I don't think she is to blame."

"I think she is," blustered the doctor. "She ought to have so answered him the first time that he never would have been heard from again."

Mrs. Payson could not say that some men won't stop for one refusal, and the conversation ended in a little harmless abuse of the poor consul.

XXVIII.

Three days after the farcical battle over Irene's correspondence, Mr. Payson returned in great haste from his afternoon walk in the shadowy bazaars, and brought into the family presence a visage full of anxiety and sorrow.

"The sword is unsheathed at last," he said. "I heard mutterings among those Moslem merchants about battles on Lebanon. It is only too true. I went directly to the chief of the muleteers, and learned from him that men had arrived this noon with war in their mouths. The Maronites have risen against the Druzes, and where it will end God alone knoweth."

"I wish I was in the mountains!" broke out the doctor, his pugnacious face flushing.

The thought came to Irene that her letter would reach the consul just in time to deaden his interest in protecting the mission, if he were capable of being thus ignobly influenced by a refusal. It

was characteristic of her that she should feel a sense of guilt in that matter, and should glance timidly at Mrs. Payson, as if begging her not to scold.

"We are in our allotted post of duty, doctor," said Payson. "Here we must remain until we are bidden away."

"Oh, of course I stay," grumbled Macklin. "I suppose I must stay. But I would rather be where I could fight for our native brethren."

"May the Mightiest cause the sword to pass by them! I do not see why they should be harmed,—they are neither Druzes nor Maronites. But they will be sorely terrified. I should like to be among them to cheer them."

("Poor Mrs. Pelton will be frightened," thought Mrs. Payson. "And Saada and Ruffa.")

"Mr. DeVries is with them," suggested Irene. "I do hope he will be careful of himself."

"I fear he will be less alarmed than his case demands," said Mr. Payson, who earnestly wanted "unconverted persons" to be afraid. "There is danger that the lad will ride into some skirmish merely to see it. How can one have such a desire! I can think of nothing but our poor folds, surrounded by ravens and howlings, terrified, scattered, though I trust not slaughtered. And Lebanon, running with blood and lighted by flame,—it is too horrible! Yet it has come; God has at last permitted it. We must bear it as submissively as we can, praying all the while that the sword may be stayed."

Reports of assassination, of burnings of villages, of battle and massacre, now came thick and fast. The little mission colony heard of more bloodshed and devastation than the war wrought. But enough was true: a murderous struggle for supremacy had really opened between the Maronites and Druzes; the contest was carried on with the desperation of men who fought for life even more than for empire; half Lebanon was rattling with wide-spread musketry and dim with the smoke of blazing dwellings. The Druzes, a race of warriors, and led by families of warlike chiefs, quickly as-

sumed the offensive and the superiority. Greatly overmatched in numbers, and believing that they could afford no mercy, they granted none. Christian fugitives from the mountain were soon streaming over all the surrounding districts. A few reached Damascus, and brought horrible accounts of the ferocity of their enemies, exhibiting in proof thereof noses cut off and wrists amputated.

There were Frank refugees, also,—travelers who had been surprised by the cyclone of warfare, and who had fled to the first discoverable city of refuge. One noteworthy couple of this class penetrated into the mission house with as much vigor of purpose as though it had arrived by cannon-shot. Mr. Payson saw before him, one morning, a gray-whiskered, well-dressed, personable, polite gentleman of near sixty, bearing on his arm a tall, dark, black-eyed lady, richly but carelessly attired, who might have been twenty years his junior.

"Mr. Payson, I believe," said the old beau, bowing and smiling and simpering in the most honeyed fashion. "One of our noble band of American missionaries. My name is Wormly,—Anthony W. Wormly,—of Philadelphia. I am delighted to make your reverend acquaintance. Allow me to present to you my friend, Miss Minnie Biffles, a fellow countrywoman and an enthusiastic lover of the Holy Land. We are fugitives, Mr. Payson, from Hasbeya."

"Hasbeya has not been attacked?" asked the missionary, eagerly.

"Not at all, my dear sir; at least, not to our knowledge. But we heard of bands roving about, and Mount Lebanon in an uproar. It seemed to be dangerous to try to reach Beirut by way of Deir el Kamr. And here we are in Damascus, without a roof to shelter us, the hotel being full. Can you kindly favor us with lodging for the night?"

"Surely I can, and must," assented Payson. "Your people will have to sleep in the court, but there are rooms for yourselves."

"We have no people," smiled Mr. Anthony W. Wormly. "We hire men

and animals from place to place. Miss Biffles prefers that method of travel as being more in accordance with her—her views."

The clergyman glanced at the lady with a slight expression of perplexity. The fact that her name was Biffles, while her companion was Wormly, puzzled him.

"We are direct from the Holy City," said Miss Biffles, who had thrown off her hat, and dropped her slender longitude on a sofa in a very easy posture. "We came north by the Jordan valley, because I wanted to see the whole of Israel's river. What a lovely stream! What a wonderful region! What a land this will be when the reign of peace and love opens!"

"Miss Biffles has views concerning the millennium," observed Mr. Wormly, in an explanatory tone, which, by the way, seemed to indicate that he did not share her theories, but merely put up with them for valid reasons.

The missionary closed his eyes gently, with the air of a man who prays for patience. During his residence in Syria he had seen a good many religious oddities; and he understood, with controllable annoyance, that a person of this type was now before him. There was no use, he at once said to himself, in arguing with the woman. He would not waste a single rational induction or devout inference upon a millenarian. Already he had decided that, no matter how fiercely she might babble about the reign of peace and love, he would listen in silence, and then turn the conversation.

"I wish you would step out, Mr. Wormly, and see that my trunks are carried up to my room properly," was Miss Biffles's next remark. "Those stupid Arabs will be sure to sling them topsyturvy."

The beauish old fellow pattered forth meekly on his mission, and the clergyman was left alone with the lady who had views.

"I suppose you had a severe push from Hasbeya," he observed. "It is a very hot journey at this season."

"Hot is no word for it," said Miss Biffles. "I should have given up the ghost a dozen times over, if I had n't believed in the presence of the kingdom, and been determined to live to see it acknowledged."

"Did you chance upon any of our good native brethren there?" asked Payson.

"I chanced upon them," returned the lady, with scornful pity. "I had some conversation with one who spoke English. Why don't you preach to them the present reign of righteousness?"

"We preach the little truth that we are large enough to receive. We are sadly ignorant."

"The whole world is," affirmed Miss Biffles. "If it were not so, all our troubles would end. The great fact of our times is that the millennium is with us, and the nations know it not. Whenever they cease to be blinded, whenever they open their eyes to what has already transpired, war and violence and selfishness will suddenly be no more, and the reign of love will be universal. Look at these Druzes and Maronites! Do you suppose that they would have gone to fighting if they had known what I know? Not a bit of it. They would have seen that they were brothers, and they would have loved each other."

Miss Biffles said all this composedly, in a deep contralto voice which gave an impression of sincerity, and which also expressed a certain amount of dignity and domination. Mr. Payson began to think that he had to do with a serious case of religious mania, amounting perhaps to stark lunacy. He wished that Mr. Wormly would return and look after Miss Biffles. And what was the connection between them, and why was Miss Biffles here alone with Mr. Wormly? Was he, possibly, her keeper?

"Is this gentleman a relative of yours?" he asked, summoning all his resolution.

"Not at all," replied Miss Biffles, unabashed. "I never saw him till we met on the Mount of Olives. We travel together because we sympathize. By the way, I was speaking to you of the

reign of love, and was about to mention my proofs that the time has fully come. The whole problem has been figured out from Daniel to the Revelation with absolute certainty. I know that the thousand years of peace have begun. Preach that, if you want to do any good; preach it to-morrow, — to-day. At a proper time I will read you a conclusive essay on the subject. It will afford me a great deal of pleasure."

Mr. Payson mentally resolved that that pleasure Miss Biffles should never have. Just then, too, he was gladdened by hearing the street gate bang, a sound which gave him hope that his wife and Irene were at hand, and that he would be able to turn this foolish old maid over to wiser observation and management than his own. Accordingly he begged his guest to excuse him for a moment, and went in quest of the partner of all his perplexities, as well as of his joys.

"Please tell Mr. Wormly to open the trunks for me," the lady called after him. "He has the keys, if he has n't lost them. I dare say he has."

Paying no attention to this request, which struck him as savoring of indecorum, Mr. Payson hastened to unfold the situation to his wife.

"You must attend to her, my dear," he said, after he had hastily told what he knew about Miss Biffles and her friend. "I don't understand how to handle women, even when they are sane. You must get her into her room, and get the other lunatic out of it. I don't know what it all means, except that they are a couple of silly old creatures, who stand in sore need of our kindly oversight. You might open Miss Biffles's trunks for her, and send her companion down to me."

"I'll arrange it," promised Mrs. Payson. "I'll look over the lady's dresses with her, and Irene shall take the gentleman down-stairs."

The good missionary did not smile at the unmeant humor of this proposition. He did not get any insight from it as to feminine ways of managing men and women; or, if he did, not a glimmer of such intelligence appeared on his rapt,

pensive visage. He looked merely glad to be freed from Miss Biffles, and went off hastily to the quiet of his study.

In three minutes Miss Biffles was showing her "things" to Mrs. Payson, and talking fluently about the latest fashions in New York and Paris, without an allusion to millennial robes. It seemed rather surprising, by the way, that she should have been anxious as to the delicate handling of her portmanteaux. Her method of unpacking was simply to turn a trunk bottom-side up and spread its contents on the floor. When she had finished her researches among the *débris* she repacked by the armful, tossing the articles in as though with a pitchfork.

Meantime, Mr. Wormly had been inveigled down-stairs by Irene.

"Not the least objection made he;
Not a moment stopped or stayed he."

The moment he saw the young lady he made up to her with the instinct of a born woman-worshiper and the smile of a veteran beau. Before he had been fifteen minutes with her in the saloon, he had found an opportunity to give her hand a tender squeeze, and had told her that he was deeply interested in her labors and history.

"But you don't know anything about my history," she replied, a little annoyed with his ogling and his turkey-cock bowing and sidling.

"Ah, yes, — excuse me," grinned Mr. Wormly, showing a great deal of gold in his teeth. "When I meet a charming young lady far away from home, and leading a recluse existence, I can divine something. I can divine that she has had a history which is worthy of any man's sympathy. I can feel sure, for instance, that she has suffered, and that she has had noble aspirations."

As he continued to smirk at her in an intriguing way, Irene determined to get rid of the subject at once, and suddenly asked him, "Did you meet a family named Brann in Jerusalem?"

"Certainly," bowed Mr. Wormly, looking rather discomfited. "Old gentleman and sociable lady, with several sons and daughters. I did n't think

much of the men, I must tell you, Miss Grant. Rather silent and heavy. The ladies were, — I can't say they were pretty, but they were very agreeable. On the whole, very pleasant ladies, both mother and daughters, — very pleasant, indeed. By the way, I ought to apologize, perhaps, for speaking so inconsiderately of the men on such very brief acquaintance. Surely, they cannot be relatives? I see no resemblance. Of course not; I thought not. Very dull men, I must say, but very pleasant ladies."

Just then Miss Biffles entered the saloon, and asked, sharply, "What 's that, Mr. Wormly?"

The old beau was long in responding, and Irene had to answer the query.

"Those Brann women!" exclaimed the lady of views. "Those creatures pleasant! Mr. Wormly is always polite to the sex, as he calls it. They were a lot of empty-headed prattlers. The men had some silent, solid sense in them."

It occurred to Irene that perhaps Mr. Wormly disliked the Brann males because they were men, and that Miss Biffles disliked the Brann females because they were women. But being sorry for the disconcerted old gentleman, she strove to change the conversation by asking him how long he should stay in Damascus.

"We may remain for weeks, — for months," was the really alarming response of Miss Biffles.

XXIX.

Late in the evening there was a discussion in the Payson household concerning the Biffles-Wormly copartnership.

"I have been pumping the man a little," stated Dr. Macklin. "They are a very queer pair, — the queerest pair since Adam and Eve. They have no interpreter and no regular servant. They seem to get about from village to village by a series of providences."

"I hope Providence will mercifully lead them hence ere long," murmured Mr. Payson. "I have never before seen

such a pair myself, and I doubt whether such will be common in the millennium, if one may speak so lightly of that mysterious subject. It is truly dreadful to be thus loaded with farcical feather-heads, when our souls are weak with anxiety and sadness."

"The man is pretty sane," judged the doctor. "He talks like a veteran of the world. It is very curious that he, the soundest head, apparently, of the two, should be completely under the thumb of Miss Biffles. Perhaps she furnishes the money. And yet he seems to have plenty of piastres, and has n't hinted at a loan. I can't make anything out of it. All I can say is, There are two more of them."

"Yes, the Holy Land swarms with queer bodies," sighed Payson. "I sometimes think that it has more fools in it than it had in the time of Elijah, when all but seven thousand bowed the knee to Baal. May Heaven preserve all our wits! We need every spark that we have. In one sense, indeed, the whole earth is a mad-house. How else could the eternal verities be so neglected as they are?"

"I wish something could happen to Wormly," said the doctor. "He has sense enough to deserve a cowering. If I should see a Moslem lay a koorbash across him, I don't think I should interfere. He is n't the kind of Christian whom I take an interest in protecting."

"We must guard against uncharity," Of course it was Payson who said this. "We must not shoot incriminations in the dark. They are simple, mistaken souls. There my judgment stops."

"The woman is n't simple enough not to know better," put in Mrs. Payson, with a tartness unusual in her. "She is cheapening her own sex, and ought to be told so plainly," she added, glancing hortatively at her husband.

"No, no, my dear," smiled her Achilès. "I am not equal to facing a female millenarian. She would surely get the better of me, and read me her essay on the second advent. I will not suffer my reason and my convictions and my feelings to be trifled with by a monomaniac.

Her creed is a burlesque of true faith, and I will not run the risk of listening to it."

"Turn them out," counseled the doctor. "Get them headed for Treblous, and send them over Mechmel. There is no war in Northern Lebanon."

"There may be robbery and murder," said Payson. "But we will inquire. I will go to the chief of the muleteers. If it appears that the road through Elden is safe, I will mention it to our bewildered friends, and counsel them to depart while they can."

From his expedition after news he returned with a sorrowful countenance.

"I learn that the sword is devouring on every side," he stated. "Hasbeya and Deir el Kamr are besieged by the Druzes, who are getting the upper hands everywhere. The number of villages and hamlets burned is said to be more than fifty. Hundreds of Maronites have been slain: one of the muleteers put it at thousands, but that I will not believe. It is what I expected. How could those priest-ridden Christians, without natural leaders or martial experience, contend against a race led by a warlike feudal nobility? I see how it will end. The Maronites will be beaten everywhere, — I fear, slaughtered everywhere. But our people, our dear native believers, are so far safe, and will probably so continue. Nor do I hear of any Franks being molested. To us, at least, the Father of mercies has been very gracious. Still," he added, "we cannot send away our guests as yet. The Nusareyeh are in a ferment, and they are a wild, ignorant people, you know. They might molest even foreigners. Our poor friends must abide with us till better news arrives."

A few days later came a letter from Mr. Pelton, stating that he was on the eve of departing for Beirut, with all his household and the Payson properties.

"Our dear girls are safe, by this time," said Payson. "I did not fear for Brother and Sister Pelton, but I had some anxieties as to Rufka and Saada, lest they should fall in the way of Moslem insult."

"We are a long distance now from friends," sighed his wife.

"We are as near to the divine Friend as we ever were," returned the missionary, with a tranquil smile. "Perhaps nearer. Nothing need alarm us. By the way, it is strange that Brother Pelton says nothing concerning our youth. I trust that he has not been allowed to wander away among the battle-fields."

"Mr. DeVries went to Mechmel and the Cedars, you know," said Irene, unwilling to admit that he could be in peril.

Miss Biffles, who had just stalked into the room, inquired, in her awful contralto, "Did you speak of a Mr. DeVries?"

"Mr. Hubertsen DeVries, of Albany," explained Irene. She felt sure that this horrid woman could not be acquainted with her most noble friend, and desired to put an end to such an impertinent supposition as promptly as possible.

"I know him," said Miss Biffles in a sepulchral tone, which seemed to light upon the young man's character like a vampire and suck its very life-blood. "We ate at the same table when he was a senior in college. I know him."

Both Mrs. Payson and Dr. Macklin looked at her with an interest which was very near to a request that she would say more.

"He is one of those young men whom I feel it a duty to expose," continued Miss Biffles, her dark face reddening with anger over some infuriating reminiscence. "He is a sly, false, heartless flirt, — a thorough-paced college flirt."

The countenance of our missionary girl turned as red, and almost as indignant, as that of the believer in the reign of peace and love.

"When a young man," continued Miss Biffles, trembling with excitement, "beguiles a trusting girl into the cemetery at evening, and keeps her there so late that the gates are locked upon them and the police have to get them out with a ladder, and when every student boarding-house in town rings with the adventure, I say it is a shame. I say that young man ought to marry that girl, no

matter if he is the son of a millionaire, and she in but ordinary comfortable circumstances."

There was an embarrassing silence. Irene's young imagination had a disagreeable vision of a lovely blonde girl, looking up with innocent, confiding eyes into Hubertsen's face, while he gazed down upon her with an expression of reprehensible coquetry; still it did not seem very, very dreadful, and she was quite as near laughing as crying. Mr. Payson, rubbing his forehead gently, was evidently trying to meditate, so as not to hear Miss Biffles. As for Dr. Macklin and Mrs. Payson, is it possible that they had expected to hear something worse, and were the least bit disappointed? If so, I have no doubt that they were ashamed of the feeling, and put on spiritual sackcloth for it within the next five minutes.

"Well, now, you know, that sort of thing will happen occasionally to the best fellows," put in Mr. Wormly, with a smile which suggested that he remembered some similar adventure. "Perhaps it was the worst luck in the world for the little girl that the police came. Perhaps she thought so herself. By George!" continued the old beau, warming with the subject, "there are girls who are up to arranging a little game of that sort. Of course I don't mean to insinuate as much concerning any one of the present company," he added, bowing politely to Mrs. Payson. "But I was a collegian myself once, and I have n't forgotten all I learned then,—except, of course, my Greek and Latin. I remember all about the girls of my time, and, by George! some of them knew as much as the fellows, and a good deal more than most of the professors."

Miss Biffles tried to gorgonize him with her big black eyes, but the wicked old man was looking another way at the moment, and did not turn into stone.

"It's one of the entertainments of sweet two and twenty," he went on, smiling in a dreadfully self-satisfied style, as though he had often been diverted in that wise. "And the cemetery is the—excuse the vigorous phrase—the

consecrated place for it,—or was, in my time. What I'd like to know in this case is, How old was the girl?"

Then he looked at Miss Biffles, and suddenly dropped his foolish jaw. Her dark, thin face was shaking with excitement, and she was clearly in a fearful rage with him.

"Oh, I dare say it was a bad affair," he stammered. "Miss Biffles undoubtedly knows all about it; she is not accustomed to speak at random. The young man is unquestionably a very sly rogue, and deserves to be exposed from Dan to Beersheba. It must have been a naughty affair."

Miss Biffles looked blacker than ever. It seemed as though Mr. Wormly had only made bad worse by his concessions and denunciations. Mr. Payson, who knew nothing, and therefore would say nothing, and who felt that all this was poor talk about a poor subject, rose, and slipped off to his study. The doctor—all honor to him for the noble impulse—uttered a word of palliation:—

"There is a great deal of that sort of trifling in college. It generally amounts to nothing, and comes to nothing."

Irene gave him a glance of gratitude, and then followed the example of Mr. Payson, marching off to her own bedroom.

There the unpleasant little story came up again, and she went over it bit by bit in her mind, not so much trying Mr. DeVries impartially as endeavoring to find him not guilty. Was he indeed a heartless flirt who trifled with poor girls (like herself), and was capable of leading them into scandalizing situations? Of course the tale was substantially true, or Miss Biffles would not have looked so angry about it. But what did it amount to, and what positive wrong did it involve? Why was it so very outrageous for two young people to promenade a cemetery in the city, when in the country nothing would have been thought of it?

As for the shutting in and the lofty rescue by the police, that was ridiculous, and rather hateful to think of, but nothing more. Perhaps the sexton locked

the gates earlier than usual, and perhaps Mr. DeVries did not know that it was the rule to lock them. Of course it must have been pretty late; but very likely *he* did not specially care to linger thus. It was partly the girl's fault, as that abominable Mr. Wormly suggested; yes, it was probably the girl's fault altogether. On the whole, and after the severest meditation over it, the cemetery adventure did not seem a blot on her friend's character.

But then Mr. DeVries was generally a flirt, — a regular and heartless flirt, — Miss Biffles had said. And that lady had been so exceedingly angered against him, — so much angrier than the simpler facts of her grave-yard history seemed to justify! Was it possible that she had withheld a part of the truth, and that the whole of it was something too bad to tell, or even to think of? Of a sudden this hitherto unthought-of view of the subject took complete possession of Irene's vivid imagination. She had an impulse to go at once to Miss Biffles, and demand of her the entire facts of the dreadful affair. But that, of course, was out of the question. She had no right to inquire into the life of Hubertsen DeVries; and, moreover, she did not want to speak to the horrid, horrid woman. Irene felt — knowing, meanwhile, how wicked it was — that she perfectly hated the old thing.

Ah dear! she could only keep on brooding; and it was now very wretched business. Had her charming correspondent been merely flirting with herself when he treated her with such a seeming of delicate respect, and made her that apparently generous offer to send her home? Was he at this moment, perhaps, coquetting with the brilliant-eyed Saada? Of this last fact there was certainly great danger. The little Syrian was pretty enough to attract any man, and had not been able to conceal her perilous liking for this particular man. "I would n't blame him a bit," said Irene to herself at one moment; and at the next moment she asserted that she would never, never forgive him.

In short, this new view of the matter,

to wit, that the grave-yard adventure had not been fully told and that Mr. DeVries was truly a "regular heartless flirt," would not away from the mind of our young missionary. It is to be feared that she thought less than usual of her duties that evening, and that the watches of the night brought her but a broken and visionary slumber.

XXX.

Very shortly after the "exposure" of DeVries, Irene received a long letter from that agreeable son of Belial.

It seems that, after visiting Ehden and the Cedars, he had decided to push on to the remarkable land of ruins around Hamath, with the further purpose of going as far north as Aleppo, and then returning by a circuit through Palmyra, Damascus, and Baalbec.

"And we might have had him here!" thought the young lady, her heart throbbing with various emotions. "How would Miss Biffles have treated him? And how should I?"

"But at Hamath," the letter proceeded, "I heard of the war in Lebanon, and of course turned back at once. Palmyra and Baalbec, I knew, would remain; but a war in Lebanon was a transitory wonder. I felt that I must see it."

"Oh, how *could* he!" thought Irene, her heart beating again, this time because of his rashness. She turned to the end at once, fearing lest she might not find his name there, and lest the epistle might have a sad postscript, in some other hand. But there was the well-known autograph, and the sight of it filled her with gladness, no matter what Miss Biffles might say of the signer. Then, before she could go on with her reading, she had to lay the letter on her lap for a moment, and reprove herself for her flurries and foolishness.

We will condense this rather lengthy epistle, and add to it some essential facts omitted by the writer. DeVries made his return journey from Hamath to Bhamdun as speedily as possible, and immediately called on the Peltous to ask

if they needed his protection or assistance. They were shocked, of course, when they learned his purpose of visiting the scene of combat, and sought to deter him by representing that he might fall a victim to some sanguinary misapprehension. He replied that he wanted to form an idea of Syrian warfare; that it was probably not very different from the fighting of early Hebraic times; that a view of it would help him in the military portions of his Philistine history. Mr. Pelton controverted this theory with pardonable petulance; but nevertheless the farewells were said in a spirit of friendliness.

And here DeVries left out a little circumstance which seems to accord with Miss Biffles's summary of his character. He found an opportunity, or perhaps one was found for him, to bid a lonely good-by to Saada. The pretty little Syrian begged him not to go to the war, and cried like a child when he remained immovable. Of course, he was exceedingly grateful and otherwise tenderly moved, and could not remember to be cautious in offering thanks and consolations. The result was a far more emotional parting than he had proposed, — a parting which made him resolve, an hour later, that he would keep away from Bhamdun, at least while Saada remained there. That night the girl did not sleep at all, and the next day she was a little out of her head with fever, babbling drowsily at times in a way which made Mrs. Pelton stare.

But of this the young man knew nothing; he was already nigh unto the battle. His description of the siege of Deir el Kamr was long, but seemed to Irene breathlessly interesting:—

"Before I came in sight of the town I began to discover signs of war. Bands of Druzes marched swiftly by me, singing their war-song, 'Ma hala, ya ma hala, kotal en Nasara!' It means, as you know as well as I, How sweet, oh, how sweet, to kill the Christians! Yet as they passed me they stopped singing for a moment, and saluted me civilly, if not cordially. I perfectly understood 'Naharkum saeed' (May your day be

blest) and 'Naharak abyad' (May your day be white). It was obvious that they took me for an Englishman, and therefore for a well-wisher, if not an ally.

"I saw the fight from a hill near the town, and about two hundred yards from the nearest combatants. The houses on that side were scattered, and formed a loose suburb, very suitable for attack. But they were well garrisoned: the Maronites fired heavily from the doors and windows; others stood behind them, in clusters, as reserves. The Druzes, headed by their richly-dressed sheiks, assaulted in splendid style. It was impossible, Christian as I am, not to admire their gallantry, and to be sorry to see them fall so fast.

"There was no general attack, no line of battle, apparently no system. But all the rocks and shrubberies around the place were ambushes for sharpshooters, who kept up a continual pattering of musketry. Every now and then a party of twenty, or fifty, or a hundred, would spring up from cover, and make a dash at full speed for one of the solid little stone houses. There would be a tremendous rattle of shots, mixed with howling war-cries and shrieks of the wounded. If the attack was strong enough, the Maronites rushed off to the nearest shelter, one or two generally dropping on the way, while the Druzes poured into their conquest, and opened fire from it.

"It was slow, hard, and bloody work for the assailants. I could see that they had several men to carry away after every onset, while the defenders, owing to their excellent cover, lost very few. In this fashion the fight went on the entire day, without much result except in the way of dead and wounded. Five or six houses only were captured, and it was not enough to make any impression on the place, as appeared by the fact that at night-fall the Druzes gave up their prizes and retreated beyond musket-shot. I should think that they must have lost at least one hundred and fifty men in this long and stubborn skirmish. At all events, their hospital parties were very busy during the day, and I counted

seventy dead and wounded in one hollow, just below my point of observation.

"To me personally nothing happened, except that the bullet of some blundering Maronite struck a shelf of rock over my head and dropped flattened at my feet. This warning sufficed for a novice, and I promptly made my way down to the sheltered hollow where the wounded lay, and passed the afternoon in peeping at the combat from there. The scene just around me was a horrible one. I will tell you nothing about it; it was too horrible. Nor will I describe the savage and abominable massacre which stained the final triumph of the Druzes. What it must have been you can imagine from the fact that nearly two thousand men were slaughtered in cold blood.

"Of course, I saw but little of it, and had small chance to interfere. I did what I could to save the few whom I could get at. I shouted and pleaded and ran about (really, I hardly remember much what happened), until I was knocked down by somebody, and then dragged to a distance by a party of striped miscreants, and finally rescued by a dark, stern-faced young man in blue broadcloth, who proved to be one of the sheiks of the Telhook family. By this time everything was over, as I suppose; and, at all events, I was glad to mount and get away. My head ached smartly with the rap, but was all right in a day or two.

"Since writing the above, I have been visiting the burned districts, and trying to relieve the helpless, starving inhabitants. Excuse me for speaking of it; I wish you to think well of me."

Think well of him! Of course she thought well of the hero of humanity. For the moment she did not care if he had been shut up in forty cemeteries with as many young lady friends of Miss Biffles. Moreover, although the process of reasoning would have been hard to follow, she had somehow arrived at the conclusion that the heroine of that adventure was herself a flirt, who would not be harmed by a great deal of incarceration. The best of us are occasionally hasty and unfair in judging a per-

son who has given us, even though unaware, some uncomfortable hours.

In her admiration for her most noble correspondent, and in her desire to justify him to the Paysons, she read them his letter. Several times during the description of the battle Mr. Payson exclaimed, "Ah, what was the lad there for!" But when he had heard all, — the struggle to save the victims of massacre, and the labors to relieve the houseless and starving, — he smiled with angelic tenderness, and said, "I hope and dare to believe that this youth was brought into the world for the good of his kind and the glory of his Maker."

"I wish I could have been with him," groaned the doctor. "Probably I could have helped him do more. A few words in Arabic might have quieted some of those madmen."

"We are at our own post," replied Payson. "That is my comfort. Moreover, we may yet have perils and labors here. This city is boiling with evil passions. It is a wicked population."

Just then Miss Biffles and Mr. Wormly entered the room, the former holding in her hand a thin, printed pamphlet, and wearing on her countenance an expression of stern resolution, as of one who came to execute judgment, and not mercy.

It must be understood, by the way, that the pair had made themselves thoroughly at home in the mission dwelling. Mr. Wormly, indeed, expressed his gratitude daily for its hospitality, and stated, with elaborate polish of diction, that it would remain forever unforgotten. But Miss Biffles neither returned thanks nor apologized for giving trouble. She used the house as her own, and made no recompense save in lecturing on the second advent, maintaining with exasperating consistency that it was now upon earth, war and massacre to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Since you are all together," she now said, bowing around the room as if from a platform, "I will read to you an essay on the presence of the reign of peace."

"Madam, I must respectfully decline to hear it," responded Mr. Payson, in a

tone of decision which made everybody stare, especially those who knew him best.

"I should like to have your reasons, sir," said Miss Biffles. She tried to smile, but only succeeded in looking vicious, like a horse who shows his teeth.

"The subject pains my religious sense," continued the clergyman, solemnly. "I have endeavored hitherto to evade and fly from a discussion of it. As that is not sufficient, I now avail myself of my rights as head of this household, and respectfully request you to let the matter pass in silence."

"You were just reading your own pamphlets together," the lady began to argue.

"We were listening to a letter," replied Payson, "a letter which has filled us with great sadness and horror; a letter announcing the scattering of one of our missions, and the slaughter of hosts of our fellow-creatures; a letter which leaves us no heart for trifling and wild argumentation."

"Ah, indeed! who was the letter from?" asked Mr. Wormly, the chirping old grasshopper, whether to change the conversation, or out of mere gossip interest.

"From a generous young friend of ours, who has imperiled his own life to save others, — from Mr. DeVries," said Payson.

Miss Biffles was capable of comprehending this speech in but one way. She understood it as an attack upon herself, — as part of a premeditated quarrel with her.

"So that is the kind of man you admire!" she retorted, springing to her feet with an agility which was quite wonderful in so tall a person. "A heartless, faithless, silly male flirt! Mr. Wormly, I wish you would go out at once and find new lodgings, no matter where. We have been here long enough."

Mr. Wormly, who had become exceedingly interested in Miss Grant, looked piteously unwilling to depart. But as there was some gentility in him, he saw that longer abiding in the Payson house

would be an indecorum, and he rose to do as he was bidden.

"I will go with you," volunteered Payson, all his usual gentleness returning at once. "You will get along poorly in this city without Arabic."

"Thanks, — a thousand thanks. You are exceedingly good, sir," said Wormly. "Very sorry for all this, I assure you," he added, as soon as they were out of the house. "Miss Biffles is quite wrong to insist upon ramming down her views in this way. A very excellent person; but you know how women are; hang it, every man knows! Enthusiastic and obstinate, — extraordinarily obstinate. She ought to keep her views to herself in the mansion of hospitality. We owe you a thousand thanks for your kindness."

"Don't mention it," returned Payson. "I am sorry for this disagreement. You are welcome to all that we have done."

"Pretty warm weather!" panted Wormly, after a few rods of smart walking. "Do you think we shall find rooms at the hotel?"

"I trust so," replied the missionary. And so it turned out, easily enough; and the odd pair were in them before night.

"Drop in and see us," said Wormly to Payson, after the latter had brought about a comfortable moving. "You will find Miss Biffles as pleasant as ever tomorrow. I know her, — headstrong, but good-hearted; just like all women, you know. My compliments to your charming lady and that lovely Miss Grant. I shall call on you frequently."

"The babes in the wood," murmured Mr. Payson, as he walked away. "Perhaps I did wrong to be so positive with them. Greater patience might have been blest, even to those wayward and tottering minds."

In the mean time, the veteran of society praised himself for having been so genteelly patient with the missionary, and thought of him as an inexperienced, simple man, troubled with a fretful temper. There is no end to the absurd variety of views which we human beings get of ourselves and each other.

XXXI.

In a day or two came more news about the hero of Deir el Kamr, this time in a letter to Mrs. Payson from Mrs. Pelton.

"I must tell you something which will cause you great anxiety and annoyance," wrote the latter lady. "I would not speak of it, only that Saada is one of your girls, and was confided by you to our care.

"We are much troubled about her in more ways than one. She is not well. We have noticed for weeks that she was very pale at times, and then feverish, and all the while growing thinner. Rufka, who is terribly frightened about her, has at last confessed to us that the child is *love-sick*. Of course I wanted to know *who*. Rufka cried, and refused to tell. Then I rummaged a little in my memory, and called to mind that I had found Saada in tears the afternoon of Mr. DeVries's departure to Deir el Kamr, and also that she was taken with a sharp feverish turn that very night, talking in a wild way during her disturbed sleep.

"All this I immediately put to Rufka. You must understand that I was much alarmed. I did not know how far matters had gone; I felt that I *must* know. Well, after much crying and saying that she had promised Saada never to tell, poor Rufka gave up her secret. I am really pained to repeat it to you. Mr. DeVries has repeatedly kissed Saada. It is *too bad*. We had thought so much of him; and now, to take advantage of our innocent, silly child, — it is too bad!

"Of course he means nothing. He does n't mean to marry her, — that is, I suppose not; how could he? He would probably say that he meant no harm, and that it is all a trifle, not worth making a fuss about.

"That may do in America, where girls learn to go alone; but Syrian girls are not used to hoidening; it addles their hot, foolish heads. I must say that I feel bitterly about it, and think that our handsome young friend has behaved ill, and

want to give him a smart scolding. It is such a disappointment that I could cry over it. I had thought him an absolutely perfect gentleman. And here he abuses the power which his manners and person give him, just like any one else, — just like all men, perhaps. Oh dear! he has broken another of my ideals. However, I must stop talking of my own feelings, and go on about poor Saada. Her case is really a serious one. She is pale and thin, and absorbed and anxious. I am afraid she will go into a decline, or have a dangerous fever. Of course Dr. Anson's powders are of no more use to her than the paper they are wrapped up in.

"Meanwhile, here we are in this stifling Beirut, instead of on the breezy mountain. What are we to do with the child? She evidently thinks of nothing but Mr. DeVries. What are we to do with *him*? Shall I write to him and tell him never to see Saada again? Shall I urge him to marry her? Of course he ought not to do that unless he really loves her. It would be a sacrifice which would make him unhappy for life, and would perhaps end in her unhappiness. It is not to be thought of. Besides, he has done so little, he would say. Two or three kisses, — no talk about love or marriage, — what right had she to go wild about it? That would be a young man's defense; and it would suffice for a young man, as I suppose.

"On the whole, I am dreadfully puzzled, and I want a word of counsel. You, who know Saada better than I, and who have more influence over her, you must advise me, or her. I have not told Mr. Pelton. He would be ascetically severe, and would write instantly to the young gentleman, and perhaps do mischief. Can you confide it to your husband? I hate to trouble the good, sweet man. Do what you think best about that, my dear; but be sure to write me your advice, and at once."

"Oh dear!" groaned Mrs. Payson, crying all alone over this dreadful revelation. "I did n't think of *that*. Why must he go and make himself the misery of Saada? I wish he had taken Irene,

and done with it. It would have been the best thing of the two."

She was a very sensible woman, it will be perceived. It was evident to her at the first glance that the loss of Irene would be a lesser evil than a love tragedy in the mission circle. She now repressed her tears, and set herself to thinking what should be done, meanwhile wishing heartily that she had a counselor. To her husband she would not rehearse the story, because she knew that it would grieve him inexpressibly, and also because she believed that no man's advice in heart matters is worth much. To the doctor it would be indecorous, as well as useless, to mention it.

But a confidant, an adviser, a helper, she must have. The curious result was that, after doubting and trembling over the idea for a while, she sought out Irene, and threw the letter into her lap. The young lady glanced through it in silence, and turned as pale as living women ever do.

"What is to be done about it?" asked Mrs. Payson, just a little heartlessly. She saw that the girl suffered; but that would not have been had she properly cared for Dr. Macklin; consequently, the anguish served her right. Such was Mrs. Payson's way of feeling in the first agitated moments of this remarkable dialogue.

"What are we to do about it?" she repeated, getting no answer to her first query.

"I never will speak to him again!" replied Irene, in a smothered, panting voice.

"I think that you had better speak to him a great deal," said Mrs. Payson. She had fully decided, by this time, that if Mr. DeVries must make love to somebody, and if as a handsome young man he must be humored therein, he had better take Miss Grant.

"I never will," insisted Irene, and at once began to cry, of course with indignation.

The elder lady tittered hysterically, and then shed a tear or two herself. After a few seconds of this, they suddenly looked up in each other's faces,

and both burst into a spasmodic laugh. It was a gurgling sort of noise, without a bit of merriment in it.

"I think it is perfectly outrageous," declared Irene, making a desperate effort to control her nervousness.

"So do I," said Mrs. Payson. "And I wish you would put a stop to it."

"What have I to do with it?" answered the girl. "What can I do?"

Mrs. Payson giggled once more. She did not mean to be so trivial, but she found it difficult to express herself, and she was still very shaky.

"I will never write to him again," affirmed Irene. "Never speak to him, if I can help it."

"I wish you would do both," returned the married lady positively. "I wish you would make eyes at him," she added, bursting into a cheerful feminine laugh.

Then the paleness suddenly vanished from Miss Grant's face before a great flood of color. She sat for a moment with wide-open eyes, like a person charmed by a mighty temptation. At last a frown came upon her brow, — the frown of one who is conscious of deep injury, — and she suddenly stormed out, "I won't!"

"Irene, I am perfectly serious about it. I think it is the best thing for all of us. I think it would end well. I wish you would."

"I — won't."

"Why, Irene! what a temper! I did n't know you had a temper."

"It is so outrageous! He ought to marry her." And here there was a sob which nearly made Mrs. Payson smile.

"He will never marry her, Irene. What can a rich and educated American do with a poor Mount Lebanon girl, who knows scarcely five hundred words of English, and knows nothing else? He ought not to marry her. It would make them both miserable."

"I can't talk about it," said Irene, beginning to gasp again, and starting up to leave the room.

"Don't tell anybody," the elder lady called after her. "Don't worry my husband with it."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed virtuous indignation. "He would think Mr. DeVries perfectly hateful."

Mrs. Payson smiled intelligently over this speech, and immediately sat down to write to Mrs. Pelton. In these matters of the heart she was not the hesitating, dilatory creature which she sometimes seemed, but had a truly feminine promptness of decision and energy of action.

"I must be short," she scribbled. "Do keep Saada away from Mr. DeVries. Send her up to the mountain, if you can. I understand that the station at Abcib has not been abandoned. Send her up into the Lebanon air. If he comes, tell him *yourself* that he must not see her, and tell him *why*. She will get over it in time. You know that we do get over such things. I could tell you something about my own girlhood; but you can imagine it. Burn this letter. Kiss Saada for me, and tell her that we all love her, and want her to go to the mountain. I would write more, but we are dreadfully occupied in mind with the state of this city, which threatens an outbreak at any moment. Do keep Saada away from Mr. DeVries. The girl is too pretty and too innocent and too headlong. I am sorry for her, but she must not see him. Our truest love to her and to all of you."

As for Irene, she spent the rest of the day alone, as miserable, at least, as she had any right to be. She began three letters to DeVries, saying in various ways that their correspondence must now end, and tore them all up in succession. Probably she had no intention of sending them, and merely wrote as an outlet for her emotions. It is a comfort to have a confidant, though that confidant be but a sheet of paper. As to actually reproving this young gentleman, what business was it of hers? He was not her lover, — she said that to herself scores of times; nor was he a relative; only a friend.

Then she declared, of course, that he was a friend no longer; that he had ill treated Saada, and abused hospitality, and behaved shamefully; that no mis-

sionary girl could treat him otherwise than as a mere acquaintance. Miss Biffles's charge that he was a heartless flirt could be denied no longer. Probably he had been in any number of foolish, ridiculous scrapes with young ladies. Oh, how dreadful he was! How disgusted she was with him! How her disturbed mind and wounded heart exaggerated his wrong-doing and her own condemnation of it! There was no end to her miserable broodings until midnight brought slumber. In the morning she had other matters to think of.

At this time Damascus contained a population of one hundred and ten thousand Moslems, twenty-five thousand Christians of all sects, and fifteen thousand Jews, besides some six thousand Christian refugees. The Moslems had long been in a state of intense fanatical excitement over the religious war. Even the elders and gentry of the city were moved to feel and publicly declare that the time had come to punish the enemies of the true faith. A rabble of many races was ready to shed blood at any moment. The coffee-houses were full of noisy armed men, Koords, Bedaween, Druzes, Metawilch, and Damascus desperadoes. Christians were insulted in every street of the sacred city, and stones were thrown at the houses of Frank residents and officials. The consuls went in a body to the pasha, and demanded that he should insure the public peace. Like a Turk, he promised everything, and, still like a Turk, he did nothing, or worse than nothing.

On Sunday, the 8th of July, old Yusef, Mr. Payson's cook, came in with the news that gangs of Moslems were patrolling the Christian quarter, drawing figures of crosses in the mud and dust of the streets, and forcing the Christians to trample upon them. The day at the mission house was passed in sombre expectation that the rioting would spread through the city. Dr. Macklin recapped his pistol, and prepared to die arms in hand. Mr. Payson walked about silently, apparently engaged in mental prayer. The women packed up a few things by way of preparation for flight.

But the day, and the night following also, passed off in quiet.

On Monday, a little after noon, the doctor ventured forth alone, purposing to visit the American vice-consul and get exact news of the situation. In less than an hour he returned breathless, and said to Payson, "Damascus has gone mad."

The clergyman stared at him with a pallid face and without speaking, as people do in the first moments of a great horror.

"The pasha punished those rioters," Macklin went on. "They were sent in chains, right by the great mosque, to

sweep the Christian quarter. I saw them myself. And then I had to run for my life. The whole Moslem rabble broke out in a howl of fury. I never could have imagined such a scene. The entire city seemed to go mad at once. The streets filled with armed men, rushing every way, and shouting, 'To arms, ye Islam! Death to the Giaours!' Of course they were chiefly intent on finding the native Christians, or I never should have got here. As it was I was smartly stoned. We must look to our women."

"I will go and prepare them," was Payson's only reply.

AH, DAWN, DELAY.

O FAINT dawn, drifting toward the night,
I see afar your pallid fingers;

Too soon will unbound beams of light

Dispel the dusk that, trembling, lingers.

Amid your wealth of blush and bloom

No rapturous joy for me finds room;

Delay, till my tired heart grow stronger;

Ah, let me dream a little longer!

I know the brimming cup you bring,

No rose leaf on its chill o'erflowing;

Veiled midnight holds a sweeter spring,

Its golden depths more gladness showing.

Delay your train of troublous hours;

In happier clime of song and flowers,

Ah, stay, until my heart grow stronger;

Let it be night a little longer!

What beauty gilds the gairish day?

Dull care awaits her stealthy coming;

Toil drives each tender thought away,

While blossoms smile, the bees are humming.

With all her flickering hues and gleams,

The day denies dear time for dreams;

Till my reluctant heart grow stronger,

Ah, dawn, delay a little longer!

Celeste M. A. Winslow.

THE VENUS OF MILO.¹

MORE than half a century has elapsed since the now famous statue was found buried under nameless ruins at Milo, anciently called Melos,—a poor little island of the Grecian Archipelago, which traded formerly in yellow earth, used for pigment and in medicine. How a spot so very moderately endowed by nature as Melos happened to contain this masterpiece of art does not appear in history. All that is known with certainty about the statue might be told in a few words. But this obscurity of origin, and much needless mystery beside, which has been added in our day, together with the effects of the barbarous handling dealt it since it was unearthed, have not prevented the Venus of Milo from becoming the most popular of all antiques. It was brought to Paris in 1821. No sooner were its splendid fragments exposed to public view than—for all the faulty manner in which they were put together, exhibiting the figure out of equilibrium, and in spite of its pitifully mutilated condition, deprived as it is of arms—the Venus of Milo at once eclipsed the fame of the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de' Medici, which our ancestors esteemed the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. It should, however, be confessed that when the last-named reigned supreme, Greek and Roman art were not distinguished from each other. The difference which actually exists between them was suspected only in the second half of the last century. Circumstances, moreover, were very favorable to the impression produced by the Venus of Milo. It appeared at the beginning of a transition period in affairs of taste,—a transition yet so far from its conclusion that our age may be said to enjoy something like the middle of the struggle.

Winckelmann had already drawn a line between late and early art, but when

this Venus came to light the critics had left some of his false theories behind, and ventured to admire a work referred to the middle period of Greek art. As for the public, their education was not so far advanced as to allow them to suspect that were the Venus nearer perfection they might have liked her less! Modern art was in a predicament which will be better understood by taking into account the influence of the Renaissance. All antiquity was venerated at the epoch of the Renaissance, but a preference was shown for the age of the Antonines, and to this unlucky preference we owe nearly all that tarnished the revival of the classic.

Count Caylus, a learned amateur and clever draughtsman, was the first to recommend a judicious selection from the mass of the antique. Caylus pointed out how the Antinous and Laocoön differ in style from the Trophomère Hermes and Borghese Mars. To this critic, and to his friend, the sculptor Girardon, was due a revolt against academic pedantry, and their intelligent initiative prompted the admirable productions of the so-called Louis XVI. style in French sculpture. But this hopeful movement was superseded by the pretentious schools of David and Canova. David's heroes grinned and gesticulated, like actors at a fair. Canova's figures stretched their slender limbs, which, by a picturesque comparison of the day, were likened to "peeled radishes"!

The corruptions of Roman art had been revived at the beginning of the Renaissance, but the taste of the first French empire affected to remount to the sources of Greek inspiration, and this theoretical advance was largely to be attributed to the effect of Winckelmann's writings. In him were reconciled the poetic faculty and vast erudition; he revolutionized the field of criticism, and

¹ *La Venus de Milo.* Par FELIX RAVAISSON, Conservateur des Antiques et de la Sculpture Moderne

au Musée du Louvre, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Librairie Hachette. 1871.

formed the taste of his contemporaries for correct models and for a purely Greek ideal of the beautiful. But the art fostered by Winckelmann's tuition was dis-inherited at birth from a capacity to originate anything. The practical application of Winckelmann's rules quenched originality, and produced flat plagiarism from the antique. In painting, more particularly, he promoted a frigid and incongruous style, with a false tendency to statuesque effect. The noble simplicity of high Greek art was still so far from being generally understood when Lord Elgin fortunately robbed the Parthenon that even the spoils of Athens were received in England with universal contempt. Lord Elgin was reproached with having outwitted himself in his dealings with the Turks. Knowledge and appreciation of the antique have been steadily gaining since that epoch. The revelation of the Elgin marbles has been supplemented by the dispersion of the Campana collection; yet the mass of the public, and even some academies, admire all these things with small conviction. We may well be curious to inquire how the Venus of Milo has produced an effect so contrary. Her image is carried throughout the civilized world, and is enshrined almost as that of a household deity.

When we attempt to analyze her charms, we observe that the Venus of Milo is a figure modeled on the androgynous or adolescent type, — a type invented by the ancients to express the supernatural. It combined the elements of beauty which are common to both sexes in the first age of life, and in this shape were imaged the immortals, who continually renew their youth, but never pass its boundary. Up to Alexander's time (that is, the fourth century B. C.), a strongly marked religious prejudice forbade the literal rendering of natural forms. The dictates of artistic taste alone might not have been sufficient to prevent art from degenerating into extremes of sensuousness or harshness without the force of hieratic principle, which exacted conformity to the rules of dogma. Hellenic art was inspired, monop-

olized, and administered by the aristocratic and sacerdotal class, composing the Athenian oligarchy, and was thus carried to a height of excellence among the Greeks which has never been excelled in any other country, at any other age of the world's history. It was Greek philosophy which held the arts in vassalage, and which prompted the transmission of the Asiatic dogma of the dual or mixed nature of the divinity through the marvelous ideal of the androgyne. This substituted the youthful ideal for the feminine, in opposition to the virile or mature. Bacchus, Mercury, Atalanta, and Diana are all in its category. In them we recognize an equal grace of boy or maiden. Womankind, as such, we know was scorned among the Greeks. Her counterfeit presentment was not admitted in the arts until they were so modified by the Seleucides and Ptolemies that portraiture and realism were associated with the ideal. This was the epoch which produced the Venus of Milo. The composition conforms to old traditions of hieratic art, with a strong dose of realism. The dominant characteristic of Phidias, and of art in its first period, was the aspiration for repose, so beautifully and completely expressed by the Trophonian Hermes, and the Ares, or Borghese Mars.¹ Their faultless features are in perfect harmony, and breathe a passionless calm which very nearly results in apathy.

A return to the golden age, which had antedated mundane existence, was the dearest wish of the pagan world. At that happy but fabulous epoch, the earth was said to have yielded fruits untitled, the seas were ever calm, death was known only as a gentle sleep. The Venus of Milo is emancipated from this sentiment. A very perceptible inequality between the two sides of the face together with a slight strabismus in the eyes heighten the expression. The vigorously molded form recalls the popular and rustic, not the aristocratic type; but its exuberance is chastened by a return to severer outlines. The shoulders are a trifle square, the hips a trifle nar-

¹ Gallery of Antiques at the Louvre.

row; while the androgynism is still more strongly emphasized by the extraordinary length and rigidity of the lower limbs, contrasting with the suppleness and movement of the torso. The attitude is of that sort described by Leonardo da Vinci as one more naturally assumed in youth. The weight of the body is thrown upon one limb, and in this case is supported by a foot of manly size. The left knee is bent and the left foot raised, and both that and the object on which it rested are missing. The figure is half draped. In some repetitions of the same subject the entire form is enveloped in light, transparent drapery. By the variation in this case the world has gained the most magnificent model of the female torso in existence.

In Greek hieroglyphics, the thin or partial drapery (*penos*) gives the designation of the female element in Plato's trinity, — Penia, the indigent, who brings forth Eros, or actual present life. This was Plato's rendering of the Aryan dogma of the genesis of life, referring to the positive and negative principles in every sense. Poros and Penia, or the past and future, by a change of terms stand for rich and poor; for all acquirement is of the past, and the future owns not even shape; but it grows into shape, and the fleeting present moment is the product of the increase and decrease of time. In clay statuettes of the period, the notion of growth or increase is rendered by a downright Ottoman obesity in the nude figure of the goddess, which is elegantly replaced by the hieroglyphic of the fillet on the hair, *dema*, which word also indicates the idea of the fat and vulgar. In Latin this representative divinity is called *Fatua*. The Venus de' Medici is of this class, and displays a sensuousness quite foreign to the Venus of Milo. The identification of the latter is very difficult, from the deficiency of arms to give evidence of gesture, and from the want of some distinguishing attribute. There is the fillet on the hair, and the figure is half draped; there are no other indications afforded us. The right arm has been

removed midway towards the elbow; the left one is broken off even with the shoulder, and traces of a metallic bolt are plainly visible. The stumps of the arms have acquired the same tint as the surface marble, from which we might infer the fracture to be of ancient date. It is not unlikely that the arms had been restored more than once. There is internal proof that the statue remained upon its pedestal when the temple overhead was destroyed by some catastrophe (whether fire or earthquake). Spots of erosion, with which the breast and shoulders are pitted, indicate that they were exposed to long-continued dropping of moisture, filtered through the soil and through the interstices of the masonry, to which was due the preservation of this piece of sculpture. But we are not reduced to speculation on the question. It is now an established fact that the first ray of light which penetrated the subterranean chamber of the Venus disclosed her standing on her pedestal and without arms, as we now see her. So affirmed the earliest eye-witness of the discovery, M. Brest. It is of course to be regretted that a witness so important was more than seventy years of age before he met with his reporter, in the person of M. Doussault,¹ one of a party assembled at the French legation at Athens in 1849, who took down notes (now for the first time published) of the detailed narrative of M. Brest, resident consul of France at Milo since 1820.

It will be found by comparison that his statements conflict in some particulars with the received official reports given out by French naval officers, and others who inspected the ground almost simultaneously with himself, and who were concerned in the transportation of the statue. Some facts also appear which have hitherto been passed over in silence, and one of these facts is significant. It has not been mentioned that the underground receptacle in which the Venus of Milo was discovered was closed in with vaulted masonry. The walls, of a quadrilateral construction, were then

¹ *La Vénus de Milo. Documents Inédits. Par C. DOUSSAULT, Architecte.*

still remaining, and terminated in a hemicycle. This construction was simply the crypt of a Christian church of the seventh century of our era.

M. Brest related that a certain peasant (George by name), while endeavoring to uproot a pistachio-tree on sloping ground, below the acropolis at Milo, saw the earth crumble at his feet, disclosing, as he described it, a "cave peopled with white phantoms." This he at once communicated to the French consul, who proceeded to the spot, and looked down upon the incomparable Venus, upright upon her pedestal, in the centre of her vaulted niche. The niche measured about twice her height, and was spacious enough to contain, beside the central figure, three Hermes of unequal stature. The walls were colored a deep red, and were hung with models of arms, legs, heads, and figurines, as modern shrines are hung with similar objects, *ex voto*. Eighteen boxes of such fragments and sculptures here collected were shipped by the French consul to the port of Toulon. He was never notified of their arrival. If they are still in existence, they remain unknown to the public.

The supposed transformation of the statue from a Venus to a Madonna was a sort of transformation which was neither rare nor difficult. An American critic¹ has remarked that no shrine of Venus ever existed at Melos. Perhaps not in the peculiar sense attributed to Aphrodite; but Aphrodite, when not particularly designated, was confounded with Venus Pandemos, who rises from the shades, and is akin to Venus Dionæa, or Persephone, mother of Aphrodite. All these infernal or under-ground divinities, such as Persephone (or Proserpine), are allegorical of the phenomena of nature in the ceaseless alternation of the seasons. However the fictitious characters of mythology, folk-lore, and tradition tend to mix themselves up in complicated histories, they can always be referred to principles of increase and decrease, derived from observation of the natural division of time and of solar and lunar metamorphoses.

There are numerous classic fables beginning with the incident of swallowing the seed of a pomegranate or apple, and they are of the class of myths which describe the awakening of nature after the death-like trance of winter. The ancients had a fable which figured the rising sun as a young female slave, who changed sex at noonday, at which moment in his course the Greeks styled the sun the "afflicted," or the "suspended." The fugitive, who was pursued across the heavens, was overtaken in male form, and crucified at night. In her flight she dropped one of her golden slippers. Every language owns a patois, and in the Tyrol (one of the radiating centres of myths) this one is perpetuated in the history of Saint Affliction, — a bearded virgin nailed upon the cross. Her effigy is sometimes found with the strange legend, "Salvator mundi." The saint is always represented with but one shoe; the other has fallen off, and is reverently appropriated, as a relic, by a poor fiddler kneeling at her feet, of whom it is related that he soothed the martyr's suffering by his melody. Thus also Baaltis, the Phœnician bearded moon goddess, has reappeared in Spain as Santa Paula, another bearded virgin.² And the priests of the bearded Venus of Anathonte (described by Macrobius) were disguised in female attire, an example followed by the robing of the Christian clergy. All these customs and delineations, as well as the cruder representations of Pompeian frescoes and bronzes, and of the potteries of Nola, are but variations to express the dual divine nature, which in archaic Cypriot monuments is figured in two individual deities associated together, namely, Hercules and Omphale. M. Ravaisson, keeper of antiques at the Louvre, in his official report upon the statue of the Venus of Milo, which he published in 1871, has dilated on the uncorrupted early myth, which would assign grace and sweetness, personified in Venus, as the rightful mate of force and courage, personified by Mars; and argues for the hypothesis of Quatremere de Quincy that the Venus of Milo was

¹ Mr. W. J. Stillman.

² See the D^e Cesnola Collection.

originally grouped with a figure of Mars, whom, by a graceful gesture, she offers to disarm.

The reputation of Venus as a faithful wife is inferred from the fact that Greek mothers invoked her at the marriage of their daughters, and that Hypermnestra is quoted as the model of faithful wives, the only one of the Danaides who saved her spouse by disobedience to her father. Hypermnestra, we are reminded, having been judged and absolved of her crime by the Argives, vowed a statue to Venus. M. Ravaissou does not observe that all the proofs which he puts forward of the estimable and matronly vocation of the household Venus go to affirm the supernatural dualism which combines masculine force and vigor with the feminine qualities exhibited in one single form. Thus Hercules, when represented alone, was feminized, and was scarcely to be distinguished from Bacchus; and this idealized image of Hercules referred to his double nature, and implied Omphale.

If, indeed, the Venus of Milo ever formed part of a group, it was at a very remote period. The pedestal on which the statue was placed was of proportions to accommodate but one figure. The remains of a left arm and hand were found in its neighborhood. They are of vile workmanship, and are evidently examples of the later style of sculpture in the period of its decline; but although of vile workmanship they have their value as indications of the manner in which we may venture to reconstruct the attitude and gesture in imagination, taking this substitute to be an ancient restoration of the original. The left hand grasps an apple painted green. M. Brest declared that he saw arms and a hand with a green apple in the crypt, but he was unaware whether this now displayed in a glass case near the statue was the same. The vexed question of the arms has been much discussed, and some new assertion or hypothesis arises very frequently, without certainty being yet attained. We may be confident, however, that M. Brest saw an apple, and that the apple was green. Now the medals of the isle of Melos bear the image of a pomegranate, — Melos,

which derived the appellation from the yellow pigment or ochre already mentioned, and which was the natural production of its soil; but the name was also consonant with the word for apple, and was conveyed by the emblem of that fruit. This sort of play on words was very common with the Greeks, and their use of hieroglyphic signs, phonetically read, was in fact the source of modern heraldic blazonry.

The color of the object in the hand of this divinity is exceedingly suggestive. The Greeks had an alphabet of color, but their polychromy is so little understood that color has actually been omitted from the plates in many standard works on archæology. The most undecided and evanescent of all hues, the grayish-green which is seen in the sky at early morning, when shades of night are paling, is, in the language of many nations, associated with the tint of springing verdure and with tender green, such as we call apple-green. It belongs to the first Aurora in Vedic traditions, and is the distinctive emblem of the rising or morning Venus (the Venus Pandemos); while Venus Urania had as her attribute a deep violet-purple, which expressed the maximum of intensity of life and glory.

The familiar attribute of Aphrodite (or Venus Pandemos) was a dove; but in the continuous chain of mythology, reappearing in folk-lore and popular legends, we find, beside the dove, many other gray, dove-colored, ashy-hued, and speckled creatures, figuring in comic or terrible fictions, in which we detect references to Aphrodite, or to her nearest kin. These fictions vary exceedingly, but there is always something of a family likeness. The hero or heroine of the tale wears a *gray* disguise. There are always two wicked sisters or cruel brothers, who persecute their victim, whom they leave pining in the chimney corner; and finally, at some part of her career, this victim invariably loses one shoe or sandal. This is a point which nearly concerns us. The practice of hanging a stocking, or leaving a shoe, beside the hearth at Christmas Eve is

one of our pagan traditions; and the superstition of throwing a shoe after a bride for "good luck" is another remnant of similar associations.

The reader is left to fill out for himself the long catalogue of tales turning on the incident of losing a slipper. The prettiest of them all is the story of Cinderella. A clue to all such legends seems to be offered in the fact that in Oriental dialect the household drudge, or ember sprite (who is represented by the large flat stone on which to this day Arabs and Cypriotes bake cakes, which serve as bread), is by name Askéra, the sandal; surnamed, beside, Gastrokheir, the worker.

The humblest essentials of life, the lowliest and at the same time most useful, that is, the sandal and the hearth-stone, are symbols of the housewife's cares. The hearth-stone stands for daily bread. The season of winter solstice is sacred to the household or hearth-stone deity, and she is called mother of the new year. She preserved her virginity, and was fabled to fabricate her numerous offspring by hand. This creative power of the hand was perpetuated in antique and mediæval art, as it is in ceremonials of our religion. The word for hand in old Greek and Babylonian dialect was *mare*, whence the name of Mary, the "handmaid" or "worker." In Christian catacombs this name is transcribed by the delineation of an enormous pair of hands. There are Cyprian and Syrian varieties of the household divinity, — Myrrha, Mariamne, and Miriam. The Mariamnes carry an infant on the left arm. There is also the Phœnician Rebecca, whose name signifies increase, or exaltation of the humble. There is also Fatua, whose emblem is a goose, and who is noted for gifts and increase of substance. This antique Mother Goose, otherwise Fatua, reappears as the modern fairy, or fate, of the fortune-tellers. These are the minor and anything but imposing sisterhood of Venus Pandemos, who was a divinity of the sympathetic and endearing sort. The cold abstractions which modern art quarries with effort from a dictionary of

classics are but feeble reflections of the glowing life of Greece, which animated marble, and informed its "tenements of clay" with some undying myths.

The myths sprang from an intense consciousness of humanity and of supernatural influences, embodied sometimes in one form, sometimes in another, and which ended by transferring its instinctive adoration to the Holy Virgin and the saints of Christendom. The transition was the most natural thing in the world, but was not left to chance. The fusion of the old and new religion was promoted by the Christian Greek romance writers, and the Oriental craving for the marvelous was satisfied by something resembling the policy which permits spoiled children to take their toys to school. In the first five or seven centuries of our era novels were produced to recommend the worship of images, and Xenophon of Ephesus and some other writers were scarcely more than pagan in morals or in faith. At a period when such accommodation of the gospel was not only possible, but was an almost universal practice, the piece of sculpture so highly valued and long worshiped at Apple Island received a new consecration. Under another title, it was adapted to personate the Madonna, and was again worshiped and invoked as the saint protecting the household and the home. To transform the Venus to a Madonna, the sacrifice of the arms was requisite; and if modern arms were those substituted, supporting a wooden image of the divine infant, and if the statue were enveloped in real drapery, which was a custom with the Greeks (perpetuated from the earliest known figures of the gods, which were termed *Dedalia*), it is easy to infer that such perishable materials disappeared long ago, from the action of the same moisture which has so profoundly marked the stone. In the character of a Madonna, the Venus was doubtless crowned and otherwise ornamented. Traces of the addition of earrings are perceptible.

The national female type presented in the figure still exists in the lovely valley of Cythera at Cyprus, and also along

the banks of the Orontes, at Aleppo, and at Damascus. It belongs to the race originating on the Sangarius, a river flowing into the Black Sea. Its name, borrowed from the nymph Sangaria (mother of Atys), is the equivalent of the name Askéra, the sandal. To this spot is traced a beautiful and vigorous race, whence sprang the Shepherd kings of Egypt, who were driven northward by Cyrus after two thousand years of domination and of contest. Then the incorrigible wanderers arrived in the middle of France by way of the Danube. They have left their image in Sicily, Crete, and Thrace. In Wallachia and Moldavia their type of "ardent blondes" remains contrasted, as in Palestine, with swarthy tribes. This people carried everywhere the arts of the Phœnicians, and spread the civilization with which they had so long been in contact.

Widely scattered, and yet mysterious, was this nation of Chetans, Getae, Cingetae, whose name both in Hebrew and in English signifies doors or gates. It is certain that they adored the double gates of Janus, which opened east and west, and were made of horn and ivory. The oldest recorded prayer or invocation is that of the ivory gate, the gate of sunrise and of Venus Pandemos. Unless it be by such an association of ideas, the preservation of the image by the church in the litany of the Holy Virgin seems most unaccountable. We find in the litany the two epithets, "*Turris eburnea*" and "*Janua cœli*."

In the preceding remarks we have endeavored to describe the evidence to be collected from some hitherto neglected details, and from those which are familiar, and which tend to prove the Venus of Milo to be an embodiment of the popular or universal Venus, "the lowly who is to be exalted," who was adopted as the protecting deity of the Isle of Melos, and represented with the apple, which transcribes her name phonetically; and we have furthermore endeavored to convey a notion of how this venerated image was adapted to the requirements of a new faith, which had not burst suddenly upon the heathen world, but had been

the object of its aspirations, and already intimated by countless prophecies, for centuries before its revelation.

How appropriate such adaptation was in this particular instance we may judge after a closer inspection of the work. There are numerous variations extant of the Venus of Milo, and three of these are incontestably superior to it in style. They are severally the Venuses of Falerone, of Brescia, and of Capua. The best of all is the Capuan Venus, of which the head is by far the finest example of fourth-century sculpture which has been preserved to modern times. Not one, however, of these admirable works exhibits a kindred pathos with that emanating from the features of the Venus of Milo. And not from the features only; the very flexion of the attitude, its tender inclination and uncertain movement, result in a vague but impressive sentiment of melancholy, which in itself suffices to determine the character of the divinity, and dissolve the mystery which envelops her.

Such poignant melancholy as her face betrays, — the supreme regret which is the conclusion of all human experience, — Phidias knew it not! The superb Pallas (of the Naples Museum), brandishing her lance, confronts likewise the battle of life, but she is not pathetic. The goddess shows action; her features are more beautiful than those of Venus herself; a certain contracting of the brow hints at firm concentration of the will; less than this could scarcely be looked for in the aspect of one who is *will* itself personified. But it is the will of a royal dame, who wills not to be commanded. This Pallas is all of aristocratic Greece, when art reflected the calmness and elegance of the great, not omitting something of that atmosphere of mortal coldness peculiar to all classes who dominate their fellow-men. In the contrast and reverse of such characteristics of the first period of art, we find the secret of the immense popularity, that is, the universal sympathetic impression produced by the Venus of Milo.

The sentiment of suffering is of all sentiments the best comprehended by

the multitude, and exerts for them the most powerful of all attractions. It was the general attribute of those popular prototypes of the universal Venus, to which allusion has already been made. All the housekeeping and care-taking sprites are

"touched with the gloom
Of that sad fate which argues of our doom."

Krinos, or sadness, is signified by the name of the wild rose, which crowns the maternal saint of Christendom. Since the world was made, despondency has followed gladness; and while the wisdom of the ancients is becoming obsolete, the touch of nature outlives their philosophical abstractions, and "comes home to our business and bosoms." Realism in execution and realism in sentiment appeal more intimately than any other qualities in works of art ever can appeal to the perceptions of the mass of the public, winning their attention beyond the power of any other form of merit. The conventions which gave such elevation to the classic ideal are a dead letter in our day; so is the scholastic plagiarism of modern times. Yet the transfiguring of type in the antique ideal exerts a certain charm, even for the most unsophisticated intelligence.

Greek art, like Egyptian art, was a system of calligraphy, and was perfected to express with grace certain philosophical or metaphysical ideas. But beside this ideal system, we know that a realistic art existed, which is traceable, through recent disclosures of Schliemann and Di Cesnola, back to an origin which antedated our Christian era by something like five and twenty centuries.

A new revelation of this branch of art has been opened in the sepulchres of Tanagra (Bœotia). Some of the enchanting "figurines" discovered there are now in the collection of the Louvre,¹ and display the antique, free, and expressive style which presently after the Alexandrine period absorbed and superseded the pure ideal, and flowered in such unsullied glory in the Venus of Milo. All tradition gives the arts a Phœnician origin; they were imported into Greece, and

although nursed there to their most sublime climax of development were not permanently acclimated.

The pedants, testing the conception and execution of the Venus of Milo with the rules of high archaic and ideal Greek art, have reproached her with a Gothic tendency. The tendency exists, for Gothic art and heraldic science are the direct heirs of the Phœnician hieroglyphic or expressive art, which has never died out, and which was represented in plastic and ceramic arts at Nola, and at Tanagra, and at other centres of production. The vitality was in the popular types, not in the ideal of repose. Only a concurrence of favoring circumstances made the barren rocks of Attica to flourish for a time.

The grandeur of the Greeks proved in its development to be fatal to its cradle. For its narrow limits were not to be extended, and art departed from Greece with Alexander's victorious soldiery, and was never to be restored again to its miniature republics, which were fatally overshadowed by the rivalry of Alexandria and Antioch.

Alexander the Great diffused Greek influences abroad, and gave them new centres. Athens was reduced to the rank of a simple provincial town, and the sceptre of fashion passed to other hands. Athens had then no more attraction for the brilliant pleiades of artists who reflected glory on her in the days gone by, for Athens was impoverished. Art may exist under some conditions without freedom, but never without wealth; for it has its commercial side, which renders it dependent on riches. Hellenic art left its monuments behind, and emigrated to the new Greek empire and to Rome. It was always beautiful, but far less noble than before, and more complex.

When the divine creations of its first period deigned to make a gesture, it was done with the gravity and dignity of a priest before the altar; but the times were greatly changed before the Venus of Milo. The human element preponderated in plastic art, expression dawned, and portraiture appeared. We possess

¹ And in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston

no authentic portraits previous to Alexander's time. It is now established that the fine profile which figures on his medals represents Minerva. The coins of his father, Philip, were stamped with an Apollo's head. Something of each may have lurked under features intentionally idealized, but nothing is more uncertain.

In Syria and in Egypt, on the contrary, the Greek rulers, being likened to the gods by their new subjects, ventured to substitute their own images on monuments and coins. The illustrious leaders of the Roman republic seduced art into courses less worthy than pursuit of the ideal, but infinitely more lucrative. Art supplied portraiture and licentious productions for the satisfaction of the wealthy traders of Alexandria and luxurious citizens of Rome. A revolution like this took place in Europe, when the increase of fortunes in Italy and the decline of religious faith forced art to desert the churches, and seek service with rich commoners at Venice or Florence, and to flatter the vanity of the lavish mistresses of Francis I. and Henry II. What was lost in devotion was made up for by gain in movement, in animation, in intensity of expression, and in the new element of *reality*. When the arts returned to the bosom of the church, it carried thither outer air and the mundane types which it had learned to render with more fidelity than refinement. The divine was made human, and the pathetic sentiment took its place in art. With this sentiment the Venus of Milo is preëminently endowed, and thus is composed the simple magic with which she touches the hearts which are thrilling to-day to the roll of the drum, or the roar and murmur of human life in modern Babylon. Human life, wherever we find it, carries the same heart, under all its protean disguises; and the people's Venus is still the people's Venus, in virtue of that pathetic look.

It remains to mention the greatest singularity attaching to the statue, and that is its being sculptured from two separate blocks of marble, slightly dissimilar in quality of grain and color.

They are applied to each other by chiseled surfaces, and their line of junction intersects the figure just below the hips. The inferior block comprises nearly all the drapery. The statue has not been sawn into two portions for the purpose of transportation, but was apparently restored in this manner, and is a unique instance of such treatment; that is to say, unique as regards the extent and importance of the restoration. The two blocks (which are of Parian marble) had been fixed in place at some former time by means of metallic bolts, which have left their mark in rust and fracture. The figure was set up either by carpenters or masons in 1821, and wooden wedges were introduced between the two divisions, giving an exaggerated inclination to the body, and destroying its equilibrium. The plinth, which was originally sloped back at a slight inclination, was made horizontal with the pedestal in which it is incorporated. An inscription temporarily affixed to this pedestal affirms that the wedges remain as placed on the arrival of the statue in France. The chisel was very freely used in adjusting the different fractured or divided pieces of marble, and it is not probable that the mischief done can ever be repaired.

The present intelligent keeper of the Museum of Antiques at the Louvre has prepared and actually exhibited two casts of the Venus: one showing a partially corrected model, by raising the level of the plinth; the other giving a completely corrected attitude. A sensible change in the aspect of the work is the result. The observations made by M. Ravaissou were facilitated by the accidental disintegration of the cement which held the parts together. During the civil war of the Commune at Paris, in 1871, the statue was removed for safety to the cellars of the prefecture of police, where it was again exposed to excessive humidity, in consequence of which the singularly bungling fashion in which it had been worked over was for the first time exposed. No additional damage, however, was done by transportation at this time. As this divinity

was adored in crypts, it has very properly twice found its safety there.

A reproduction of the hemicycle, with the figures in their original places, is very much to be desired, to give the effect of the sculpture in the shrine where it was found at Melos; and such a reconstruction may prove to be the first step towards clearing up the mysteries which hang about the statue, of which we have scarcely done more than give the record, supplying the deficiencies of one authority upon the question by quoting from another.

It may be interesting to some readers to be informed of what M. Ravaissou suppressed in his published notice on the Venus of Milo. A fragment of a plinth, bearing part of an inscription, was discovered with the statue, and in all probability belonged to the Venus, and no other. It is certainly not appropriate to the Hermes, which were invariably set upon the ground, and were

never signed at the base. The inscription is to the effect that "Andros, Son of Menides of Antioch, wrought this statue after Maiondro." As Antioch was not founded until after Alexander's death, we may place the probable date of the statue near the third century B. C. It may have been executed by "Andros after Maiondro," but was clearly no vulgar copy, but apparently a repetition of some lost work of wide celebrity; for also at Capua, Brescia, and Falerone were displayed the divine sisterhood of the Venus of Milo.

The substance of this essay is borrowed, by permission, from unpublished notes furnished by the French archaeologist and critic, M. Grasset d'Oreec. For details regarding the statue we are indebted to the official report on its actual condition, issued in 1871, by M. Félix Ravaissou, keeper of ancient and modern sculpture at the museum of the Louvre.

GIACOMO MEYERBEER.

IF the ardent Gluckists and Piccinists quarreling over their wine and coffee in the Café de la Rotonde, with the busts of the two composers coolly looking down upon them as they exchanged their shots of "statue and pedestal," "orchestra and stage," and mutually lashed themselves to the pitch of frenzy in the heat of argument, could but have suddenly foreseen to what lengths the principles they discussed would be carried by composers in after times, dumb astonishment might well have put a momentary stop to their excited bickerings. Imagine the dismay of the spirit of some Gluckist, — or even of the good Christopher Willibald himself, — returned to earth and the Académie de Musique, at witnessing a modern French grand opera by Halévy or Meyerbeer; or, if it perchance traveled as far as Bayreuth, at opening

its long-closed eyes and ears on Wagner's Nibelungen, and at being told that the extraordinary works that met its bewildered gaze were the latest outgrowths of the Gluck opera! Conceive the astonishment of a Piccinist ghost at finding his idol's lightly-warbling muse decked out in the flaunting trappings of Rossini's *Siège de Corinthe*!

Yet so do things grow in this world. One man sows the seeds of dramatic *truthfulness* on the operatic stage; a few generations spring up and pass away, and his successor reaps unheard-of and unimagined crops of dramatic *effect*. Another man pins his faith to the absolute independence of music in the opera, and he is soon followed by another in whose hands music is raised to the throne of absolute autocracy.

With regard to the Rossini outgrowth

of the Piccini principle little or nothing need be said now. Rossini is hardly cold in his grave, and where are his operas now? Most of those works, so full of exquisite music, so instinct with genius, that but a generation ago intoxicated all Europe and were the cynosure of admiring crowds, now struggle painfully for even a respectful hearing. Singers will not (too often cannot) sing them, managers neglect them, the public forgets them; their grace and beauty lie shrouded in dust on library shelves.

But Meyerbeer still lives, in his works, as vigorous a life as ever. He has had no successor who can rightly claim to wear his mantle. The name of his followers, imitators, *et hoc servum pecus* is legion, but the Gounods, Thomases, Massenets, Bizets, cannot wield his sceptre. His example and success were too brilliant not to tempt emulation. Even his only successful rival, Verdi, could not refrain from paying him the late homage of imitation as soon as death had called him from the field of action; and, forgetful of the laurels won by Ernani and Rigoletto, the hot-blooded Italian made his bid for fresh honors in the path that Meyerbeer had so triumphantly trod. Yet from the Huguenots to Aïda is a long step; Meyerbeer is still the one and only Meyerbeer.

In considering a man whose career has been so uniquely brilliant, one cannot help casting about to discover wherein the secret of his success mainly lay. He certainly had many high qualities, yet he cannot be fairly said to have possessed any especial one of them to a transcendent degree. His natural intrinsically musical endowments were small in comparison with those of Rossini. In spontaneity of inspiration, in melodic power, in what we may call the specific musical sense, he falls far behind the great Italian *maestro*. As a contrapuntist, in spite of his pretensions and the claims that are made for him by his French admirers, he has given nothing to the world that can entitle him to a really high rank. His mastery of musical form, his power of developing a theme into an orderly and finely organ-

ized composition of sustained interest, must be called small when judged by any high standard. His dramatic power was great, it is true, yet the instances in which it shows itself in his works as being of inherently fine and pure quality are few and far between; his gift of *theatrical effect*, however, was undoubted and utterly phenomenal, and it is to this that his success must be mainly attributed.

Possessed of musical genius and perceptions which, if not of the highest, nor even a very high kind, were still of sufficiently stout quality to serve as a basis for a high degree of culture, Meyerbeer had an unusually sharp eye for effect, a rare appreciation of whatever is striking and *saissant*, as the French say, which has seldom been paralleled; unremitting work, eager and ceaseless observation, an easy-going, æsthetic conscience, — or, possibly, the lack of absolutely fine æsthetic perceptions, — enabled him to develop this power to the utmost. The sharpness of his observation of other composers, the rapidity with which he took the slightest hint from the works of other men, was astounding. Of plagiarism, in an invidious sense, one finds little in his compositions. He had a distinct and unmistakable individuality of his own; and if we find him borrowing ideas from others, they were first melted down in the crucible of his mind, were then recast in a mold peculiar to himself, and bore his own stamp. For a man of his unusual power of assimilating other people's ideas, he appeared on the stage at just the right moment; the time and conditions could not have been better chosen for the display of his peculiar talents. Although what we call Meyerbeer's third, or French, manner was something entirely unprecedented in the annals of the lyric stage, circumstances had combined to prepare the public mind for it; and notwithstanding the astonishment with which its first appearance was greeted, the public very soon found that it was nicely suited to their wants. Richard Wagner describes very well, in his figurative way, the conditions under which Meyerbeer developed his

new style of dramatic writing. The account must, to be sure, be taken with a grain of salt, but it is too good not to be given here with all practicable condensation. He writes:—

"In the fair and much-bespattered land of Italy sat the carelessly prurient Rossini, who had tried out its musical fat, in his facile, lordly way, for the benefit of the emaciated world of art, and who now looked on with a half-astonished smile at the sprawlings of gallant Parisian hunters after people's melodies. One of these was a good horseman, and whenever he dismounted after a hurried ride one could be sure that he had found a melody which would fetch a good price. So he now rode like one possessed through all the wares of fish and costermongery in the Naples market, so that everything flew around as in a whirlwind; cackling and cursing pursued his course, and angry fists were clenched at him. With lightning quickness his keen nostrils caught the scent of a superb revolution of fish-mongers and green-grocers. But the opportunity was big with still further profit! Out galloped the Parisian horseman on the Portici road, to the boats and nets of those artless, singing fishermen, who catch fish, sleep, rage, play with wife and children, hurl dirk-knives, even knock each other on the head, and all amid incessant singing. Confess, Master Auber, that was a famous ride, and better than on a hippogriff, which only prances off into mid-air. — whence there is, upon the whole, nothing to be brought home but colds in the head and coughs! The horseman rode back again, dismounted, made Rossini the politest, reverential bow (he well knew, why!), took a special post-chaise for Paris, and what he cooked up there, in the twinkling of an eye, was no less than the Dumb Girl of Portici.

"Rossini looked from afar at the splendid rowdidow, and on his way to Paris thought it profitable to rest awhile amid the snowy Alps of Switzerland, and

to listen with perked-up ears to what musical converse the nimble lads there were wont to hold with their mountains and cows. Once arrived in Paris, he made his politest bow to Auber (he well knew, why!), and presented to the world, with huge paternal joy, his youngest born, which, in a moment of happy inspiration, he had christened William Tell.

"Thus the *Muette de Portici* and *Guillaume Tell* became the two axes about which the whole speculative world of opera music revolved.

"Meyerbeer had a special knack at observing closely and on the spot each successive phenomenon in the above-mentioned march of opera music; he dogged its footsteps constantly and everywhere. It is especially noteworthy that he only followed its lead, but never walked *side by side* with, not to speak of never leading it. He was like the starling, which follows the plowshare in the field, gladly picking out the angle-worms turned up in its furrow.

"In Germany Meyerbeer had never succeeded in following Weber's lead; what Weber revealed in the fullness of melodious life could not be reëchoed by Meyerbeer's acquired, arid formalism. Tired of his fruitless toil, he at last listened only to Rossini's siren strains, forgetful of his allegiance to his friend, and migrated to the land where those raisins¹ grew. He became the weather-cock of music in Europe, turning around undecided for a while after every change in the wind, and standing still only after its direction had been well settled. Thus Meyerbeer only composed operas *à la* Rossini in Italy, until the great wind began to veer about in Paris, and Auber and Rossini had raised the new breeze to a hurricane with the *Muette* and *Tell*. How soon Meyerbeer was in Paris! There he found in the gallicized Weber (only think of *Robin des Bois*!)² and the be-Berliozed Beethoven treasures which neither Auber nor Rossini had noticed, as lying too remote from their purposes,

transformed into *Robin des Bois*, was given at the Opéra. The theatre filled its coffers, and M. Castilblaze, who had pillaged the master-work, raked in over a hundred thousand francs." (Berlioz's *Mémoires*.)

¹ The pun on *Rosinen* (raisins) and *Rossini* is naturally untranslatable.

² "The *Freischütz*, not in its native beauty, but mutilated, vulgarized, tortured, and insulted in a thousand ways by an arranger,—the *Freischütz*,

but which Meyerbeer, with his cosmopolitan jack-of-all-trades eye, knew very well how to value. He grasped together everything that thus presented itself to him into a wondrously gaudy, motley armful, and produced something before whose strident shriek both Auber and Rossini became suddenly inaudible; the grim devil Robert took them one and all.¹

Somewhat over-sarcastic an account, and too plainly one-sided, but it throws a strong electric light on a very characteristic trait in Meyerbeer. Indeed, it is almost easy to forgive Wagner the apparently spiteful drop of vinegar with which he has seasoned his figurative sketch, for there is something in Meyerbeer's music which almost unavoidably ruffles the temper of any one who is inclined to take the art seriously. If we would admire his high qualities unrestrictedly, we can do so only by painfully suppressing a sort of rage into which his short-comings are too apt to throw us. Although there are many pages in his works which easily command enthusiastic admiration, it is difficult to come away from a performance of a whole opera of his in an entirely pleasant frame of mind; his gold is mixed with so much alloy, and the alloy is often of very base metal.

One of Meyerbeer's traits, which has been very loudly admired, is his power of writing *characteristic* music, his skill in giving it a striking local coloring. This power of his was unquestionably great, yet it rarely shows itself of much higher quality than that of the present *impressioniste* school of French painters. He could seize the salient points in a situation with a wonderful sureness of grasp, but his power of idealizing them was in general small. Take, for

instance, the coronation scene in the *Prophète*, — a situation which could well have been made ideal use of. The ceremonial music in this scene is certainly as gorgeous as can be wished; it is a fitting expression of all the glittering pomp of a gala church ceremony. One is tempted to call it the most splendid ceremonial music that money could procure. But it stops there. As for genuine grandeur and impressiveness, it affects the listener of really lofty musical aspirations much as the rich ceremonial pomp of a feast-day high mass in St. Peter's affects a non-Catholic observer, — as an overpoweringly brilliant display. It is, in fact, a dazzling, superb cathedral ceremony, taken bodily out of the church and put upon the stage. But in the cathedral all this theatrical pomp is ennobled and idealized (in the believer's eyes) by the solemn fact that it is a divine service, by the more than ever sensible presence of the omnipotent God; on the stage this idealizing element falls out at once. What even approximate substitute could the composer give us, save the intrinsically noble and elevating character of his music? The church ceremony is idealized by its own lofty purpose; the stage ceremony must be idealized by the composer. Meyerbeer has not done it.¹

Take, again, the much-lauded *Pré aux Elèves* scene in the *Huguenots*. The music is certainly as characteristic as possible. A man like Berlioz, who always had a keen relish for anything in the shape of local coloring in art, and who was, upon the whole, so dazzled by the brilliant aspect of Meyerbeer's genius that his finer æsthetic perceptions became abnormally blunted whenever he was brought face to face with it, — Berlioz could write with perfect honesty of

¹ To this it may be replied that it is just in this want of intrinsic nobility in the music that Meyerbeer shows his accurate perception of the character of the situation; that, of all ceremonies ever performed in a church, the coronation of John of Leyden was the most hollow and unlovely; that John himself was a mere rascal, the three leading Anabaptists little better than shrewd theological pot-hunters, and the whole Anabaptist rabble a set of bloodthirsty fanatics. Yet do we honor the high-souled artist, especially the high-souled musician,

for taking a situation by its highest or by its lowest side? Look at the statue scene in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, where the Don stands as the incarnation of human impiety struggling against inexorable fate! Did Mozart bring his hero's low sensuality and impiety into the foreground? No, but rather his chivalric courage and high-bred courtliness. And, upon the whole, when music is written, should it not be the very best and noblest that the occasion can possibly warrant?

this scene, "The quarrel of the women, the litanies of the Virgin, the song of the Huguenot soldiers, present to the ear a musical tissue of astounding richness, the web of which the listener can easily follow without the complex thought of the composer being blurred for an instant. This marvel of dramatized counterpoint," etc. Yes, the thing is written with great skill, although its plan is not so pretentious (if we examine the score) as a verbal description of it might lead one to imagine. The *rataplan* is just such music as one can imagine soldiers singing; the prayer of the nuns is a good example of much of the music that is sung in Catholic convents. As I have said, it is all as characteristic as may be; and the effect is certainly striking; it has the salt of a familiar reality. But looking at it musically, what absolutely miserable music it is! What a mere two-pence-halfpenny-worth of real inspiration there is at the bottom of it all! The scene is idealized from beginning to end. The composer has treated a by no means lofty, yet pregnant subject in a purely photographic way; he shows us no more in the scene than the vulgarest eye could descry, and seems quite content to have been exact, without a thought of being imaginative, or artistic in any noble sense of the word. His point of view was not a high one; one may even say that Meyerbeer never took a higher artistic stand-point than the barest necessities of the case demanded.

It would be very far from the truth to say that he was not capable of treating exalted subjects in a fitting way. Yet he needed the spur of a really lofty theme, of a highly poetic situation, to enable him to rise into a high musical atmosphere. He could not evolve really great music out of his own brain alone; and we may safely say that, of his purely instrumental works, not one has any great value.

Of these latter, his overture to *Struensee* probably holds the first place; but you would pierce it clean through the heart by bringing it into comparison with an overture of Schumann, Mendelssohn,

or even of Weber, not to mention Beethoven.

It has been often said that Meyerbeer lacked genuine sentiment and passionateness. I think this is hardly true. In treating scenes in which sentiment and passion predominate, he has often risen to the full height of the situation. I know of no music that glows with more passionate warmth than the first parts of the great duet which closes the fourth act of the *Huguenots*. Of hardly less emotional power (and of somewhat higher intrinsically musical value) is the slow movement of the duet between Valentine and Marcel in the third act. Bertram's phrase, "*De ma gloire éclipsee, de ma splendeur passée*," in the third act of *Robert*, is full of the most genuine emotional power. What Meyerbeer did lack was a sense of true grandeur. We may look almost in vain for a passage of really impressive solemnity in his works. When he attempts such things he does not rise above theatrical pomposity. The invocation "*Brahma, Vishnu, Siva!*" in the *Africaine*, the betrothal scene in the fifth act of the *Huguenots*, the consecration music in the *Prophète*, all lack the true ring, in spite of their striking effectiveness. The passage in his works which savors most of really beautiful solemnity is a phrase (at first in D-major, later in B-flat major) in the priests' march, in the fourth act of the *Africaine*,—a phrase only eight bars long, which is of singularly impressive beauty.

When he entered upon the domain of the terrible, Meyerbeer was more easily at home. A more trenchant expression of savage cruelty than the phrase "*Tuez les Huguenots*," in the fifth act of that opera, can scarcely be found. The terrific effect of the Benediction of the *Poniards*, and the ensuing phrase, "*A cette cause sainte*," is not of quite so genuine quality; the thing is somewhat wanting in spontaneity, and smells a little of the lamp. Besides, it is utterly lacking in nobility of character, a want that is not felt in the "*Tuez les Huguenots*," as there all elevation of style is out of the question. Most of the infer-

nal music in Robert is rather conventionally diabolic than really terrible. Even the highly beautiful procession of the nuns, in the fourth act, owes its unearthly character more to the tom-tom than to its inherent musical quality; and its thirds and sixths on two bassoons *solli* better deserve Liszt's joke (which need not be repeated) than the admiration which their would-be ghastliness has so often called forth. Yet Meyerbeer has certainly done great things in this field.

When he attempted the graceful and fascinating, his habitual want of spontaneousness stood much in his way; he also had a tendency to fall into triviality, a besetting failing of his. Yet he has written many things that have all the airy charm of natural grace. Much of the ballet music in Robert, the familiar "*Ombre légère*" in Dinorah, Séluka's swan song, "*Un cygne au doux ramage*," in the *Africaine*, are good examples of what Meyerbeer could do in the way of writing fascinating and graceful melodies.

But it is neither in the terrible, the passionate, nor the graceful and charming that Meyerbeer's peculiar genius displays itself in its fullest power and brilliancy. In was in the realm of the heroic, the chivalric and knightly, that he was most conspicuously at home, and worked with the most unerring touch. There is an air of high-bred courtliness and Middle Age gallantry about much of Meyerbeer's music, which we look for almost in vain in the works of his contemporaries. It is this quality that shines pre-eminent in such masterly pages as the septet for male voices in the third act of the *Huguenots*. I think that in this in every respect wonderful number, and notably in its overwhelming phrase, "*Et bonne épée, et bon courage*," Meyerbeer's power reaches its apogee. I know of no such perfect expression of the devil-may-care recklessness and knightly gallantry of the mediæval cavalier in all music. Hardly less fine is the finale of the first act of the *Africaine* (also for male voices) from the phrase, "*D'impie et de rebelle*," although here the somewhat overfinical harmony takes away a

little of the native fire and vigor of the theme. The bacchanalian chorus, "*Aux seules plâisirs fidèles*," the Sicilienne, "*O Fortune, à ton caprice*," and the soprano air and chorus, "*La trompette guerrière*," in Robert, are also fine examples of this chivalric quality in Meyerbeer; even the male quartet which closes the second act of the *Prophète* has something of it, notably in the phrase, "*Et la couronne que le ciel donne*," although the musical value of the piece is not very great.

Meyerbeer was not a great contrapuntist. He was skilled enough in the craft not to allow his attempts at running counterpoint to interfere with the dramatic character of his music; but the counterpoint, taken on its own merits, often makes one smile. Such passages as the introduction to the *Huguenots* are too puerile, from a contrapuntal point of view, to be called even respectable. His power of developing a motive into an extended composition of sustained musical interest was in general not very remarkable. The musical side of his elaborate finales and ensemble pieces is not precisely what is most striking in them. His finest efforts of this sort are probably the last terzet in Robert and the first finale in the *Africaine*; yet even these would have to struggle hard to win the name of masterpieces of form. But he knew very well how to sustain and gradually intensify the dramatic interest, and work up to an effective dramatic climax in his great concerted numbers. Thus the finale to the fourth act of the *Prophète* is one immense crescendo of dramatic effect, albeit that, as pure music, it is poor and commonplace as need be. The intensely dramatic character of Meyerbeer's music does not always lie in itself alone, but also in the opportunities it affords singers for an impassioned or imposingly declamatory style of delivery. No amount of vocal ranting can seem out of place in some passages of Meyerbeer; they seem actually made for it. Such things as "*A cette cause sainte*" and the finale to the second act of the *Huguenots* (perhaps as vile a bit of musical vulgarity as Mey-

he was a man very difficult to imitate, but very easy indeed to parody. Nine tenths of Offenbach may be called a laughable parody on Meyerbeer; many of the ridiculous effects of the buffoon of the *Variétés* and the *Bouffes-Parisiens* can claim a sort of left-handed relationship with the music of the king of the *Opéra*. The boulevards reverberate with a burlesque echo of the *Rue Lepelletier*. In some cases, indeed, the original outbids the parody in ridiculousness: such bombast as the unison passage, "*Fais que ta grâce infinie*," in the first act of the *Africaine*, goes beyond Offenbach.

Yet with all Meyerbeer's faults, — and few great composers have had so many and grave ones to answer for, — he was indisputably great. His name is identified with that of the modern grand tragic opera. If his genius was not of the very highest, his talent was prodigious; his works form a distinct epoch in the history of dramatic music. It would be rash to predict a long immortality for him; he had too much of success during his life-time to make it probable that his glory can endure long untarnished. Yet of all opera composers since Mozart, he has been the most universally and enthusiastically admired.

William F. Apthorp.

SLEEP.

I LAY me down before the rustic gate
That opens on the shadowed land of sleep;
I weary for its dews, and may not wait
To hear its rivers flowing, drowsy-deep.
I knock, O Sleep, the Comforter! Again
My weakness faints unto thy great caress;
The circling thought beats blindly through the brain
With dull persistency of empty pain,
And draws uncertain doubting and distress,
To prove that man unto himself is very weariness.

Upon these withered grasses is no rest;
Thy crimson-dotted mosses are denied.
I see thy wall in shining grape-vines dressed,
But know that only on the other side
Droop low the purple clusters. Take me in!
I do not fear to trust myself to thee;
Waking and danger are of closer kin,
But what hast thou to do with grief or sin?
Imprisoned from myself, I wander free,
And not the brightest sun of day grants such security.

I would not lie to-night so near the bars,
If to thy realm fair entrance I may find,
That through them I might see our mortal stars,
And hear the passing of our earthly wind.
Not even would I wish some gentle friend
To lean against them with a loving face;

For rest and life were never willed to blend
 And as I lived the day unto its end,
 So would I sleep the night without a trace,
 Not only of day's sorrowing, but even of its grace.

Nor would I rest among thy garden beds,
 Where fairy forms from out the flowers glance,
 And catch the yellow moonlight on their heads,
 To shift it swiftly in the singing dance.
 Nor would I meet thy strange, fantastic folk,
 Who haunt the dusk of over-bending trees,
 Where bells and steeples grow upon the oak,
 And all identities are held as smoke
 And vapor in the hand. Nay, none of these!
 Not e'en thy music mystical, that changes to a breeze.

But take me to thy kingdom's very heart,
 To slumber's innermost enchanted cell!
 Oh, lay me in thy grotto, far apart
 From any sight or sound that words may tell.
 Then wilt thou wrap my senses deaf and blind,
 And then shall I lie face to face with thee.
 So will the morning light be glad to find
 Thy fragrance clinging to my waking mind;
 But what thy lips did whisper unto me
 I'll bear too fine for consciousness, too deep for memory.

Then let me in beyond thy rustic gate,
 O Sleep, the Comforter! Ah, let me in!
 For even as I pray the night grows late,
 And not one blossom does my pleading win.
 Others have won where I may not avail,
 The children and the good by thousands pass;
 Yea, guilty feet tread on where mine must fail,
 For thou art kind as death. The faces pale
 Of myriad sleepers gleam in thy sweet grass,
 And only I am left without to weep and cry Alas!

Yet thou wilt take me in with all the rest,
 And walk among us in thine angelhood;
 And we shall wake, and know we have been blessed,
 If unawares, and that thy presence stood
 In mercy by each weary son of earth,
 To make us spirit sons of God once more.
 With plenty wilt thou satisfy the dearth,
 With strength the weakness, and another birth
 Will each red morning to our souls restore,—
 The gate by which we leave thy land, a new life's open door.

Katharine Lee Bates.

THE HOUSE OF McVICKER.

I.

SOME years ago there was still standing, on the high-road which leads from Greenville to Dawes Upper Landing, a plain, two-story house with a gambrel roof, which rarely or never failed to attract the notice of passers-by. It stood some yards back from the road, from which it was separated by a wide and grassy, but treeless and flowerless, garden, through which a broad path, neatly paved with clam shells, led up to the front door. To the right of the house was a small barn and a wood-shed, and beyond them a vegetable garden. At the back, a grassy lot, always cropped close by the family cow, led downwards to the salt marshes, which stretch away on every side. These salt marshes are intersected by narrow canals, through which oyster and fishing boats make their slow way to the Upper Landing, when, as is not often the case, the tide is high enough to permit them to do so. To the east of the marshes, many miles away, great dunes of sand rise up, and beyond these dunes rises and falls the ocean tide. Sometimes, but very rarely, on the short, gray winter days, when the storms are wild, the voice of the angry sea penetrates across this barrier with a long-drawn, sullen roar. The waters of Hallowbay are visible always, but the bay is landlocked, and only the dulllest portion of it can be seen from the house of McVicker. The marshes — low, wide, and malarious green — seem to obtrude themselves upon the eye, to the exclusion of other objects, even as the croaking of the frogs which inhabit them fills the ear upon summer nights, and drowns the low whispers of the summer wind. But perhaps it is as well. The majesty of the sea and its deep-voiced music could never have harmonized with the aspect of the house of McVicker. The house itself was a decently kept, dingy, orderly dwelling, about which nothing was suffered to fall

into ruin or decay, and for the interior of which feminine cares were evidently not wanting; for the door-steps were always scrubbed to whiteness, the old-fashioned brass knockers and door handles shining, and the windows clear and clean, and furnished with spotless white dimity curtains with knotted fringes. But one thing was strangely at variance with this commonplace decency of appearance, and that was an ordinary board scaffolding which surrounded the house on the three sides visible to the road, and at the time at which this story begins was already gray and weather-beaten. Evidently, it had once been the owner's intention to build a two-storied piazza here, and as evidently that intention had been long since abandoned. The upper part of the front door was nailed up with boards, because the beams of the scaffolding crossed it; and these boards were also gray with age, and not without reason, for they, as well as the scaffolding, had kept their place, unchanged and untouched, for more than thirty years. The people in the neighborhood had, even to the most inquisitive, long ago given up wondering about Silas McVicker's scaffolding. Many there were, indeed, who were newly married couples at the time he began his never-finished piazza and had grandchildren now, and were weary of answering questions about it. As for the younger members of the community, who had, so to speak, been born under its eccentric shadow, they accepted it as people always do accept the facts to which they are born; and after the inevitable period of interrogations was past asked little and thought nothing about it. Strangers, however, were not so indifferent, and to them Mr. Bagert, a dried-up little bachelor who had kept the post-office at the Upper Landing for upwards of forty years, could make the same replies and furnish the same details which he had done for thirty years.

"Wall," Mr. Bagert would say, rest

ing, the while, one foot upon the wheel of the inquirer's wagon, and looking retrospectively down the road, as if to call up the past, "wall, I've knowed as much about it as any one, I guess. 'T ain't nothin' but one o' Silas's cranks. He always was kind o' cranky. Close, too, he is. Zeke Latham, — Zeke always was a funny feller, — Zeke, he used to say Silas got 'fraid of the price of nails. He 'd bought the wood for 't a good spell back, and he was a-puttin' of it up himself; but nails he was a-goin' to buy of Zeke, so Zeke thought. But 't wa'n't that nuther, 'cause he went over to Pawtucket and bought the nails; we heerd that afterward he sold 'em to a junk shop down to the Lower Landing, about ten years arter he quit work. So 't wa'n't the price of nails, nor nothin' else, I guess, 'ceptin' one of Silas's cranks."

"And he is living now?"

"Lord bless you, yes! Ben livin' along jest the same, savin' and scrapin' and tendin' to things. He's a putty good farmer, Silas is."

"But what was the cause of this particular crank?"

"Wall, he kinder got mad at things, I guess. I don't know as it was any partickler thing. I never heerd so, any way; and we know putty much everything that goes on in the neighborhood, here to the Upper Landing."

"But he assigned some reason, surely, for stopping his work?"

"Wall, no, he did n't; he jest shet up any one that asked about it, as sharp as a razor. Fust off, folks did n't ask nothin'. He was a-doin' of the work himself, you see, and workin' folks has to take odd times for fancy doins. I 'member myself the fust time I ever spoke to him about it. It was about three months after he quit work on it, I guess, and I heerd he was throwin' the cusses round putty lively when any one asked him about it; but we 'd always been putty good friends, and bein' here to the post-office folks nat'rally expects me to know what's a-goin' on. So I made up my mind I 'd have the truth of it. It was one November afternoon, gittin' on towards six o'clock. I happened to be

alone here, and the door opened, and Silas cum in after his paper.

"'Why, Silas!' says I, 'how do you do; and how 's all the folks down your way?'"

"'Well, I guess,' says he, very short.

"'And Mis' McVicker, how 's she?'" says I.

"'She 's well,' he says.

"'All your folks, and your wife's folks up to Hampshire, be they well?'" says I.

"'Yes,' says he. 'Ef you 'll put me up a bottle of ink, I 'll take it right along.'

"'Wait a minute, Silas,' says I. 'You know you and me's been friends this good while, along ever since we was born, I guess. I hope you ain't in any money difficulties?'" says I.

"'No,' says he.

"'Lost anythin'?' says I.

"'No,' says he. 'Give me that ink, will you?'"

"'You ain't gone security for any one, hev you?'" says I.

"'No!' says he, beginnin' to look as if he 'd chaw me up in one bite.

"'Then what in creation did you stop buildin' that piazzzy' you was so hot fur long in the summer?'" says I.

"'Cause I choose to stop!' says he, in a voice that most tuck the ruff off.

"'Wall, ef you ain't a-goin' to build it,' says I, 'why don't you take the scaffoldin' down? It looks queer, Silas, it does so, and neighbors is talkin' about it.'

"'Damn the neighbors, and you too, for a lot of pryin', impudent fools!' says he. 'Ef I choose to let them boards rot there, what business is it of yourn? Hold your jaw, and give me that ink. I give you the money ten minutes ago.'

"'Wall, when I saw he was so proud about it, I jest let him alone; and by degrees other folks did so, too. They never found out nothin', and they kind o' got tired o' thinkin' about it.

"'T wa'n't nothin' but crank; and when folks gits cranky they 're cranky for crank's sake. They ain't got no reason to give, and that kinder makes 'em mad and feel like jawin' when folks asks 'em things. There was some took turns ask-

in' Mis' McVicker about it; but she always said she did n't know nothing, and I s'pose she did n't. She was a quiet kind of a woman, Mis' McVicker was. She's gittin' on into years now. Silas is past seventy, and she ain't fur behind. Strangers new comin' into the neighborhood, like you, most always has a spell of askin' about that ere scaffoldin'; but Silas ain't a easy man to question; he kinder bluffs 'em off. Does it putty sharp, too. There was a lady boardin' down to Mis' Graves's two summers ago, — a smart, poky kind of woman she was, — and she made a bet she'd ask Silas herself. So she got Josh Graves to drive her round, one afternoon, and she whipped out of the wagon, when they got to the gate, and tripped round, as light as a feather, to the back of the house; and there sot Silas, sure enough, in his shirt sleeves, mendin' a net. Wall, Miss Jenkins wa'n't one to be very backward, so she says, 'Can I have a glass of water, if you please? I'm thirsty.' Wall, Mis' McVicker, she stepped inter the house ter git the water; and then Miss Jenkins, she looked straight inter Silas's eye, as bright 's a hawk. 'You've a putty place here,' she says; 'but why did n't you never finish yer piazzy? It's a pity to leave that ere scaffoldin' there; it spoiles the looks of the house. Why do you do it?' she says.

"She spoke mighty quick, Josh said, 'cause she was 'fraid Silas wuld stop her.

"Wall, Mis' McVicker was jest comin' out, and Silas snatched the tumbler right out of her hand, and threw it on the ground. 'Ef you want water, I guess you'd better go somewheres else fur it,' he says. 'There ain't none fur you here, nor no answers to your questions neither; so you'd better go about your business.'

"Wall, Miss Jenkins was took aback, and did n't say nothin'; and Josh, he kinder spunked up, and says he, 'Mr. McVicker,' says he, 'that ain't no way to speak to a lady. Ain't you 'shamed of yourself?' says he.

"'Darn you! git out of here, will you?' says Silas. And Miss Jenkins

nipped hold of Josh's arm, and says she, 'Oh, come along! do, quick!' So Josh, he thought 't wa'n't worth while to have a row, and he went along with her without saying nothin' more to Silas. Ye see, Silas, he's old, but he's spunky, and he's a putty strong man, too, for his years, and 't won't do to offend him; so he's jest let alone. He ain't got no reason to give for his queer ways, Silas hain't. Th' ain't nothing to find out. Ef there was, why, folks 'd hev come to 't, sooner or later. 'T ain't reely nothin' on earth but crank.'

In this, however, Mr. Bagert made a mistake.

Silas McVicker, at this time, was a heavy, stooping old man, with a sparse, unkempt gray beard, a face ruddy from constant exposure to the salt air, and a dull eye of nondescript color, which expressed nothing but an utter lack of interest and expectancy. Thirty-four years before, his mother and father had died, within two days of each other, and had both on the same day been laid in the grave. Silas was their sole surviving child, and as he stood beside their graves his eye fell, with more interest than ever before, upon the row of four small, low, gray head-stones, half hidden among the long, coarse grass, which marked the resting-place of his brothers and sisters. They were inscribed as follows: —

AZARIAH,

SON OF ELI AND JUDITH McVICKER.

Born July 9, 1790. Died January 30, 1790.

MARTHA,

DAUGHTER OF ELI AND JUDITH McVICKER.

Born February 15, 1793. Died June 4, 1802.

JONATHAN,

SON OF ELI AND JUDITH McVICKER.

Born September 14, 1796. Died April 3, 1798.

JERUSHA,

DAUGHTER OF ELI AND JUDITH McVICKER.

Born May 18, 1798. Died July 2, 1799.

Silas was prompt about all that he had to do, and two months later a large slab of bluish stone stood beside the others, which bore the following inscription: —

ELI McVICKER.

Died June 23, 1834. Aged 66 years.

JUDITH,

WIFE OF THE ABOVE.

Died June 24, 1884. Aged 80 years.

Some inches lower down on the slab, and inserted apparently as a sort of post-script or after-thought, were the words:

The above Judith McVicker was bedridden for thirty-one years.

People in the neighborhood were mean enough to say that the brevity of all six monumental inscriptions was due to Silas's love of saving, and that the information bestowed upon the public as to the condition in which his mother had spent the last thirty-one years of her life was placed on her tomb-stone to prove that he was not as mean as he might have been, after all, since it was well known that he had not sent her to the poor-house. In both of these assumptions the neighbors were wrong, however, as the head-stones which commemorated the birth and death of his brothers and sisters had been erected before he was out of pinafores. As for his parents, they belonged, both of them, to the order of people who seem to have no particular reason for existing, except to prove the correctness of the computations as to the yearly increase of population. There really was nothing to say about them (except that they had lived and died), unless Silas had been a person of strong filial illusions, which he was not. As he drove home from the funeral, he stopped at the stone-cutter's at Greenville, selected, after a little bargaining, a decent slab, wrote the brief inscription on it in pencil, and made his way home. It was not until three weeks later that he remembered his mother's last request. "Silas," she had said, shortly before her death, "I guess I ain't goin' to live much longer. Mind you put on my tomb-stone how many years I was abed. There ain't another case like it in the State, I don't believe." The moment Silas recalled this request, he drove over to Greenville, and gave the requisite directions. But the head-stone was already completed, and this additional inscription always read like the after-thought it was.

Silas could not remember his brothers and sisters any more distinctly than he could remember having ever received a caress from his mother, or a word of instruction or advice from his father. Fortunately, he was not sensitive, though he had a great latent capacity for feeling; and he lived through the years of his early youth without any special pain, though with a vague sense, which increased in hardness and sternness as the years went on, that life had not been compelled to yield him all that it might have done.

He was at thirty-four an erect, powerfully-built fellow, with a well-shaped head covered with crisp, curling dark hair, and keen and brilliant, though not large, gray eyes. It was a mystery that such a lymphatic, weak, and commonplace pair as were Eli and Judith McVicker could have produced this stalwart, vigorous, and energetic son, unlike and superior to his parents in blood and brain, in strength and stature.

He made no pretense of grief for their loss. In fact, he had no relatives to be observant on this point, and he would have been utterly incapable of feigning if he had been surrounded by a large family. He rather wondered, as he drove soberly home after the funeral, whether children ever were very fond of their parents; whether, if his brothers and sisters had lived, any one of them would have been "congenial," or, as he mentally phrased it, "pleasant to have round." It is possible that he answered this mental question in the negative; for he entered his empty house with a sense of decided pleasure, and glancing into the room which had for so many years been his mother's remembered that he could have it cleaned out now, and bring his guns and fishing-tackle down-stairs, as he had often thought it would be convenient to do.

For some days, some weeks, indeed, this sense of freedom lasted, and sufficed for happiness, as did the various new arrangements he was making with his own hands in the house and on the farm suffice for occupation. But when everything was done, when the house

was arranged satisfactorily, the harvest over, and a momentary lull in the pressure of work occurred, he began to feel an impatient desire for a change of some kind, and in this mood availed himself eagerly and gladly of an invitation from a distant relative of his father's to visit him in New Hampshire. The neighbors, when they heard of this intended visit, opined that Silas "was goin' to Hampshire to look for a wife;" but no one felt sufficiently intimate with him to ask if such was his intention, or even to mention the subject at all. Silas, in fact, was not a favorite in his native town. He was thought to be "kind of uppish," and known to be a hard hand at a bargain. But if hard he was honest, and his uppishness was partly shyness and partly reserve. If his neighbors knew him but superficially, they yet knew him almost as well as he knew himself; for his life, which had hitherto flowed on with absolute monotony, had left him in profound ignorance of his own strength and weakness. Indeed, his self-knowledge mainly consisted in a very accurate estimate of his capacity for labor and for physical endurance, and a tolerably fair idea of the extent to which he could resist temptation; for he was a man of good moral character, and had till now withstood well the few temptations to which he had been subjected. But he had never examined, never discussed, himself in his life, and would have been very much surprised had he been told that his was an uncommon character, and that in all those events of life which are decided by emotion rather than judgment he would risk much more than ordinary men. He was possessed of a depth of loyalty and devotion which is too rare in this self-seeking world, and which had not yet been drawn upon; for he had never been in love, or formed one of those enthusiastic early friendships which are so effectual in calling out our better selves. Indeed, he was not formed for friendship, but for love, and a single love, and was likely to pour out all his heart's treasure in one libation, and go through life afterward hard and loveless. Nor did he know that he

was precisely in the state which rendered falling in love imminent. But so it was; and while he was winding up his affairs, and making arrangements for a lengthened absence in New Hampshire, events there were shaping themselves for his marriage with Mary Dering, who had been for many seasons the reigning beauty of Compton village.

II.

Mary Dering at this time was thirty-two years of age,—an old maid, in point of fact; and it was a great compliment to her real beauty and grace that she was not called so. But she was too handsome, too graceful and stately, to be laughed at, and too utterly, serenely selfish to be made use of. In her early youth she had been incomparably the most beautiful girl in Compton; and she was still one of its most beautiful women; indeed, was perhaps the only very beautiful woman of thirty-two to be seen there, so short-lived is American bloom.

She was very tall, and so finely and nobly proportioned that the commonest stuff fell into long, graceful lines over her exquisitely rounded limbs. Her small head was perfectly placed on her shoulders, and was shaded by an abundance of straight, silky, golden-brown hair; her complexion was the loveliest rose leaf; and her eyes large, dark blue, with delicately veined lids and long, dark, curving lashes. The form of her face was a true oval; and here her positive beauty ended, for her nose was not faultless, and her mouth was too large, though her teeth were brilliant, and her lips red and velvety. She rose and sat down with exquisite grace, and sewed and did the common household tasks, which were all she knew how to do, with a distinction which made it a pleasure to watch her. She was aware of this, and in her careful, deliberate, yet deft way accomplished a great deal of work in the course of the day; for she was equally fond of admiration and of having everything about her in faultless

order, being peculiarly susceptible to that refined physical enjoyment which comes from dainty surroundings.

She had an immense amount of self-consciousness, and a perfect appreciation of her own personal appearance. The study of her life had been to preserve her good looks, and she had been eminently successful, and was wont to look upon her contemporaries, who, though happy wives and mothers, were all either too scrawny or too portly, with serene self-satisfaction. The baby never was born that would have consoled Mary Dering for fading beauty; and she regarded her friends as deluded idiots in their happiness in increasing cares and decreasing bloom. She was not very highly esteemed in her native town, and was indeed one of the most arrant coquettes that ever breathed. Moreover, her nearest connections were wont to whisper occasionally to each other, with bated breath and under strict vows of secrecy, that she was "like her father, after all, and what a pity it was." Now the late Mr. Dering had not been, if his acquaintances spoke truly, "so fond of the square thing" as he might have been. And also, they would add, "he was kinder sweet on the women; and he had n't ought to 'a' been, because Ellen Durnett was as good a woman as ever stepped." An old-fashioned New England town is as exclusive and conservative a place as can be found; and it is particularly necessary that a new-comer, if he is to take root there, should be able to present excellent credentials, and should be of unblemished character. Now it happened that Mr. Dering possessed neither of these claims to confidence. Credentials he had, it was true, but they were spurious; and then he had no relations, and indeed was finally discovered to be illegitimate,—a fact which would have made every one in Compton doubtful of him forever after, had his conduct been ever so irreproachable. Unhappily, before the falsity of his character or the stain upon his birth had been known, he had succeeded in marrying Ellen Durnett, one of the prettiest and loveliest women in Compton.

She had been more than five years a widow, and had two little girls. If it be (and certainly it is) hardly a justifiable thing for a widow with children to marry again, poor Ellen Durnett lived to expiate her fault, and to have trials so severe as to induce even the friends of her first husband to forgive her second marriage. It was perhaps to these trials, which began long before her birth, that her daughter Mary owed the pathetic expression of her large, deep blue eyes.

Mary remembered very little of her father. Ostensibly on business, he had betaken himself to the West, shortly after her birth, with all his wife's savings. He reappeared periodically and impecuniously for several years, and then vanished altogether, having, it was said, embraced the Mormon religion, and settled amid congenial scenes in Salt Lake City. Mary Dering, to the great relief of her mother's relations, "took after" the Raymonds altogether in appearance, in that she was tall, straight, and large-eyed, whereas Dering was short, squat, and near-sighted. Indeed, his shining gold-rimmed spectacles had been odious objects to every one who knew him, so sure was he to obtain with their aid an undue and pernicious insight into the affairs of others; while the same spectacles protected eyes which never could look any one straight in the face, if their owner's affairs were in question. It was currently believed in Compton that he had, before his final disappearance, signed a paper renouncing all claim to his daughter for the sum of one hundred dollars. But that as it may, he never saw or attempted to see her again.

His wife, once relieved from the fear of his return, went back in her thoughts, as she had long since done in her love, to the husband of her youth; and one of her daughter Mary's earliest regrets was that George Durnett had not been her father, as he was of her sisters, Geraldine and Anne Durnett. One of her earliest resolves, too, was to wipe out the stain of her father's birth by as brilliant a marriage as she could possibly

achieve. So silent was she, so "close-mouthed," her relations used to say, that the consummate worldliness of her hopes and dreams was never suspected. She was a fairly obedient child, and was as singularly soft of speech as she was graceful of gesture; affectionate apparently, and to a certain extent really, to her mother and sisters, but never willing to forego her own advantage for a moment in anything, indeed, regarding them as existing mainly for her own comfort. Secretly, Mary half despised their straightforward simplicity, and that of her sister Anne especially. Anne was very pretty, and Mary wondered that she did not take more pains to preserve her beauty, and to achieve such small triumphs with it as lay in her way. If she should ultimately marry Fred Chauncey, who went to sea before the mast when Mary herself was in short frocks, she felt that she should despise her as a person utterly incapable of considering her own advantage. As for Geraldine, Mary decided that she was too plain to marry; and it was just as well, for she was particularly handy and industrious, and would always be a useful person to have about the house.

Nothing was further from Mary's thoughts than that she should remain unmarried for any man's sake; yet that was precisely her destiny. She "mistook the quality of her own nature," and held it for something sterner than it was.

Her life, according to her own small, worldly view of success, was to a certain extent successful. She was very beautiful, as we have said, and she had more admirers and more offers of marriage than any other girl in the township. She had believed herself to be willing to marry solely for money and position, and her opportunities for such aggrandizement had been numerous. Why, then, had she never married? There was a man, a tall, slight, dapper, dandy fellow, with shallow black eyes, pink and white skin, and greasy dark locks, who stood daily behind a counter in a shop in New York selling ribbons and pins, who could alone have answered that question; and who, without being

possessed of such vices as would legally have brought him to the prison or the gallows, was as worthless a creature as lived. Selfish, sensual, mean, and heartless as he was, however, he had succeeded in making Mary Dering love him. She had promised to marry him when she was but seventeen; had retracted her promise, at her mother's command, within twenty-four hours; and had then reëngaged herself to him secretly, and almost immediately. When he declared that he could fix no time for their marriage, she agreed in silence. When he exacted that she should never speak of the renewal of their engagement to her mother and sisters, she assented; and she subsequently submitted, so uncomplainingly as even to astonish herself in her few lucid moments, to long years of semi-neglect, of wearing anxiety, and of deferred hope. Her misery might have been shortened had she not retained her somewhat voluptuous loveliness in all its freshness; for Harvey Groot was an epicurean in his way, and would earlier have wearied of her had it not been for her beauty. He never meant to marry her; he never meant to marry at all, indeed, until he had risen in the world, and meant then to increase what fortune he had by marrying a rich woman. But he liked to be engaged to Mary Dering; and he liked to feel that for his sake she rejected better men than himself.

And so the years went on. He dangled after her during his brief vacations, and wrote her friendly, silly little letters in the intervals, being always particularly careful not to commit himself to any assurances as to the future. Meanwhile, during these years of waiting, he was accumulating money, and at the end of fifteen years, when Mary's mother died, he was possessed of quite a respectable fortune, and saw his way toward doubling it by such a marriage as he had often dreamed of,—one which would put him in possession of ready money and an increased business connection at the same time.

That Mary would think he was behaving badly he knew, but for that he

did not greatly care. It was not likely, he thought, that any of her relations would "make it unpleasant" for him. Her mother and eldest sister were dead; she had no brothers; and her sister Anne's husband was captain of a whaling vessel, and had just gone off on a three years' cruise. Besides, their engagement had been absolutely secret, which made it the less likely that Mary would "make a fuss." So the letter dissolving their engagement and the newspaper containing the announcement of his marriage were mailed together, and she received them both when she and Anne were packing up their mother's few possessions, and breaking up the home of their childhood. She bore the blow in silence, and for a few days kept at her work; then she took to her bed, and was very ill. Anne was the most faithful, skillful nurse, the most loyal friend, the most devoted comforter, that ever sister had; but even to Anne she could say very little about her misery, and when she recovered she utterly refused the home which Anne offered her in Nantucket. Harvey, in his farewell letter, had taken it for granted that she would go there, and she would do nothing which he expected her to do. She therefore accepted a home offered her for the winter by Anne's uncle, Eli Durnett, and transferred all her worldly possessions to his house. On the morning preceding Anne's departure for Nantucket, she almost regretted her decision; but it was then too late to change it, and she said no word of regret, and assented in silence when Anne proposed that they should walk together up to the church-yard on the hill, where their mother and sister were buried, and wait there until the stage passed. It was a lonely place in which to make their farewells, and on that account better than any other, Anne thought; for she hoped to induce Mary to unburden herself to her at the last moment. They were quite undisturbed there; and when they had planted the flowers they had brought with them, they sat down on the church steps, hand in hand and cheek pressed against cheek, until the moment of de-

parture came. Even then Mary could not bring herself to give confidence, or to accept sympathy. When Anne was gone, indeed, she crept behind the thick hedge which bordered the old stone wall, and, sitting there concealed, wept her fill. When her agony was over, she smoothed her hair and rearranged her dress, and before leaving the church-yard stood for a moment looking down on the green mound beside her mother's, where the one word Geraldine, in letters of box, stood out darkly from the grass. She had so pitied Geraldine because it was her fate to die; and now, beside the mound on which the snows of eight winters had fallen, and the flowers of as many springs had blossomed, she found herself wondering whether, after all, hers was not the better part. Heavy-hearted as she was, it would have been a real consolation to her could she have known how lovely she looked at that moment. No more graceful figure ever adorned a monument, and it was not destined to remain unseen and unadmired. A traveler, coming up the hill, and pausing at the top to rest his tired horse, saw and was struck by it. He stood long gazing at her, as mute and motionless as she was herself; then, dropping the bridle of his horse, he stepped over the low wall of the church-yard, and strode toward her, paused, hesitated a moment, and finally returning to the road stood quietly waiting, until she turned and came toward him. The faint glow which rose to her pale cheeks as she perceived him was reflected in his own face, as he lifted his hat and said, rather awkwardly, "I'm a stranger here; can you tell me if I'm on the right road for Compton village?"

"Yes; that 's the village down there."

"I'm much obliged, I'm sure. Perhaps you could tell me, too, where Mr. Eli Durnett's house is? I'm on my way there, now."

"Do they expect you?" she said, with a faint smile.

"Well, yes, I guess they do."

"Then you're Silas McVicker?"

"Yes."

"I'm going down there, now. I'll

show you the way, if you like. I live at uncle Eli's, perhaps you know."

Silas colored deeply, and his eyes brightened pleasantly as he answered, —

"No, I did n't; but we're cousins, may be?"

"Not that exactly. Uncle Eli is n't really my uncle, only I call him so. My mother's first husband was his brother. I'm staying there now to help them."

"Then you — you ain't married, I take it, ma'am — miss?"

"No," she replied, looking down for a moment. "No, I am not married."

Silas was, he scarcely knew why, thrilled with ecstasy at this reply. He had a blundering idea that politeness required him to express surprise; but some better instinct withheld him, and when he spoke again it was to say, "This is a good country for farming, I guess."

"Yes, it is. Uncle Eli says he would n't change Compton County for any other in the States."

"I should think not. I've got a farm of my own that I think a great deal of, but it's harder work getting anything out of it than it must be out of this. I've got a pretty big house, though," he continued, absently looking round the landscape as if seeking to find one like it, — "pretty big for me all alone. In the winters, to be sure, I have the fires for company; but then our winters ain't very hard."

"Ours are, — a great deal too hard, I think," said Mary, with a sigh of irrepressible weariness, as the thought of being six months house-bound with aunt Joanna Durnett presented itself to her mind in gloomy colors.

"Do you?" asked Silas, eagerly. "Well, to be sure, a hard winter ain't pleasant, especially for women. The winters don't amount to much down our way. My house is a warm one, too. Do we go over this fence? Let me help you."

"No, thank you," said Mary, getting over quickly, and displaying a remarkably pretty foot and ankle in so doing. "You'll have enough to do to mind your horse. The bars let down, you see. There is another way, but it's rather

longer. That's uncle Eli's," she added, pointing to a house which stood two fields off.

"Is it?" said Silas simply. "It has seemed a very short walk, I'm sure. I don't know any of 'em by sight, you know," he added, with an awkward laugh. "May be they'll be surprised to see me. But they sent me a letter asking me to come and stay with 'em a spell. I've got it here," he continued, touching the pocket of his coat, which hung across his horse and looking straight at Mary, with a glance which was unconsciously appealing.

"Oh, I'll tell them who you are," she answered, smiling. "They'll be very glad to see you, I know. I heard them speak of your coming. I'll go before you, if you like, and tell them," she repeated, making a slight movement to pass him, as they approached the farm-yard gate.

But he put his hand upon it, and held it fast. "You have n't told me your name yet," he said, in a low and rather tremulous voice.

"My name is Mary Dering," she answered in her softest tones, and with a confiding glance in his face.

He opened the gate and followed her in.

III.

"Massy sakes alive, Eli!" said aunt Joanna Durnett, looking out of the keeping-room window. "If there ain't Mary at last, after the milkin' 's all done, and a young man with her. Where ever did the hussy pick him up, I wonder!"

"I guess," said uncle Eli, approaching the window, — "I guess it's Silas McVicker. I expect him along any day, now."

"Well, to be sure, and she picks him up fust off, in course. Trust an old maid for that, ef she can find a man fool enough to run after her."

"Law, mother, you're too hard on the poor girl. She went up across the hill to bid Anne good-by. They both of 'em took a couple of rose-trees along to plant in the church-yard, and I guess the poor thing 's been settin' there ever since."

"Eli, I ain't got patience with you," answered aunt Joanna. "You're jest like all the rest of 'em. Take away her round waist and her pink cheeks, and you'd find fault with her fast enough. I s'pose next you'll be sayin' no woman ain't nothin' more 'n a young girl till she gets up towards forty or fifty."

"No, mother, I won't," said uncle Eli, with a perverse twinkle behind his spectacles. "You was an old woman before you was thirty; but Mary does keep her looks uncommon well. Look at her, now. She don't look a day over twenty-five, and handsome at that."

"That's so," said aunt Joanna coming closer, and looking out of the window. "My! how she does step out, and how he's a-lookin' at her! It's a providence, his comin' jest now. She'd ought to be married, Eli," she added impressively. "Mind you don't say nothing about her age. And don't you be fault-finder, nuther. That often frightens men off when their minds is most made up; and it's kinder bore in on me that Silas McVicker is the man for Mary."

"All right," said uncle Eli; but any comments that he might have been disposed to make upon his consort's sudden change of mood were stopped by the opening of the door and the entrance of Silas and Mary, who made the necessary introduction with all her usual grace: "Uncle Eli, aunt Joanna, this is the cousin you were expecting, — Silas McVicker. He met me upon the hill, by the church-yard."

"You're welcome, Silas," said uncle Eli heartily. "And here's my wife, aunt Joanna they call her hereabouts. She'll be glad to see you, too."

"And I'll be glad to call her aunt Joanna, if she'll let me," said Silas, shaking hands with her, and feeling as if this would be another tie between the stately Mary and himself.

Aunt Joanna received him graciously, and then withdrew, muttering that she would "see about supper." And Mary? Her thoughts were very far from traveling as rapidly toward matrimony as those of her companions; but she retired

to her room as quickly as she could, and lighting a candle held it close to the little mirror, and minutely studied her face to see if the traces of tears were perceptible. She set it down, after a moment, with a satisfied smile, and proceeded carefully to bathe her face from a small vial of rose-water, which she took from a locked closet, and then to brush and arrange her long, silky hair.

She looked the picture of modest neatness as she came down-stairs in her mourning dress, and Silas, upon whom she waited with gentle courtesy, completely lost his appetite and forgot the fatigues of the journey as he watched her. At night, as he lay down in the white, dimity curtained bed in aunt Joanna's best room, he had already traveled so far away from his past life that it seemed but the shadow of a dream.

He was early astir in the morning, and went out with uncle Eli to the barn to feed the cattle, his uncle informing him, by the way, that "Mary was off to the far lot to milk the red cow."

Silas did not avail himself of this information. To have done so would have taken the bloom off the shyness of his love; but he contrived to be in the way when she returned, and to carry her milk-pails for her to the door of the dairy, a service which she accepted as something naturally her right, and rewarded by a low-toned "Thank you," which was uttered with her long lashes cast down. Silas noticed them, and wondered, as he stood at the door of the dairy, waiting to be called to breakfast, whether all women had such long eyelashes. He did not remember to have noticed them before; but then, to be sure, he had never thought about women before, any way.

"Poor mother, she kinder put me out of conceit of women," he said to himself, with a half smile, as he obeyed aunt Joanna's summons to breakfast.

"I s'pose you're kind of lonely down home," said aunt Joanna, as breakfast proceeded. "You ain't married, I believe?" she continued, determined to play her fish well.

"No," said Silas promptly. "I've never thought about being married."

"And you've got no womankind round, have you?"

"No. I have no relations except you, and mother was bedridden so long we got out of the way of having company to our house. She thought it tired her."

"H'm," said aunt Joanna. "Miss her much?"

"Well,—no, not much," said Silas truthfully. "She never was much company for me, mother was n't. And it seemed to trouble her to have me round doing things in the house. I used to sit in the kitchen, and she'd call me when she wanted things; and that was about all there was of it. To be sure, she was there; now she is n't," he added confusedly, as if seeking to disentangle his ideas. "But then I go fishing and shooting a good deal now."

"Your house is pretty big, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is; pretty nigh as big as this, I guess."

"Ah, well, a house is a good thing to own, whether it's full or empty. Silas, if you won't have any more breakfast, perhaps you'd like to go out with your uncle, and help him this morning. There is a great deal for women to do about a farm-house like this."

"Indeed there is; you must be busy enough," answered Silas, as he moved back his chair and prepared to go out.

"Yes. I should n't know what to do, only for Mary," replied aunt Joanna, loyally concealing the fact that Mary would never touch a finger to any part of the work which did not please her.

Silas made no reply, but at noon, when he returned from the field, he brought a bunch of dripping water-lilies in his hand. Not choosing to let aunt Joanna be a witness of his offering, he hung about the house until he saw that Mary was alone in the keeping-room, and then made his way to her boldly enough. She was standing beside the dinner table, engaged in putting some finishing touches to it, and he thought that she was far more beautiful than she had been in the early morning, although she was evidently tired. The peach bloom of her cheeks was deepened to a brilliant pink; there were violet shadows under her lovely

eyes; and her hair was pushed back behind her small, shell-like ears. Every little detail about her simple toilet had been carefully studied by her, and she knew as well as any looker-on could know how its apparent negligence became her, and how much her beauty was improved by her heightened color.

Silas felt some slight embarrassment about presenting his offering, but she relieved it at once.

"Did you pick those for me?" said she, with her sweetest smile. "Thank you. I'll put them in water in my room. I like water-lilies, and I don't get them often. Uncle Eli's down by the pond every day, but he always forgets to bring any home." The words were nothing, but the charming voice and the grateful glance of the lovely blue eyes made them irresistible. There was not a married or marriageable man within miles of Compton who did not know those tones and glances, but they were like the voice of Eve to Adam in the ears of Silas.

The first week of Silas's visit passed by like a dream. He helped uncle Eli about the farm, and did many a "hand's turn" about the house for aunt Joanna, but he thought of nothing but Mary, and when he was not in her presence was but half aware of his own existence.

She never thought of marrying him; but it was impossible for her to have a new man in the house without trying to captivate him, although almost unconsciously.

The long, lingering glances, the down-cast lids, the low tones, with which she bewildered Silas, were with her as mechanical as the minute care with which she performed her daily tasks. Her heart seemed dead, and she was glad that it was so. In a dumb, half-stupid sort of way, she was glad that Silas was in the house, because he admired her, and admiration was as the breath of life to her; and then his presence prevented the introduction of any subject immediately personal to herself, and induced uncle Eli and aunt Joanna to treat her with more respect than they otherwise would have done.

Still, as the days rolled on, the silent homage of this powerful, handsome man was soothing to the burning sense of mortification which she felt when her thoughts turned back to the past years so cruelly wasted. Her lost youth perpetually appealed to her for pity, and made her suddenly start and shudder, as with a stab of pain, while she went about her work. But of the man who had so trifled with her she thought comparatively little. Her powers of suffering were exhausted in that direction.

IV.

The souls of men in their progress through life go through immense changes; and Silas, after his dull life in the salt marshes, and his bare, loveless home, felt almost alarmed, at times, at the vast tide of emotion which rose and surged within him towards this gracious creature. To love for the first time in mature life is to return to youth. He had missed that rosy dawn, and now its dewy freshness, its ineffable charm, surrounded him.

It was amazing to him, in after years, to look back upon this period of his life, and reflect how honestly simple and uncalculating he had been; how absorbed in one idea; and with what worship, what reverence, and yet what a keen sense of physical beauty he had adored Mary Dering.

He had never been in the habit of reading, but under the influence of this new emotion, and an undefined longing to know something more of all good women, he one night opened the big Bible which lay on a table in his room. As chance would have it, his eyes fell upon the concluding verse of the lament of David for Jonathan: "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." "The love of women!" Then that was so precious a thing that it was used as the type of love in the Bible. Silas had his own private and personal doubts, as we all have, but such religious teaching as he had led him to believe every word and line of the Bible

as absolutely true, and to be accepted literally; and the next day, as he watched Mary as usual, and as usual interpreted each one of her noble feminine movements to denote some inward grace of spirit, a voice perpetually whispered in his ear, "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." Every morning after that, as he used to sit at his window in the clear, delicate dawn, waiting until the rest of the family were stirring, he took the Bible and read; and as he read, looking out occasionally upon the liberal and lovely landscape which stretched away far and wide on every hand, beautiful in the rosy dawn, he credited the woman he loved with all the high qualities of which he read.

So the days went on, until the near approach of the limit of his visit crystallized his thoughts into distinct resolves. As a natural sequence, his dreams assumed a more practical character; and as he sat in the evenings, making fishing-nets, an occupation which he had brought with him, he reviewed and re-reviewed his prospects and his resources for making Mary comfortable, should she accept him. Then, again, he would chide himself severely for venturing to hope, for love was making him thoroughly humble. Aunt Joanna, too, with that loyalty to her own sex which is characteristic of all good women, had taken care to let him know, what was indeed the truth, that Mary had had many suitors, and he never dreamed that her opportunities for changing her condition were not as extensive as ever. Still, though no coward, he hesitated to put his fate to the touch, because he instinctively felt that he would risk much more than other men. In this frame of mind he rose and dressed on the Sunday morning preceding his departure. He heard Mary's clear voice singing afield long before he left his room, and twice he turned back as he was about to go to join her, chilled by a sudden fear that she would refuse him. The second time he drew the big Bible to him, and opened it at hazard: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where

thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

It was a "clear leading." He closed the book, went to the door, hesitated a moment, and then, returning to the little table on which the Bible lay, knelt down and buried his face on its pages, with a deep desire for divine help and protection, though he was powerless to frame any special supplication. He lingered so long, however, that the family were already assembled for breakfast when he went down-stairs, and his chance of learning his fate was over for that day.

V.

The next morning Silas rose earlier than usual, and hastened on to the "far lot," determined to await Mary at the stile. He was disappointed; she was there already. Her milk-pail was before her on the stile, and her head was turned away towards the east. She was dressed in her ordinary working gown of dark blue print, with a snow-white handkerchief crossed over her gently-swelling bosom; her beautiful head was uncovered, and adorned only by its gleaming silken hair.

As he approached her, he saw that she had been weeping; and his heart was proud, for he thought those tears were for him.

"Mary!" he said, quickly. She hardly moved, only lifted her dark blue eyes to his. "Mary, I'm going home to-day, you know."

"Yes," she said, listlessly, "I know it."

He resumed: "I'm going home, but I do not think I could go if you" — He paused, and began again: "Oh, Mary, I love you. You're the only woman I ever thought of loving; and if you will let me, I will do everything on earth to make you happy. You know all I have. Only tell me, can you put up with my rough ways? Will you have me, Mary? No man will ever love you as I do. You need n't speak," he added, eagerly; for she had averted her head, and the waves

of pink were suffusing her throat and cheek. "Don't speak, if you'll have me. See!" he added, turning to the east, "if you don't speak until after the sun has risen, I'll know you mean Yes."

The golden disk rose slowly beyond the "purple rim of the horizon," the birds burst out into cheery lilt, but Mary was still silent; and as the first sunbeam touched and gilded them both, Silas encircled her with his arm and gently kissed her golden head. Not a word more was spoken. He walked quietly beside her to the house, too profoundly happy not to be awe-stricken, and her thoughts were far away, busy with the days and hours of her early youth. As they approached the house, however, he whispered, "May I come back for you in October, dear?" and she answered, "Yes."

So it was settled. Silas returned home that day, and after he was gone she begged that as little might be said about the engagement as possible, and began her preparations so systematically and quietly as to inspire aunt Joanna with respect and a belief that "Mary had a good deal of 'faculty' after all."

Six weeks afterward, on a clear day late in October, they were married.

VI.

The six weeks preceding his marriage were busy ones for Silas. Everything about his farm was brought into the trimmest and most perfect order. The house was painted and whitewashed within and without; and the cleaning and scrubbing, the beeswaxing and polishing, which he insisted upon, and the liberal hand with which he discarded old rags and bits of furniture, amazed the town cleaner, old widow Rose, who profited by his generosity.

He had succeeded in making things look almost attractive, and Mary expressed herself well pleased when she came to take possession of her new domain. Indeed, the evening after they arrived, as they sat after tea at the back door, inhaling the pungent fragrance of

the salt marshes and watching the swallows circling round the gable end of the old barn, she felt something almost akin to happiness, something she had thought never to feel again. And Silas was perfectly happy. He would have been glad, certainly, if his wife had been more communicative and more affectionate; but he was by nature quiet and undemonstrative, and as he knew that it was to him a deep, the deepest, bliss to have her at his side and to feel that they were to be together always, he took her acceptance of him to mean a love akin to his own. Her instincts, too, were well bred, and led her to avoid giving pain, and to assume an appearance of interest in their daily life which she was far from feeling; and she was an admirable housekeeper, and took kindly to the task of arranging and putting in order the big, bare house, and of contriving and preparing nice, appetizing meals. She was fond of sailing, also, and, actuated solely by the pleasure of the novel exercise, and not at all by any desire for her husband's society, she often accompanied him on his fishing expeditions. These were a relief to her, at first. Silas was generally occupied and silent, and she could sit in dreamy quiet, full of a sensuous enjoyment of the motion of the boat, of the cool fragrant air, and of the sunny day, which was her sole appreciation of nature. Meanwhile, her superb figure lent itself with consummate grace to every motion of the boat, and her lovely eyes smiled back an exquisite answer to the tender glances her husband threw upon her from time to time; her round, pink cheek lifted itself as readily to his lips as if she loved him, and him alone.

And yet often behind her calm brows the doubt as to whether she had done well to accept him was going on; whether, if she had waited, Harvey's wife might not have died; whether he might not have been divorced from her; whether she might not have married a "really rich" man; and then she would murmur to herself at her fate. She had been engaged to that other man "fifteen years, and it was hard to give him up after that." There was great weakness

in these speculations, and, even more, disloyalty, for she had never permitted her husband to suspect that she had been engaged to another man. Still, as it seems the nature of falsehood to show itself, Silas felt more and more, as time rolled on, a lack of reality and spontaneity in his wife's manner. She never crossed him in anything, she never withdrew from his caresses, she never permitted herself to utter an impatient word, and yet a vague, slow pain and dissatisfaction was growing up in his heart. It was entirely like the man not to question her on the subject, but to take it for granted that the fault, if fault there was, was his own; and he endeavored to mend things by an increasing thoughtfulness for her happiness. He rose earlier and earlier in the morning, that he might accomplish enough to enable him to leave off work soon in the afternoon and take her out to drive; nay, he would walk long distances, sometimes, in order that the old horse might rest, and so be fitter to bear the long drives in which his wife delighted.

Naturally generous, he became, to every one but her, grasping to a degree, though only that he might have something to make life easier for her. For her he thought and watched and planned, for her he dreamed and hoped, until at length the desire to make her vividly happy grew almost to be a passion. It is not easy to deceive a lover who is also a husband, and at times a keen, sudden anguish pierced his heart. When alone with his wife, he felt the subtle, intangible barrier which prevented her from being wholly his. When a year had thus passed away, and he was still no nearer the enchanted land of absolute bliss, he began to long earnestly for children; not so much from any paternal instinct, as because of the possible effect of maternity upon the character of his idol. She never echoed his desire other than in words. No fibre of her heart responded to it. She was of the order of women to whom children are a burden.

So time went on; they had been married nearly three years, and a great many comforts and improvements had

gradually been accumulated about their home. One of these, and one upon which Mary's heart had especially been set, was a two-storied piazza, and it was at length in process of construction. It had cost Silas some few sacrifices to save the requisite amount of money, and after the wood had been procured and duly seasoned he had been obliged to proceed rather slowly with the work, as he had but little time to devote to it. The long upper hall, which had a window opening upon the piazza to be, was converted into a work-shop, and he spent all his spare moments there. He was very little disposed to take holidays, unless at his wife's request; and in the early morning of the third Fourth of July which they had spent together, he stood in front of his house, looking up at the scaffolding which supported his unfinished work, and seriously debating whether he would not neglect the national holiday altogether.

"I don't believe I'll go, after all's said and done," he said, as his wife came towards him from the house.

"Not go sailing? I can't go, because I have a bad headache, and I'm afraid of the sun; but you ought to go, Silas; they'll be angry if you don't. I've got your dinner-basket all ready, too; and you don't often have a holiday."

"And I don't care for one without you, young woman," he answered, laughing and slipping his arm round her waist.

But she urged her point with a gentle persistency peculiar to herself and extremely difficult to resist, and which, combined with the life-long habit of making it a duty to take a holiday on the Fourth, induced him to yield to her.

"I'm afraid you'll be lonely, and I don't half like to leave you," he said, when he was all equipped, coming up behind her in the door-way and gently kissing her hair, as he put his arm round her waist, a frequent and in his mind a peculiarly tender caress, because it recalled the morning of their betrothal.

"Never fear," she said, lightly. "I shall miss you, of course, but I've got some things to do round the house that'll keep me busy, and won't tire me, either.

My head ain't so very bad, but if I went I know it would get worse."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," he answered. "If I don't come home before one, you need n't look for me; but I guess I'll just walk over to the landing and tell Johnson and Rose not to expect me. I'd rather put a good, solid day's work on this piazza than be off sailing with a lot of fellows I don't care for."

"I guess you'd better go," rejoined his wife, smiling and brushing a speck of dust from his coat.

He nodded to her with a smile, without answering, and walked down to the gate, hesitated there a moment, and then, returning, took her in his arms and kissed her passionately, and left her. He never kissed her again.

VII.

She stood looking after him for a moment or two, and then went into the house and exchanged her holiday for her working dress. It was an intensely hot and perfectly still day. The road which stretched along the front of the house looked dazzlingly white and dry. Not a vehicle was to be seen, nor was likely to be seen during the day, the tide of travel being turned, in consequence of the Fourth of July festivities, to another part of the township, and with a half sigh at the weariness of life she went about her work.

An hour afterward Silas returned, walked noiselessly into the house, and, not finding her, went up-stairs, and began to fit some wooden screw-pins for the new piazza, an operation which had the double advantage of advancing his work and of being carried on so quietly as not to disturb his wife's aching head. He was seated in the upper hall, when he saw her coming in from the garden, carrying a basket of sweet herbs, which she placed beside her on a bench under the trees, and proceeded to sort and tie up in bunches. She performed this trifling task with so much skill and grace, and looked so fresh and pretty under the shade of the trees, that he was un-

willing to disturb her, and sat working and watching her with quiet delight. Once or twice she paused in her work, with a slight sigh of weariness, and, shading her eyes with her hand, gazed fixedly up and down the road; and each time she did so Silas beheld the action with a leap of the heart, and thought, "She is looking for me." Still, he refrained from speaking to her, that he might enjoy the pleasure of watching her a little longer. She moved the bench upon which she had been sitting at last, so that she could not see the road, and continued her work, with an occasional dreamy glance at the salt marshes; and Silas now resolved to tell her that he had returned. Laying down his knife and the screw he had been making, he advanced to the edge of the scaffolding, and was on the point of calling her, when he paused, arrested by the unusual spectacle of a horse and gig, which was coming slowly up the post-road from the south. The gig was new and handsomely appointed, and the horse was a powerful animal and well groomed, although he had evidently traveled far and hard, for he was covered with dust and foam. The vehicle came slowly until it was within several hundred yards of the house, and then its sole occupant, a very tall, slight man, more elaborately dressed than any man Silas ever remembered to have seen in those parts, alighted, and led the horse carefully by the bridle. It was apparently his desire to proceed as quietly as possible, for he led the animal over the grass at the side of the road at a snail's pace, reconnoitering the house eagerly all the while. He passed the house, fastened his horse to a tree a few yards away, and returned to the gate, darting quick, furtive, suspicious glances in every direction as he placed his hand upon the latch and noiselessly opened and as noiselessly closed it behind him, stepping immediately afterward on the soft grass at the side of the pathway, as if afraid of the echo of his own footsteps on the walk.

Strangers were a rarity at Hallowbay salt marshes, and Silas had hitherto re-

mained silent and motionless from the overpowering curiosity he felt as to the stranger's movements. Now, however, he was convinced that he had some sinister motive for his visit, and, grasping one of the uprights of the scaffolding, he prepared to swing himself down and confront him. At this moment the man halted, surveyed the house with an air of considerable perplexity, and said in a soft, but distinctly audible whisper, —

"Mary! Mary, dear!"

There was a slight rustle, as Mary sprang from her seat and ran, not toward the house, but in the direction of the speaker. She paused within a yard of him, and glanced quickly at the house, the meadows, the road, before she spoke:

"Harvey! Oh, Harvey! Harvey!" and covering her face with her hands she burst into a passion of tears.

"Are you alone?" said he.

"Yes."

"Ah, I hoped it would be so," said he, reaching her with a single stride, and taking her hand. "I have so hoped and longed to see you, Mary. Come," he added, after a moment's pause, during which she permitted him to hold her hand, but still kept her face turned away; "come, Mary, you were kinder to me once."

She withdrew her hand, and turned quickly upon him, her bosom heaving, her dark blue eyes burning with angry fire. "And if I was, is it for you to taunt me with it now? Yes, a woman will be likely to be kind to the man she's engaged to be married to for fifteen years, if she does n't suspect he's going to jilt her at the end of it. Mother and Anne and Geraldine all told me from the very first that you was n't to be trusted, and I believed you, and not them. I let mother and Geraldine both die believing a lie, — believing I was n't engaged to you, when I was, — because you made me deceive them. When you let me go, mother was dead, and I could never tell her. Oh, dear! I lie awake sometimes at night and cry about it now, to think how you've spoiled all my life for me; and yet I" —

"Love me after all, don't you, Mary?"

Say you do! I love you as much as ever I did. Come," he added, slipping his arm round her waist; "come, we can't be strangers, you know. You were engaged to me for fifteen years, — that's true enough, as you say; and it looks as if I treated you bad, — I know that; but I've never had a happy hour since we parted, — not one, Mary. My wife is a poor, sickly, worrying thing. I have n't had a minute's peace or comfort in all these years, and then — Don't turn away from me; you might be kinder to a fellow when he comes — Listen: I left New York before daylight, and I've been traveling in heat and dust ever since, just for the chance of speaking a word to you. Come, sit down by me, and let me put my arm round you, as I used to on the hill by the churchyard. Do you remember?"

"I remember," she answered. She was still standing partly turned away from him, her beautiful, supple frame shaken by the violence of her sobs.

"Come," he urged again, in winning tones. "By George!" he continued, throwing his head a little back and looking at her admiringly, "you look just as you did fifteen years ago, — the handsomest woman I ever saw in country or city. Come, sit by me, and let us talk. I want to know if you're happy and — Don't turn away from me; don't be so cold and stiff with me. I love you yet as much as ever; and you love me, don't you? You do, Mary, don't you?"

The man looking down upon them waited in breathless silence for her answer.

She turned slowly round, and suffered her large, tear-filled eyes to fall upon the face uplifted to her, and then, "Oh, yes! God help me, yes, I do! How can I help it! I always loved you," she answered, with a burst of tears.

Harvey again took her hand. "Dear Mary," he whispered.

"Don't touch me, — don't," she said, swerving aside. "Don't come near me. Listen: you never loved me!"

"I did, and do," he answered impatiently. "D——n it, does a man always marry where he loves? I did n't, God

knows! I loved you all the time I was engaged to you. I loved you when I was married, and I do now. Oh, Mary, I wish you had n't been in such a hurry, and then who knows what might have happened. I'm a rich man now, and my wife is in very poor health, — consumptive, the doctor says, — and can't live a year; and if you were free" —

"It's too late, now," she said, listlessly, and a sigh which seemed to come from the very bottom of her heart burst from her. "Go away, now; please go."

"Why should I go away?" he rejoined. "Your husband is n't likely to come home yet, is he?"

"No, — but" —

"Then I won't go," he answered. "No, indeed, I won't. I came forty miles to-day to see you, and for nothing else. By George! there's been times in the last three years that I'd have walked it, and more too, just to see you walk across a room, and step out as no other woman ever did but you. Ah, smile, — that's right; you've got your dimples yet, I see. You look just as you did when we first knew each other, years ago. By Jove, Mary, I ought to have married you!"

"And whose fault is it that you did n't?" she said, impatiently. "Do go away, — do! Whatever was between us is past and gone. Do go away; there's no use in your staying. No, I won't sit down, and I won't talk to you any more. I can't bear it. You spoiled all my life; and now I've got a good husband, and I don't love him, and never did, and it's all your fault. Go, — for pity's sake go!"

The stranger sprang to his feet. "Come with me, Mary!" he exclaimed. "Come with me. I'll make the venture. I can make a comfortable home for you now, and after a time, if my wife dies, I'll marry you. I swear I will." There was an instant's hesitation, while he held her hand, and there fell between the two a silence so profound that Silas, from his post of observation, could distinctly hear the long-drawn sighs that fought their way up from his wife's heart, and the hurried, panting breathing of the stran-

ger. Suddenly the clock struck two loud, distinct strokes that seemed to fill the air. "Two o'clock!" said Harvey, starting, and attempting to draw Mary to him. "Come, dear, we've got no time to lose."

She released herself quickly, and drew back. "Go, then," she answered. "I won't come with you."

"Why not?" he asked, in a tone of suppressed rage.

"Because I'll die an honest woman, as I've lived; and because, if I did come, you would forget me soon."

"But I'll make an honest woman of you. I swear I will. I'll marry you as soon as Charlotte dies, and I don't think she'll live long."

"And then you would want to marry another rich woman. Listen: you've spoiled all my life for me. I was engaged to be married to you when I was only seventeen; and then when mother died, and you knew I'd waited for you fifteen years, till I was sick and worn out with waiting and worry and misery, you just broke it all off, as if"—

"Now just calm yourself," interrupted he. "You won't come because you don't love me. You love this husband of yours, that your aunt Joanna makes such a to-do about."

"Oh, stop! Don't torment me so," she said, wearily.

"And you love him, — you do, — not me! Come, tell me the truth," he urged again, approaching her. "You're going to stay with him, you know; if you do or ever did care for me, you might tell me, now. Which of us is it, Mary?" Silence. "You never loved me," he said, turning away.

"I did, — I did, — I do," she cried, springing toward him. "Oh, Harvey, you know"—

"And now?" said he, in pleading tones. "Come, Mary, I've told you all the truth. I married for money. I was in a tight place, and had to have it or be ruined; but I loved you then and ever since, and I love you now. So"—

"No, hear me out," she answered. "If I went with you, you would tire of me, and cast me off. If I stay here, I

shall have some one to protect me and a roof over my head. I married for that, and"—

"Well, I'll leave you, since you wish it so much," he answered. "If you won't come with me, I certainly have nothing to wait for, but I must say this: you abuse me for marrying for money, but if you did n't do it, you had an uncommon deal of luck to fall into such a fat farm, comfortable house, too, and improvements going on regardless of expense. You have n't suffered as much as you pretend to, I guess. Well, since I must go, give me one kiss for good-by. I'll never trouble you again."

But she shook her head. She had retreated to the tree under which she had been sitting, and with one arm wound round it, and her head leaning on her arm, remained mute and motionless.

"Come," he urged, approaching her, "bid me good-by, Mary."

She shuddered, but was silent.

A dark look of anger crossed his face as he looked at her, but he made no further attempt to shake her decision; only lifting the white arm that hung down, he held it for a moment in a gripe that was almost savage, and then kissing it passionately dropped it, and without a word sprang into his gig and drove furiously away.

When the last echo of trampling hoofs had died away in the distance, the last cloud of dust faded, Mary tottered back to the bench she had left, and sank down exhausted; then, lifting her left hand, she pressed it to her lips for a moment, and burst into an agony of weeping. The passion of years of suffering was poured out in that wild wail, and she sobbed until, utterly wearied out, she lay back against the tree white and shaken, gazing before her with blank, unseeing eyes. The clock struck four, at last, and starting, and glancing nervously about her, she rose and went into the house. As she did so, Silas moved from the constrained position into which he seemed to have petrified, and swinging himself down from the scaffolding crossed the garden and went away to the shore.

He was at first more conscious of phys-

ical weariness than anything else, and he threw himself upon a strip of gravelly beach, and, with his eyes fixed upon the distant waters of Hallowbay, struggled to collect his thoughts and rearrange the impressions at war within him. In heart and soul, in hope and in desire, his wife had never been his.

The first fierce impulse of rage, in which he had felt a wild desire to seize and murder her, was past. Slowly and with ineffable bitterness the true idea of her filled his mind.

"There are no true women, then," he thought, and smiled bitterly to himself. "Why could n't she let me alone?" he whispered, a moment after, writhing in agony as he recalled the allurements by which he now saw he had been won. The thought of meeting her again was inexpressibly galling to him, the idea of a life with her not to be endured; and he shuddered and ground his teeth as he remembered the long, lingering glance with which she had followed her lover's retreating figure, the passionate kisses she had pressed upon the hand he had held, the wild abandon of despair with which she had recognized the fact that he had left her forever. He might have forgiven her that confession of love, that burst of grief, had he not thought of long, lingering glances bent upon himself, soft words and softer caresses. "False to both of us!" he muttered. "A roof over her head! She shall have nothing else! O God! O God!"

But the anguish which racked him refused to vent itself in tears. The sun went down, the stars came out one by one in the slowly deepening twilight, and still he lay upon the shore, until the risen tide, sighing among the rank grass at his feet, bathed him in its bitter waters, and roused him from a stupor of misery in which hours had passed by unheeded.

He rose slowly, and slowly turned his face in the direction of his ruined home. "Oh, if lightning would but blast it, — turn it to ashes!" But it looked as quiet, as home-like, as orderly, as ever. There was the ample door wide open, a candle burning in the window; a few logs were

smoldering on the hearth, the kettle singing cheerily, as it had done a hundred times before. He entered the room, and as he did so his wife rose quietly from her seat, and lifted the kettle from the hob. Not a trace of emotion was visible on her composed face, and he saw with a shudder that she had changed her gown and kerchief, and smoothed anew the beautiful hair, which that other man had toyed with, how often, years before he had ever seen her. Their eyes met as he advanced, and in an instant he saw that she knew that he had heard all.

Even then all confidence might not have been over between them had truth and loyalty been in her. But to evade and to shift were impulses so unconquerable that she said only, "You must have had a pleasant day, you were so long away, and quite wet, too, I see."

He heard her in silence, only recoiling from her touch as she arranged his plate and cup beside him with her usual scrupulous neatness, and then he turned and confronted her.

"Have you nothing to ask me?" he said in iron tones.

She understood him, he saw, but a sullen, dogged look settled upon her handsome face.

"Nothing," she answered sullenly. "I don't know what you mean, I'm sure."

"You don't?" he demanded bitterly. "You should have gone with him, then."

She made no reply.

"Do you hear?" he thundered, "Do you want to ask me to forgive you?"

Her old power over him had not quite gone. The beauty he loved, dissolved in tears and pleading for forgiveness, might have won some meed of pity from him still.

But her nature gave her no key to his. "What is done is done; best say no more about it," was her thought. She had never felt the slightest impulse to unburden herself to him, and she did not now.

"No, I don't know what you mean," she repeated.

He gazed at her for a moment with a look of blank misery; then, hastily push-

ing his plate away, he rose and left the house.

All night he tossed about in his boat on the bay, and nature spoke to him with her thousand voices. But they did not reach him. There was no remedy for his wound, no healing. "His own familiar friend, in whom he trusted," had failed him.

"God, what a fool I've been!" he muttered, as the night went on. Self-scorn does not dispose any one to tender feeling, and the breach between him and his wife was wider when the morning dawned upon his sorrow.

He recognized the fact that he could not legally put her away from him; he understood her sufficiently to know that she would not disgrace him or herself further. He was even reasonable enough to admit that there was little likelihood that she would ever again be subjected to temptation. But to believe in her again, to love her! That was impossible, — as impossible, he bitterly thought, as that she should ever love him. The treasure of love which nature had given him was spent. "No love save mutual love endures the test of time." His time of love had been short. It was over and gone, and with it youth had gone.

He never sought an explanation with his wife. He had heard and seen more, he knew, than she, with her fatally reticent nature, could ever tell him, even if she would. And he had not the heart to attempt to mend what never could be mended, to join together the broken fragments of life. A vast gulf already separated him from that time when everything was done to please her, and her fair image filled alike his dreaming and waking hours. She had the shelter of his roof; no more. As time went on he nerved himself to do the work that was left for him to do, and resumed his old habits of thrift and industry. From that work alone upon which he had been engaged when trouble overtook him — that work which had been emphatically a labor of love — he shrank. He at first intended to remove the scaffolding which surrounded the house, but an unconquerable reluctance to handle it possessed him during the first few months of his trouble, and then the time to do so was past; and as each succeeding year sped away with greater swiftness, it became easier to ignore than to destroy that monument of past folly, and so it was untouched save by the wind and rain. It is black with age now.

M. L. Thompson.

FOREIGN TRADE NO CURE FOR HARD TIMES.

A **VERY** large number of well-meaning people believe that the only remedy for our industrial distress is to be found in foreign trade: by selling our manufactures and products of every nature in foreign markets; by manufacturing and producing for all the world; by making our country the workshop of the world, and our people the world's providers.

Suppose it were to our interest and the interest of the world that it should be so, how can it be done? The answer quickly comes: By manufacturing and producing cheaper and better than any

other people; by selling a better article, at a less price, than any competitor.

Let us see what this means, and what we have to compete with; for it is by competition only that foreign markets can be obtained. I take up the Statesman, of India, to learn the working time in their cotton mills. From that paper I quote:—

"The Bengal cotton mills work fourteen hours per day, and the Bowriah cotton mills twenty hours per day, as well as Sundays; and some of the Calcutta mills are lit up with gas, and work

day and night, as well as Sundays. Undoubtedly the machinery, working day and night, cannot last but for a very few years; consequently, the poor shareholders will have soon to renew the machinery."

The amount of wages paid is not stated; but it is well known that wages in India, like wages in China, are very low, — about ten cents a day.

To obtain the foreign market, we must therefore compete with fourteen, twenty, and twenty-four hours a day of work, for seven days in the week, with wages at ten cents a day, or sixty or seventy cents a week.

This account of manufactures in India will answer for China, South America, Central America, and Mexico. They are all struggling for the same position, and they all have England, Germany, France, and the United States to help them onward, by supplying them with the required machinery, and experts to teach its use. A Hindoo boy or girl can run a machine as well as the Anglo-Saxon; and so, also, can a native of China and South America.

England, until recently, controlled the market of India, — that is, did its manufacturing, etc. It is trying to do the same thing for the other countries named, and no doubt will meet with equal success. But India has now learned something. By the use of machinery she produces and manufactures for herself. She has driven and is driving British manufactures out of her markets, and is already seeking a foreign market for her own machine products. So it is with us, who, but a generation ago, were England's greatest and best customers. So it will be with every other country. It is true that England has still a large foreign market, which we are trying to get by underselling her. England, to keep the market she has, is compelled to get her work done so cheap that her people are starving. With us it is but little better. We are doing all we can to make our people still poorer, to work for still lower wages, that we may undersell, not only England, but India; for to succeed we must undersell the cheapest.

No matter what it costs us, it is the price, and the only price, at which we can obtain foreign markets for our manufactures and products, and we must pay it. On these conditions, and no other, we have been able to increase our domestic exports for foreign consumption from \$136,940,248, for the year ending June 30, 1865, to \$680,709,258, for the year ending June 30, 1878, of which less than one hundred millions were of our manufactures, an increase, in thirteen years, of \$543,769,010; but we will call it, in round numbers, six hundred millions of dollars' worth of both raw and manufactured products, or one hundred millions of dollars of manufactured products alone. The value of the exports of manufactures of cotton is given as \$11,438,660; wool and its manufactures, \$542,342; iron and steel and their manufactures, \$13,968,275; and boots and shoes, \$468,436; total, \$26,417,713. It is in these four products that the effort has been made to force the cost of production to the lowest possible point, by paying the smallest wages, that we may successfully compete in foreign markets.

Thus, after thirteen years of national effort, — of legislation, of subsidizing, of treaties and conventions of every nature, — and superhuman efforts at cheap production, by the reduction of wages and salaries, the substitution of machinery for muscle, and the throwing of millions into idleness, we have got so far below the cost of manufacturing and producing in India, in Brazil, in England, as to increase or make a foreign market for our manufactures to the amount of one hundred million dollars, and of our general products of six hundred millions of dollars, per annum.

Has it paid? Does it now pay?

Let us see the cost. We have all the factors necessary for thorough examination and illustration. We have at this time, in our whole country, at least fourteen millions belonging to the grade of industrial class, — that is, those dependent on their salaries or wages for subsistence. Of this class only will we speak, excluding those persons who, as officials in civil or governmental employ,

or as superintendents or foremen, or in professional or clerical positions, hold exceptional employments and receive exceptional salaries. Fourteen years ago, at the time of the close of the war of the rebellion, there were of this class, in the North alone, about seven million persons, in large part males.

The wages paid to the industrial classes are very nearly the exact measure of the amount contributed by those classes to the domestic trade. Almost certainly is that the case where the amount of wages falls within one thousand dollars a year. Even where small savings are made, and stored in savings institutions, they are soon withdrawn, and go into the volume of trade in some shape.

Upon the basis here laid down we will see how our foreign trade pays as compared with our home trade.

Before the close of the war, and for some time afterwards, all who found employment received as compensation, upon an average, at least two and one half dollars, gold value, a day, or seven hundred and fifty dollars for a year of three hundred days. At this rate, the seven millions belonging to the industrial class in the North contributed, in the first half of 1865, at the rate of five and one quarter billions of dollars per annum to the home trade of consumption.

At the same rate, with our present fourteen millions, our home trade should swell to the enormous amount of ten and one half billions of dollars per annum. But it is only about one quarter that amount.

Among these fourteen millions there is an amount of idleness that equals the time of six million persons, leaving full employment for but eight millions. At this time the average wages paid to workers, when employed, is less than one dollar a day; but we will estimate at one dollar a day, or three hundred dollars a year, which, for eight million persons, gives a trade of two billions four hundred million dollars per annum.

This must be the measure of that part of our home trade now derived from the industrial classes, because it is not possible that they should contribute any-

thing more to trade than the wages they receive.

Here is shown an annual loss to the trade of home consumption by the industrial classes, caused by their increasing idleness within the last fourteen years, that amounts to the enormous sum of over eight billions of dollars per annum, and an absolute decrease of two billions eight hundred and fifty millions of dollars per annum during the same period, though the number of consumers during that time and in those classes has fully doubled.

That is, that seven millions of fully-employed, well-paid persons, fourteen years ago, created more than double the amount of trade that is now created by fourteen millions of persons, of the same character and capacity, when only partially employed and but poorly paid.

But if it be insisted that the whole of the great industrial class must enter into the computation, and be considered as contributing something to trade, as nearly all do some work at some time, and consume something, then sixty cents a day is the utmost that can be allowed for the average earnings of all, which gives substantially the same showing.

This great contrast between two billions four hundred millions and ten billions five hundred millions is just the difference, in dollars, between the home trade of fourteen millions of partially employed, poorly paid persons, and their dependents, and the same persons when all are employed and well paid, leaving altogether out of the account the amount of destitution and misery in the one case, and the comfort, happiness, and development in the other.

The contrast in the quantity of products consumed at home by each individual now and thirteen and fourteen years ago may be determined by learning the number of furnaces, forges, factories, mills, and workshops of every nature now standing idle, or but partially employed; the immense stocks of products now on hand, for which there is little or no demand; the great falling off in the consumption of foreign products; the large exportation of home products;

and the difference in the number of consumers in the two periods. The factors that enter into this contrast are too many and too complicated to be satisfactorily considered in a limited space; I therefore simply call attention to the point.

A home trade, through consumption by the industrial masses of our people, amounting to ten and one half billions of dollars appears to be an object worth striving for and cultivating and sustaining by all the power of our government and people. Not so think or teach many of our would-be statesmen and political economists. At this time the idleness in our country causes a loss in the home trade of consumption of over eight billions of dollars per annum. "But," reply our statesmen and political economists, "have we not gained in our foreign export trade to the amount of six hundred millions of dollars? Have we not the foreign-trade balance in our favor? What do eight billions lost to home trade and the comfort and wealth of the people signify, when we can get an increase in our foreign trade of six hundred millions of dollars, with a favorable foreign-trade balance?"

But if we add this six hundred millions of foreign trade we have gained to the two and one half billions we have saved, we shall find that it gives a total trade at the present time, both home and foreign, of three billions of dollars, against five and a quarter billions in 1865, and ten and one half billions we should now have, if all our people were employed. Does it pay? Every dollar of foreign trade that we have gained, if because of the cheapness of the manufactures exported, has been at the cost of at least eighty dollars of home trade; or, if because of the cheapness of the whole export, raw and manufactured, it has been at the cost of more than thirteen dollars of our home trade, with the incalculable poverty and misery brought upon our people by idleness and low wages, whilst in the pursuit of this maddest of all follies, — foreign markets for the consumption of our manufactures. In this pursuit we have found a foreign consumption for those products which, merely

because of their cheapness, — the manufactures of cotton, wool and its manufactures, iron and steel and their manufactures, and boots and shoes, — can be sold to the amount of \$26,417,713 per annum. This is substantially our only offset for the loss, in and through cheap production, of fully eight billion dollars per annum of the home trade — an amount equal to nearly twice the whole cost to the nation of the war of the rebellion; for no doubt our food products and raw cotton, our petroleum, our agricultural and other machinery, with most of our smaller products, would find a foreign market, even if the most liberal wages were paid in their production.

Does foreign trade pay, at the cost at which we purchase it? Are six hundred millions of foreign trade, which we have gained, worth more, in dollars and cents, than eight billions of home trade, which we have lost? This is the question, squarely put, with the evidence on which it is based.

The truth is, there can be no greater folly perpetrated by our nation than that of seeking to employ, or to benefit, our own people by producing or manufacturing for any other people. The reasons why it is so are abundant and obvious. I will give a few: —

(1.) No people without industries can possibly be permanent or profitable purchasers of foreign products. It is with a nation as with individuals, — by and through its industries only can it become a profitable purchaser in the world's market.

(2.) Every nation that sustains an industry must and will employ that industry in producing that which enters directly into the consumption of its own people. That nation which is compelled to depend on the foreigner for food, clothing, or lodging is wanting in some of the elements of permanent prosperity.

(3.) Every country advanced in its civilization has the elements within itself for self-support; and if it be wanting in any of the mechanical appliances of the age necessary to develop its resources, those appliances will be obtained and utilized.

(4.) There is no large market for our manufactures with any advanced people; all such manufacture for themselves, and are seeking foreign markets for their own products. Whenever our manufactures or products, or those of any other people, come into serious competition with their own products, they are sure to be heavily taxed or excluded. The law of self-protection compels it.

(5.) Our present effort is to find markets with those populations which are not yet fully developed in their use of the latest mechanical methods of production. All such are either too poor or too exclusive to become profitable consumers of the products of our civilization. It is only by developing advanced industries in the midst of those peoples that their condition can be changed or improved; and that will be done to the exclusion of any considerable foreign consumption.

We read in a London paper that the Chinese government have purchased machinery, and engaged experienced engineers and spinners in Germany to establish cotton mills in China, so as to free that country from dependence upon English and Russian imports. Though China is somewhat tardy in her action, we may be certain that she will be thorough. Not only the English and Russians, but all others, will find that market closed not to cottons alone, but to everything that that people consume. More than this: the time is not far distant when the textiles from the Chinese machine looms, iron and steel and cutlery from the Chinese furnaces, forges, and workshops, with everything that machinery and cheap labor can produce, will crowd every market. The four hundred millions of China, with the two hundred and fifty millions of India, — the crowded and pauperized populations of Asia, — will offer the cup of cheap machine labor, filled to the brim, to our lips, and force us to drink it to the dregs, if we do not learn wisdom. It is in Asia, if anywhere, that the world is to find its workshop. There are the masses, and the conditions, necessary to develop the power of cheapness to perfection,

and they will be used. For years we have been doing our utmost to teach the Chinese shoemaking, spinning and weaving, engine driving, machine building, and other arts, in California, Massachusetts, and other States; and we may be sure they will make good use of their knowledge; for there is no people on earth with more patient skill and better adapted to the use of machinery than the Chinese.

What the Chinese government is doing for China, Dom Pedro is doing for Brazil, though in a different form. That country, like every other country, in order to prosper and develop, must do its own work; this fact its intelligent ruler thoroughly understands and acts upon.

We have our own work to do, and no other. It is the only work we can control, and is our only dependence. Is it wise to neglect or sacrifice it for the purpose of grasping what we cannot hold, even if we could once get it? We have our own market to supply and our own trade at home, and there is no other over which we can by any possibility have control. This market and trade may be almost indefinitely extended. Is it wise to destroy it in the pursuit of an *ignis fatuus*?

With our industries and home trade rehabilitated, there can be no doubt that our foreign trade would largely increase. But it would be of a character very unlike the present, and based on a very different foundation. It would be a trade based on the wealth of the people, and not living upon their poverty, — a trade that would add to our comfort, and not increase our miseries.

Our own best consumers and customers are at home. It is our home market that furnishes, or that can be made to furnish, an inexhaustible source of wealth and comfort for all; whilst a general foreign market for our products can be obtained only at the cost of more than ten dollars of home trade for one of foreign, with the pauperizing of our people and the destruction of our institutions. The ruin will be so wide-spread that even the foreign trader himself cannot escape it.

W. G. M.

HAROUN AL RASCHID.

Wide wastes of sand stretch far away;
A single palm stands sentinel
Beside the stone rim of a well;
The sky bends down in shades of gray.

Like some sad ghost, with measured pace,
A man comes slowly o'er the sand;
A pilgrim's staff clasped in his hand,
A hopeless sorrow in his face.

He leans against the lonely tree;
A low wind, blowing from the south,
Sweeps o'er the desert's sun-wrought drouth
With fragrant coolness of the sea.

He bares his head; his weary eyes
Turn upward, full of reverent light:
"Father of all, I own thy might;
Oh, give me rest!" he sadly cries.

"The sword has brought me gold and fame,
And these have given me kingly state;
Men bow to me and call me great,
And what is greatness but a name?"

"I cannot make love bless my lot;
Men show obeisance as they pass;
But in my soul I cry, Alas!
And wish my greatness was forgot.

"Haroun Al Raschid, Caliph grand!
So courtiers say, but not so I;
For like all men, I, too, must die.
Who then will serve, and who command?"

Across the sands a caravan
Wound slowly, till it reached the place.
The merchants gazed upon his face,
And bent before the lonely man.

"O Caliph grand, the city waits
In sorrow for your swift return;
The people for your presence yearn,
And watchers throng the open gates.

"Cast off your pilgrim gown and hood:
Return to those who pray for you
With souls where love reigns strong and true,
Haroun Al Raschid, Caliph good!"

Along the sands he took his way.

"They love me, then," he softly said;

"But, oh, one must be lost, or dead,
Ere knowledge brings this perfect day!"

Thomas S. Collier.

LIFE AT A LITTLE COURT.

COURCANALE adjoins Labassecour, about which Currer Bell, that trustworthy historian, affords a world of information; and, as the name implies, is a flat country interspersed with ditches, which, strange to tell, make of it a picturesque and unique region, less known to the ordinary traveler than its beauty deserves. To be sure, as a charming French writer has observed, "the accidents of this landscape are in the sky;" but still the interminable level plains, the wide-armed windmills, the drifting canal boats high above the meadows, the sand hills covered with wiry grass that hedge its gray and stormy sea, have their own fascination, while their very monotony soothes the weary spirit, and appeals so deeply to the artistic eye that the painters of this country have produced almost the best landscapes in the world. But it is neither with art, nor landscape, nor history, nor topographical detail, that I have to deal. Something much finer than this trumpery inspires my pen. Society,—this is my solemn and moving theme. I am to tell you how people feasted and visited, what gowns they wore, and what balls and routs they danced at twenty years or so ago in Canard aux Bois, the capital of this interesting region,—a charming, sleepy town, given over to aristocracy and respectability, and frowning loftily upon such common modern ideas as manufactures and commerce. The broad, lime-shaded avenues of this stately city did not shake with the heavy roll of drays and vans, nor was the foot-passenger hustled by the imperious haste of employer and employed thronging to

business. A few carriages, at fashionable hours, bowled smoothly about the evenly-paved streets; a liveried footman might be seen carrying cards of invitation; or now and then one of the chasseurs of the royal family, in gorgeous array, would gallop forth on some trifling errand; or the troops, in holiday attire, would march by to a review, making the air resound with fine and cheerful music. The plain, honest, comfortable houses looked down placidly upon the idle streets, planted with double rows of trees and furnished with a wide-shaded avenue in the centre for foot-passengers. Palaces, churches, museums, private dwellings, were alike devoid of high architectural pretensions. Solidly substantial they were, built of gray stone or uncompromising brick, or sometimes fronted with marble, religiously scrubbed on Saturdays, as were the pavements and the steps, in a sort of glorified Philadelphia fashion. Here and there a row of houses fronted a canal shaded with fine trees, and at one end of the town was a magnificent park filled with superb old beeches, interspersed with ponds and bridges and tempting bridle and foot paths, that enticed the pedestrian away from the stately promenade, up and down which rolled the handsome carriages of the fashionable world. In the very heart of the town stood the palace of the king, its two low battlemented towers fronting on a narrow street, and sentries pacing up and down before it. Behind it was an extensive park, into which looked the windows of the state apartments. Other large houses, called by courtesy palaces, were put at the dis-

position of the other members of the royal family, brothers, uncles, and sons of the king, and were kept up in regal state with chamberlains and equerries, aides-de-camp and ladies in waiting, in an endless variety. The most rigid laws of etiquette ruled the little town; uniforms and coronets abounded; the Almanach de Gotha lay on every table, and to master the resounding titles of the nobles was a serious occupation. Evening after evening, seated on the hearth rug, have I spent studying their unpronounceable names, and fitting them to the various imposing offices held by their owners in the different households of the royal family, in order that we might be properly prepared for our encounters with these illustrious personages when we should be fairly launched into their gay circle.

At length the eventful evening came when we were summoned to an audience of her majesty the queen, and the excitement of the younger members of the family grew intense. Clad in our bravest finery, we descended from the minister's carriage at the wide door of the palace, crowded with glittering lackeys and dazzling with lights, and were ushered through marble halls carpeted with the soft products of the looms of Deventer, up stately staircases, and along more lofty passages, till at last we were delivered over to a shining chamberlain in an anteroom, by whom we were presented to the ladies in waiting and maids of honor, who confounded us by speaking our own tongue perhaps better than we did ourselves. After some delay the great door at the end of the antechamber was flung open *à deux battants*, and we were ushered into the presence chamber by the *grande maîtresse* of ceremonies, who presented us formally by name to the queen.

When the first flutter of anxiety was over, we discovered that we were in the presence of a charming and stately woman, both vivacious and intelligent, with whom conversation was easy, and whose cordial welcome made us feel at home even in our unusual surroundings. We sat down comfortably on each side of

her, and answered her rapid questions and gracious observations with such pithiness as we could muster, with an undercurrent of inevitable misgiving as to how that difficult withdrawal backward should be accomplished when the time came. But after a brief interview of twenty minutes her majesty spared us all trouble by coming to the door with us and shaking hands in true English fashion, so that our exit was effected without accident or awkwardness. The interview was terminated by the queen rising, expressing her pleasure at welcoming us to Courcanale, and thus signifying that we were to withdraw. After this first formality was over the audiences were no longer terrifying. They occurred at infrequent intervals, but sometimes we were invited to tea with the queen in a social fashion, no one being present but ourselves and a single maid of honor. Her majesty, who was an active-minded woman, enjoyed this method of becoming acquainted with the different members of the diplomatic corps, and it was her pleasure to interrogate and respond with a frankness that made these interviews truly delightful, as she touched lightly on the politics of the day, the books of general interest, the character, motives, and private lives of her *confrères*, the kings and queens of her acquaintance.

Upon the occasion of our first formal audience we were received in one of the state departments, a fine salon hung with rose-colored satin and gay with gilded furniture and wax candles; but when we were asked "to tea," it was in her own private parlor that the queen entertained us, a charming great room, with tropical plants growing in the windows, and a grand piano at one end. Books and ornaments were scattered about, and cabinets of curiosities stood against the wall; easy-chairs and little tables went wandering comfortably about the floor; and a general air of homeliness pervaded the spacious apartment, whose walls were hung with interesting pictures, filled with associations to the student of history.

One evening, when we arrived, we

found the queen reading Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*, with which she was greatly interested. His dramatic characterizations pleased her particularly, and above all the hits at her late uncle, Nicholas of Russia, who, as the writer observes, tried hard to be a gentleman; but underneath all his superficial polish still lay the "gypsy instinct," which prompted him on occasion to do some mean action.

"That," said her majesty, raising her little white hand, "is really true; and I will give you an instance. When the late king of Courcanale died, his affairs were in an involved condition, he having spent lavishly more than all his patrimony. He had been an enthusiastic collector of paintings, and had an admirable private gallery which we were anxious to retain, and which we could have redeemed in time had we been allowed. We therefore applied to the emperor, the king's uncle as well as my own, to lend us the necessary money, which in due time, when it was possible, we would repay; but Nicholas promptly refused. Think of that for a sovereign as rich as he!"

Nothing could be more piquant than this little relation of family difficulties between the reigning powers; and, inspired by our interest, the queen drifted into various personal recollections of her visits to Napoleon III., and related a little anecdote of the prince imperial when he was about six years old. It seems that the emperor had a troop of boys of the prince's age under drill, and the prince himself was one of the regiment; and one day, when the queen was questioning him lightly as to what he meant to do in the world, he replied, bravely, in true Napoleonic fashion, "Madame, I shall be a soldier." "But you are so little," said her majesty, "they cannot make you an officer; you will have to be a private always." "Pardon, madame," said the little fellow, making a military salute, "*je suis déjà caporal.*"

The empress of the French her majesty thought a woman of excellent parts, but overwhelmed with all sorts of frivolities outside of herself. "There is so

much to do," said the queen, naively, "I wonder how she ever gets through it all. It was one tumult from morning till night. Of course she had no time to improve her mind. I could not have endured it." At Osborne, where she visited Queen Victoria, she was oppressed by the dullness and formality. She thought the queen of England a person of extraordinary information, but the slavery of etiquette which surrounded her was unendurable. From this very slavery it was the desire of the queen of Courcanale to deliver herself, and her own life was one of vigorous action and intelligent effort. She rose daily at seven; walked, wrote, and read at fixed hours, corresponding with half the *savants* of Europe on matters of literary and scientific interest. She drew around her all the intellectual people of her court, accosting them without formality or pretension, interrogating them, enjoying their different opinions, which she encouraged them frankly to express. She was a warm friend of the English; her best friends were Englishwomen. She spoke the language with absolute perfection, and without accent, and was mistress of six other tongues. Our American war was a serious puzzle to her. She was as kind as possible in her sympathy, but still admitted openly that the breaking up of our republic would be no cause of grief to the royal families of Europe. "You are so strong," she said, ruefully; and she shared the common European delusion that the cause of the South was the cause of aristocracy.

Later, it was with keen delight that the wife of the American minister narrated graphically to a young prince of the royal family, at the queen's request and in her presence, the history of the heroic concealment of Jefferson Davis, and his attempted escape in his wife's petticoats,—a charming episode in the romantic history of our modern cavaliers.

Quite a different personage from this fresh-hearted, active-minded, whole-souled woman of the nineteenth century was her Tartar mother-in-law, who represented with equal vigor a different line of thought and action. If the queen

herself had leanings towards Bohemia, and for that very reason was often unpopular with her etiquette-loving aristocracy, the queen mother was a full-blooded Barbarian, who would cheerfully have used the knout, like her Russian ancestors; and as in this amusement she was restrained by popular prejudice, she managed, in her feeble, feminine fashion, to make her little court as uncomfortable by her frowns and as grateful for her smiles as any Czarina of her race. Not that she was not a good woman. She was a devout member of the Greek church, and devoted to the memory of her dead husband; but she illustrated very forcibly the justice of the adage, "Scratch the Russian noble, and you find the Tartar just beneath the skin;" and she and her spirited daughter-in-law were by no means calculated to form a peaceful household; so that through the old lady's agency the pillow for the younger royal head was made as uneasy as possible.

She had all sorts of curious personal habits. She would never sleep in sheets, like ordinary beings, but took her repose upon a couch, wrapped in cashmere shawls. She had a decided taste; hated red dresses, and was apt to look with scorn upon any one who ventured to wear the color in her presence. She criticised sharply the adornments of her maids of honor, and would fill a blushing girl with confusion by asking her, in the presence of the court, in what style of architecture she had chosen to dress her hair.

She kept strict order in her small domain, making not only her attendants, but even her imposing master of ceremonies, who was the pink of formality, wince under her displeasure; and the condition of affairs in the palace often reminded me of my experiences at boarding-school with a very stately and ceremony-loving preceptress, and I enjoyed immensely the little anecdotes that showed traces of restiveness among the noble subordinates. I spent a great deal of time at the Outer Rest, as her majesty's town-house was called, one of her maids of honor being my intimate friend;

and often, looking from the windows which opened on the park, I have seen the queen mother pottering about the garden, her fine old complexion protected by three white lace veils, while she pointed out improvements to the gardener, or discoursed to the bare-headed chamberlain who followed her at a respectful distance.

Her pearls and her gowns were alike remarkable, the pearls being famous in all Europe, and the gowns of such an unfoldable splendor that when she journeyed they were hung up in a rail-car made for this express purpose and adapted to the different railways of the kingdom, so that they could be transported from her country-seat to town and back again without disaster to their freshness and beauty. I have gazed with awe upon the countless presses in which they were stored in the orderly attic at Outer Rest, whither I once made an entertaining pilgrimage with my friend in pursuit of a missing trunk. On the only occasion on which I was admitted to the queen dowager's awful presence, she was simply attired in black, but her wonderful white neck was covered with rare and exquisite pearls hanging in ropes to her waist, — somewhat smaller than roes' eggs, to be sure, but still very amazing to an unaccustomed eye. She received us in a beautiful apartment hung with red, adorned in the centre by a huge pyramid of blossoming plants, and I, being young and foolish, took comfort in the thought that she would take no notice of my gown, which was of the objectionable color; yet I had been made uneasy, on arriving, by my friend's anxious exclamation, "Oh, why did you wear that dress! The queen hates red clothes." However, her majesty was affable and serene; but after all she had not failed to remark the precise shade, for she told some one afterwards that the little one must have had a hint of the color of her salon, for she was dressed exactly to match it!

The queen mother made up her mind that she would die at seventy, that being the age at which all her family had departed this life, unless expedited by

their impatient successors to the throne, there being uncomfortable tricks of poisoning and stabbing on record in the family. Sure enough, when the time came, off she went without any delay. And a solemn thing it was for all her household; for she lay in state for fifteen days, with candles burning around her, and the maids of honor and the officers of her household standing by her coffin, till they were all very nearly dead, too; so that it was a cause of thankfulness when the cranky old woman was fairly under ground.

Good little Miss Burney has made us acquainted with the duties of a maid of honor in rigid Queen Charlotte's day; but the functions of the *dames d'atours* of Courcanale were far less arduous, and the service was merely nominal. To be sure, the whole household was organized on a scale of rigid etiquette. There were a grand master and grand mistress of ceremonies, and ladies of the palace, whose duties required their presence at her majesty's table and at her audiences during alternate weeks; but as there were several of them, their turns came only at fixed intervals, and in the interim they lived comfortably in their own homes. There were various chamberlains about the household, a private secretary, and equerries, some of whom lived in the palace, while others came and went at stated times. Each maid of honor had a parlor and a sleeping-room for her individual use, as well as a room for her maid; and their duties alternated. On the day when she was "in waiting" (*de service* is the foreign term) the young lady was expected not to leave the palace between the hours of twelve in the morning and four in the afternoon, during which time she was liable to receive a summons from the queen to be present at some audience. After four o'clock she was free until half past six, the hour of the queen's dinner, at which she was expected to be present. This repast generally lasted about three hours, and unless varied by the presence of an entertaining guest was apt to prove monotonous, especially when the girl's next neighbor at table

happened to be a deaf old chamberlain. After the dinner the maid of honor was free to attend any ball or party to which she might be invited, provided the queen did not express a wish to see her at tea, which was served in one of the salons at ten o'clock. Sometimes on the off days her majesty would signify her desire that the maid of honor should dine at her table, in which case any prior invitation was obliged to give way. So that in making arrangements for a dinner party one was always obliged to reckon the *dame d'atours* among the uncertain guests who might fail at the last minute.

This small annoyance was about the only one which the lady was obliged to suffer. In the summer her duties were more arduous, as she accompanied her majesty to the summer palace, where a good many people were entertained, and she was expected to drive and dine with the queen every day. Here, as Miss Burney describes, there was a common drawing-room for the maids of honor and the gentlemen in waiting, and they all lunched together, and led a pleasant life, the group being varied by the presence of the different officers and ladies of the suites of the princely or royal guests whom the queen mother frequently entertained. For these services the maid of honor received a salary of about six hundred dollars a year. She and her private servant were provided with a home in the palace, and one carriage with coachman and footmen was at the entire disposition of the two maids of honor attached to the household.

The queen consort's establishment was arranged on the same plan as the queen dowager's, only her ladies in waiting, her maids of honor, and other officers were more numerous, her life being more active and stirring, and her duties more pressing, than those of the queen mother.

Between the people of Courcanale and their royal house exists a bond of deepest loyalty and affection. Different sovereigns may give dissatisfaction; but if that feeling ever finds expression, it is uttered with that loving pity which one bestows upon the erring but tenderly loved member of one's family. "Our

reigning family," said a noble lady, one day, to us, "has done us such splendid service in the past, it is so interwoven with all that is most glorious in our history, and we love it so well, that when things are not just as we would have them we are content to wait for better times."

The present king has endeared himself greatly to the hearts of his subjects by his ready sympathy and personal aid when they are in trouble. During the great inundations that sometimes devastate this level country, scarcely reclaimed from the original dominion of the sea, the king has been known to go in person to the scene of disaster, and there labor untiringly, with the splendid gallantry and daring for which the men of his name have always been famous, for the help of the suffering, saving the drowning with his own hands, and bringing relief to those imprisoned in their houses amid the surging waste of rising waters.

Whenever there is a fire at Canard aux Bois, the king and the crown prince don their uniforms and gallop to the place of conflagration. As I watched them clattering by under our windows, one evening, and smiled a little at the idea of his majesty "running with the machine," I was rebuked with dignity by the stately nobleman beside me. "Mademoiselle," he said gravely, "wherever his people are in danger, that is the place for a king to be." It was a worthy rendering of the old maxim, *noblesse oblige*.

Indeed, among the aristocracy of this nation, so quiet, so earnest, so self-respecting, so full of loyalty, of simple heroism, of unflinching truth, I felt for the first time the true quality of race; that *nobilitatis virtus non stemma character*, which in age after age in this very nation has held out against oppression and persecution, and has found its best expression in some of the noblest names of history.

The life in winter was one succession of balls and routs and *thé dansants*, given by the various members of the royal family in their respective palaces. These

entertainments were reciprocated by the nobles and members of the cabinet, and such of the diplomatists as could afford more elaborate outlay than that demanded by the inevitable dinner parties. At these private balls the queen and the crown prince were often present, and the princesses added to the splendor of the occasion; though the royal personages were very much in the way of the dancers, on account of the difficulty of not turning one's back upon any of them, if one happened to be in their neighborhood. Also, if the princesses expressed their desire to dance with any gentleman, — for no man could presume to ask such a favor, — etiquette required him to release the lady whom he might already have engaged, in order to carry out her royal highness's desire. Fortunately the king and queen were considerate, and generally went away early, leaving the dancers to their own pleasure.

The gala ball, with which the season always opened, was a very splendid affair. On other occasions the requirements of dress were simple, and the gentlemen appeared in plain clothes, relieved only by such decorations and ribbons as their membership of some order entitled them to assume; but on this opening night every one was in uniform or full court dress, and the ladies in their bravest attire, so that the whole effect was very brilliant and splendid.

The diplomats on this occasion were received in a room by themselves, — the same handsome salon in which our presentation to the queen took place. The gentlemen ranged themselves in rows on one side, in their due order of precedence, — the Pope's nuncio at the head, in accordance with some ancient custom, the secretaries of legation and attachés behind their respective *chefs*; while the ladies, also in due order, took their places on the opposite side of the room.

"Mademoiselle," said the Swedish minister, who spoke a little English, to one of the American girls, who was calmly surveying this splendid array, "does not all this impose upon you?"

But republican arrogance was able to hold its own, even in the presence of this

accumulated splendor, though truly, to an unaccustomed eye, it might well have been an imposing sight; for the brilliant uniforms of white and crimson and blue, glittering with rich embroideries and sparkling with jeweled orders; the handsome men of various and widely differing nationalities, — “noblemen of a thousand years,” as one of their order once proudly boasted, — haughty and magnificent in their self-consciousness; the fair and graceful women, with their fine raiment and glistening diamonds; the richly appointed room; the blazing wax-lights, that softened and illumined the gay scene, — all made a picture at once interesting and splendid, whose beauty awoke a thousand associations with bygone princely festivities.

After some delay a rustle was heard in the adjoining apartment. A stately chamberlain, with a golden key embroidered on his coat and a tall white wand in his hand, entered the room at the upper end, walking backward, and announcing by repeated taps of his wand upon the floor the arrival of the royal party. First came the king and queen, who separated as they entered, and moved slowly down between the lines of diplomates, the king addressing to the gentlemen, and the queen to the ladies, a few pleasant words of salutation. They were followed by the crown prince and the members of their different households, the latter remaining grouped in the anteroom, while the prince also addressed the members of the diplomatic corps. By the time this ceremony was completed the other princes and princesses arrived, and were affectionately greeted by the queen, who advanced to meet her cousins, and embraced the ladies in foreign fashion on each cheek. Then the king, offering his arm to his uncle's wife, the queen taking that of her uncle, led the way into the ball-room, followed by the prince and princesses, and then by the members of their households, the diplomates falling into line in their regular order of precedence. At this point the orchestra began the national hymn, and as we entered the great hall we found the whole court assem-

bled in glittering array awaiting the royal entrance. The sovereigns took their seats upon an elevated dais, the ladies of the diplomatic corps upon tabourets at their right, and the princesses upon the left. Each side of the room was lined with officers in uniform, who stood in ranks behind the ladies' chairs, and were grouped around the seat of the king and queen.

The dancing began immediately, the royal party leading off in a quadrille, and continued with great zeal until the small hours of the morning, the king and queen withdrawing about midnight. The suppers were splendid affairs, the table being adorned with mighty structures of jellies and ices; birds à la Russe, with their feathers on, in wonderful piled-up groups, reminding one irresistibly of the four and twenty blackbirds of the nursery rhyme; with all the other concomitants of a truly regal repast.

The first time this spectacle met my dazzled eyes, I thought I had never seen so many handsome men; but as time wore on, and I learned to know the people, and met them at other festivities in their ordinary dress, I found that after all the stronger sex is as much indebted as the weaker to the accidents of costume for its dazzling effect. The royal and diplomatic dinners were conducted with great pomp and state, lasting sometimes three hours, with an apparently unending succession of courses, served in the French manner.

But most of all we used to enjoy the quiet little teas to which we were informally bidden at the houses of the different noble ladies of our acquaintance. The dinner being eaten at a late hour, the tea was simply served in the drawing-room, with no accompaniment but a delicate cake, or sometimes an ice. The hot water was brought in a curious bronze tea-kettle, kept boiling over a little brazier filled with turf; the tea-cups were of the most delicate Indian or Saxony china, and after the repast were washed on the tray by the mistress of the house herself in the presence of the guests, and put away thriftily in a cabinet, or ranged bottom up on some exquisite lacquered

waiter upon a little table in the corner of the drawing-room. This bit of housewifery was never omitted even by the maid of honor herself, who washed the queen's tea-cups in her own little parlor, as quite too precious to entrust to the hands of the daintiest waiting-maid.

The simplicity of manner pervading even the queen's household may be illustrated by a little anecdote of one of our tea-drinkings at the palace. The youngest of our party, being somewhat awkward, managed to drop her teaspoon of ice-cream in the lap of her new silk gown. Dismayed at the accident, but with true Spartan determination resolved to hide this gnawing fox of ruin, she covered the spot promptly with her handkerchief. But the queen's quick eye had discerned the disaster, and with charming consideration she turned to the unlucky maiden and sympathizingly said, "You must have some water at once to wash it out;" so with her own royal hands she rang the bell, and sent the footman for water, and then calmly pursued her conversation with the elders, while the maid of honor and the victim removed the stain. When this was successfully accomplished, the queen inquired amiably if the spot was gone, having thus by her timely interest saved permanent injury, and displayed a simple and kindly thoughtfulness that Miss Burney's experiences had hardly led us to look for in high places.

On this occasion the queen showed us numerous interesting miniatures and curiosities which she was looking over to send to some loan exhibition, and we saw curious old portraits of sovereigns and statesmen, and a charming snuff-box presented by La Pompadour à son meilleur ami, which had been the property of the Duc de Richelieu. There was a portrait of Louis Napoleon hanging on the wall, and for the original her majesty professed a warm regard; and when the American minister spoke of him casually as a usurper, "What of that?" said the queen, in the true spirit of a race in which Romanoff and Brandenburg have mingled their blood.

What royal house, indeed, might es-

cape this fling at its founder? What means usurpation to them but the dominion of the fittest? And if a Napoleon may not rule by the aid of a plebiscite, what is to become of all the modern dramatic effects of *coups d'état* and the grand finales of Waterloo and Sedan?

But scarcely diplomatic caution could suppress a smile at the frank and affectionate eulogy pronounced upon Le Démonbreiseur by the occupant of a throne which owed its existence to his uncle, and the somewhat feminine and indiscriminating delight the queen expressed in the excellence of his character was a treat to republican ears, albeit not unused to these gentle delusions in high places.

"Citizen," said the head of the French directory, on taking leave of Dr. Franklin, — "Citizen, adieu, with our regrets; but remember that America owes her liberty to France!"

Thus as our ancestors mildly pocketed the self-glorification of the France of '93, we, some seventy years later, learned to smile upon the pretensions of the empire, and even to listen without flinching to the amiable estimate in which the interloper was held by that family of sovereigns to which he had gained a temporary admission.

As those old days come back shining with the cheery light of youth and novelty, and the pageant moves like a panorama before my memory, I find that details form but a small part of the impression produced, and that the record can be at best but meagre. Life is always more or less dramatic, but the scenes and the surroundings must be emphasized by the histories and adventures of the people who moved among them to make the recital interesting. The mere chronicle of feasts and entertainments becomes bald and wearisome apart from the characters who lent them their charm. Still, amidst this pleasant monotony of festivity one dramatic occurrence stands forth in bold relief, and this is the young men's ball at the Academy of Fine Arts.

It came nearly at the close of a gay season in which one entertainment had

rivalled another in splendor and gayety. The royal balls were no sooner at an end than the princes took up the theme, and the nobles followed. There were routs and dinners and dances, and a *bal costumé*, and even a children's ball at the palace in honor of the youngest prince, which was reported a charming affair by those who were fortunate enough to have younger brothers and sisters to accompany.

At last the unmarried gentlemen, with the crown prince at their head, determined to repay the civilities they had received at the hands of the ladies; and we were promised a brilliant and mysterious entertainment, about which nothing positive was known, but concerning which various exciting rumors were afloat that piqued curiosity and stimulated interest. The ladies were all requested to appear in white or pink dresses, in order to suit the decorations of the ball-room, and we heard of fine furniture and pictures borrowed from the palace and the different wealthy houses to lend added splendor to the occasion.

At last the hour so impatiently longed for arrived, and our carriage deposited us at the foot of the broad stone steps that led up to the spacious building which was used ordinarily for their annual exhibitions of pictures by the artists. The huge and lofty hall to which we were accustomed had, however, disappeared, and was divided into a suite of fine apartments by false partitions draped in muslin. The vestibule was filled with huge tropical plants in pots. Over our heads waved palm-trees, among whose branches hung colored lamps, and giant ferns cast a shadow in cool recesses. The reception-room into which we first entered was draped with crimson and furnished with gilded furniture from the palace, while the walls were hung with fine pictures lent by a nobleman whose collection was renowned for its variety and beauty. Beyond, a great ball-room had risen as by magic, the hangings of white and rose-color, the chandeliers wreathed with roses, mighty festoons of tarlatan and lace hiding the plainness of the ceiling, and

wonderful garlands of artificial flowers drooping gracefully among them. The huge lustres glittered with wax-lights, and all around the lofty cornice rows upon rows of candles shed down a soft brilliance upon the pretty white and rosy draperies of the rapidly moving figures. It was a unique and charming scene, the whole effect having been most artistically contrived.

But while the gay young dancers pursued their giddy and careless round, the elders looked up at the ceiling and watched the unprotected candles flickering in the fierce draught, in dangerous proximity to the paper roses and the floating inflammable draperies.

"It is a tinder-box," said the Prussian minister. "There is danger; *je me salue*," and he shuffled away to his carriage, glad of an excuse to escape a ball, which was to him always a terrible bore; but as he went, he hissed in the ear of a chamberlain, "*Mon cher*, I think I see a hundred devils on that cornice, fanning those flickering flames." But everybody knew the count was a little out of his head at times, so no one paid much attention to his warning.

As the evening wore on, the sound of soft concealed music reached our ears, and the orchestra ceased playing. Then we heard voices singing in sweet concord the beautiful national hymn, and the great curtains at the upper end of the ball-room were swept aside, and what seemed an enchanted grotto met our astonished view. The soft, moon-like radiance of an electric light illumined an ivy-draped recess, in which, under the shade of palms and camellias, a royal banquet was spread. In the foreground a white marble fountain, in which played perfumed water, sparkled in the pale, clear light. The table was in horseshoe form, and behind the royal chairs hung splendid velvet banners of crimson and gold, bearing the arms of Courcanale emblazoned on their rich folds.

A murmur of applause broke from the admiring crowd as the crown prince led his mother to her seat, and the court and the diplomates took their places, at his request, around her and the king. Then,

as if by magic, the ball-room was filled with little tables brought in by attendants, on which was served a sumptuous supper, of which the dancers speedily availed themselves.

Taking the proffered arm of one of the chamberlains, I found a place near the door of the reception-room, somewhat apart from the crowd in the ball-room, and we were peacefully discussing the *paté de foie gras* and commenting upon the beauty of the scene, when a curious, prolonged *whish* was heard in the adjoining room, and then the sudden, hasty pushing back of hundreds of chairs and the sound of a rushing multitude. The lady next me dropped her knife and fork in horror.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" she cried, "le feu!"

Yes, roaring up the flimsy drapery of the walls, winding in serpent-like convolutions along the festoons of paper roses, frescoing the ceiling with terrible devices, rushed on the destroyer. Down went the tables in confused heaps; over them sprang the frightened maidens with their wild cavaliers. On came the crowd of white, scared faces. I can see that struggling, anxious, seething mass of heads this minute, and the awful thought, "Where are my own people?" came with all its swift quiver of agony, for I knew they were in the inner room. We ourselves were near the entrance; our exit was assured. The king, at the first sign of danger, had sprung thither and caused the great doors to be flung wide open, and before us shone the stars, and the quiet of the cool night contrasted with the burning flood within.

Through the opening into the ball-room came pouring the frightened and flying women. Over their heads burst through the thin partition a great red flame. I waited with an anxious heart, and presently my eye fell upon those I sought. They were safe! We went out together into the darkness, and listened, trembling, to the heart-rending cries of parents and children calling for one another in wild distress, while we clung to each other with deep thankfulness that we were united.

Fortunately the doors were wide, the egress was easy, and the throng rushed out with safety. The fire-engines were quickly on the spot, and the conflagration was promptly extinguished without injury to the building. But the graceful decorations, the fine furniture, and, worst of all, the beautiful borrowed pictures lay a blackened and crumbling mass within the solid, unyielding stone walls of the Academy. The supper was picked up with fragments of feminine attire intermingled. A lady's satin shoe was found in the middle of a salmon; fans and handkerchiefs, bouquets and gloves, were stirred in with the truffles; and the jellies were variegated with lost curls and torn rosettes.

Countless amusing and dangerous adventures formed the theme of the next day's discourse. The king's brother, mistaking a door that led into an antechamber for the exit, found himself imprisoned in a *coulisse*. The fire was behind him,—no possible escape before. He pounded lustily upon the thin partition; luckily he was heard, and a dozen hands knocked away the frail wall, and rescued the unhappy prince.

The queen was left alone in the supper-room, and tranquilly watched the burning ball-room until the chandelier fell, when she began to think of escape. Her chamberlains were gone; her maids of honor had fled; the king was thinking of his people; her son was Heaven knows where!

We asked, when she told us the story, if she felt alarmed. "Not at all," she coolly replied. "It reminded me of the last scene in the opera of the Prophet!"

But by and by the dean of the diplomatic corps remembered her, and went back and led her away by a rear door. Her majesty went out into a little street, and waited in the dark and cold until somebody's carriage came by and picked her up and carried her home.

Of course all the girls caught cold, for they could not stop for their wraps, but rushed out with their thin robes thrown over their bare arms and shoulders; yet no one was injured; so the dis-

aster proved but a nine days' wonder, after all.

The cavaliers went back, and after the fire was extinguished feasted gayly on the scorched remains of the supper. The crown prince worked like a Trojan, pulling down the blazing tarlatans from the walls, and doing his best to save everything. He was a young fellow then, and after it was all over, and he had shown himself gallant and cool, as the men of his race have always been in moments of danger, they say he broke down and wept like a child for a few minutes. However, he promptly revived, and held his place bravely at the impromptu supper, and promised his gentlemen a grand Bal Phenix at his own palace to recompense them for their disappointment.

And thus in smoke and ashes I close

my brief narration. Many of the actors in that little drama have passed away. The queen dowager lies in her stately mausoleum; the Outer Rest is no longer guarded by the sentries who proclaim a royal tenant. The kindly queen's brave heart is still; a younger woman reigns in her stead. Some of the gentle princesses have died; others are married and live in foreign lands. The crown prince has been gathered to his fathers. The former maids of honor are scattered; the gentlemen of the court have gone their several ways. Some linger yet and perform the old functions in the old stately fashion. But the king still lives on, and the court goes its round,

"Till in due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some
With deeds as well undone,
Death comes silently and leads them
Where they never see the sun."

Sidney Hyde.

SINCERE DEMAGOGY.

I HAVE recently had much conversation, on subjects connected with politics and our national life and interests, with several thoughtful and earnest men in two of the principal New England States. Some of them are laborers in cotton mills; some are manufacturers and capitalists; others are farmers. Some are possessors of considerable property, and live in easy comfort, if not in affluence; others are very poor. There is a noticeable agreement of ideas or convictions among them in regard to some problems which are becoming more and more important for the people of our country. I asked the same questions of these representatives of various classes of my fellow-citizens; and the absolute identity, not only of thought or belief, but of the forms of expression, in most of the answers, indicates, I think, a pretty thorough indoctrination by the same teachers of the whole school or party holding these sentiments. I give, for the most part, my

own questions, with the replies, which were nearly the same from all. Much of the language is reported exactly, from notes made while we talked. Some slight verbal changes were necessary, but the meaning is given as accurately as possible throughout.

The first question was, usually, "Do you think the condition of our country prosperous and encouraging?" And the answer was, uniformly, "Not for the many, the mass of the people. There can be no real prosperity for our country under such conditions as now exist for laboring people."

"What do you regard as the chief dangers of our country?"

"There are two great dangers. The first is the aggregation of wealth in a few hands, especially the aggregation of wealth in the possession of large corporations, in which ambitious and unscrupulous men use the power which money gives as a means for the control of legis-

lation and of public thought and its expression. The great moneyed corporations, or a few rich men in them, own all the influential newspapers, and they allow no thought opposed to their opinions or interests to reach the people. No one can speak for the interests of the people except through a few feeble and obscure journals. The control of the great moneyed corporations over legislation is, in our country, almost absolute."

"The other great danger is the growing belief in the necessity of a strong government, and the fear, even in the minds of good men, that the people cannot safely be trusted, and that some men must be kept away from the polls. There seems to be a growing tendency in the minds of literary men to regard universal suffrage as a failure, and to wish the possession of the ballot to be confined to a more select body than the whole people. It is believed that the history of republics shows that every experiment in republican government has ended in an aristocracy, — in the elevation of a few men to complete control; and that our system must have the same result and end. We have already made some changes in this direction. The cry is that the people of cities are not fit to govern them. There is a strong tendency in recent legislation to limit the right of suffrage in the name of political purity."

"The two greatest dangers are the corruptions of aggregated wealth, and the indisposition to trust the whole people with a share in the government."

"All history shows that the many have never done wrong to the few, but the few have often done wrong to the many. All legislation by the people has been honest and fair to the few. History acquaints us with no instance to the contrary."

"Delusions never seize upon, possess, or mislead the many, the mass of the people, but always have their development and mischievous influence in some select class, — among persons who are, by their tastes or culture, separated from the mass of the people."

"When a particular, select body or

class of men acquire what is now commonly called education (it is usually partial and unpractical), they are thereby enabled to impose their theories upon the people, thus deluding and enslaving the masses for the aggrandizement of their self-appointed guides. Massachusetts is, in greater degree than any other part of our country, the prey of delusions of all kinds, as she has more of what is called culture than any other State."

"But is not education or culture necessary to fit the people for the duties of citizenship, especially in our country, where problems so grave and difficult require solution?"

"There is already sufficient intelligence in the possession of the mass of the people to enable them to govern wisely, justly, and beneficently, if they were not thwarted, misled, and oppressed by the few. The people go wrong, not from lack of intelligence, but from being deceived; and in this respect things are growing worse in our country. The people do not think, but allow editors to think for them."

"What can we do to hinder or prevent the aggregation of wealth in the hands of a few men, and in the possession of great corporations?"

"When the fathers formed the constitution of our country, they did not imagine it possible that such evils or abuses could ever arise under its operation. We ought to have laws requiring the absolutely equal division of estates, at the death of parents, among all their children. We should adopt measures looking to the abolition of the corporate possession and management of wealth."

"All moneyed corporations should be dissolved, and, in time, their charters should be revoked. The constitution of the United States should contain an absolute prohibition of national corporations."

"We should repeal all laws that limit the right of suffrage; should make the ballot absolutely secret; and should give the ballot to every man simply because he is a man. No State should have power to limit the suffrage, or to exclude any

class of men from the exercise of this sacred right."

"The many always know more than the few about every subject connected with the science of government and its practical working. Any ten thousand men know more than any one man."

"As to matters of national finance, we would have the government issue all the currency the people need in the form of paper money. Neither gold nor silver should hereafter be used as money. Our financial and industrial depression is the result of our having reduced everything to a gold standard of value. We have brought everything to a low value, that is, we have destroyed a great part of the wealth of the country, by making gold the standard, because there is not gold enough to go around. We have issued only enough greenbacks and paper money to produce some slight alleviation of our difficulties."

"The gold standard has paralyzed our industries. Money is invested by hundreds of millions in bonds at a low rate of interest. Nobody can engage in any productive industrial enterprise. There is frightful speculation in stocks and bonds of worthless companies, but nothing is undertaken that, if it were successful, would add to the real wealth of the country. Money is put into four per cent. bonds, because the gold standard has made it impossible to obtain any considerable profit from any legitimate business or industry."

"What we should do is to have money issued by the government according to the wants of the people. The government pays out some hundreds of millions of dollars each year to the people who work for it, — to soldiers and sailors, to clerks and officers, in its service. Let it pay them in its own paper money, which shall be used for all purposes for which money is needed, and shall be the only money of the country. Our opponents assert that we wish the government to give money to the people without equivalent or service from them, but this is not true."

"Money should be made of some material which has no intrinsic value, so

that it cannot be made an article of commerce. Its sole value should consist in the government stamp upon it."

"The government should derive all its revenues from direct taxation, chiefly from the taxation of incomes, with taxes on tobacco, whisky, and other articles of luxury."

"Would you permit unlimited immigration from all parts of the world to our country?"

"Yes; let everybody come who comes freely and of his own motion. All our troubles connected with immigration have resulted from imported labor, as in the case of the negroes and the Chinese. But those who are influenced by their own judgment to seek better opportunities for themselves and their children will benefit our country, not injure it."

"Is there no danger of our country's being overcrowded?"

"No; we have room and ample means of support for five hundred millions of people in this country. Our having assimilated so many races here, mingling the blood of all the principal nations of the world, is one of the chief causes of our superiority over all other countries and their people."

"Then you think Americans are superior to all other nations?"

"Undoubtedly. We are developing a higher type of manhood than has ever existed anywhere. Americans are more conscientious than any other people. The average intellectual character of our people is much higher and better than it was a hundred years ago. Our national morality is improving."

"How would you have the railroads of the country managed?"

"We should break up the corporations, and the railroads should be owned by the government. They should be made common highways, and every man who might wish to put a car on the road, and engage in the business of transporting freight or passengers, should be permitted to do so, under suitable regulations. The roads should be supported by taxation, if necessary. It is absurd to say that a navigable river is a public highway, and belongs to the people,

while a railroad which runs by the side of the river, along its whole length, cannot be a common highway, but must be the exclusive possession of a few men in a chartered corporation."

"What would you have the people taught in regard to morality, or the ground and standard of moral obligation?"

"Temperance, industry, and probity constitute all the morality a man in this country needs."

"Is falsehood ever profitable to a man in public life, or to a political party?"

"No man ever succeeds by falsehood. The man who uses it comes to an end. There is no political success, no future, for a man or a political party guilty of falsehood. Frank truthfulness is wisdom and strength. Pretense and concealment are folly and weakness. There never was a cause strong enough, or good enough, to sustain the injury of lying and dishonesty on the part of its supporters or advocates."

"What are your wishes in regard to our system of public education?"

"We would not make much change. We would require every child to go to school, but would not teach a little of everything, as is done now. We would make education more practical, and more thorough in the branches of knowledge which would benefit the common people."

"Are your people generally optimists? Are you hopeful about our country's near future?"

"We are growing worse as to the impoverishment of the people. We have a greater number of men now who are enormously rich than ever before. These great aggregations of wealth make extreme poverty inevitable for the mass of the people. We do not expect speedy improvement. Perhaps there will have to be a great uprising of the people to right these wrongs. The ballot is the remedy for every evil and wrong in this country, and if the people can have the ballot they will make everything right. But if the ballot is withheld from any class, the people may take things into their own hands. We may be sure that

the people will have their rights in one way or another."

"What kind of income tax would you approve?"

"We should tax all incomes, large and small, at the same rate. But we should define income as that which 'comes in' from invested wealth. The earnings of labor and the profits on the business of a merchant should not be regarded as income. Dividends received for money which is no longer in the owners' hands, which are paid year after year to men who do nothing to earn them, should be taxed. They constitute real income. We should also have a heavy legacy tax. These arrangements would enable us to tax the income from bonds of every kind and class."

"Great accumulations of property in a few hands caused the downfall of Rome, and are now the worst curse of England. How soon the people may see these things, and assert their rights, nobody can tell, but all these reforms must come in time. There will probably be a great deal of trouble before the people open their eyes and take possession of their rights. At present the country is not proceeding or acting upon any rational system or method; we are merely stumbling, and tumbling, and wallowing along."

"What can be done to give the people greater advantages in connection with journalism?"

"We hope for electrical printing; for such advancements in science and invention, and such improvements in machinery, as will make printing so cheap that everybody can enjoy the advantages and opportunities which are now the exclusive possession of the very rich. There is no limit to what science may do for us. The earth is made for man, and all the powers and elements of nature are for his use and benefit. There is abundant provision for all human wants, if nature's rich gifts are not monopolized by the few to the exclusion and injury of the many."

"Are there some good and honest men who oppose you and your doctrines?"

"Oh, yes. The cultivated men do

not believe in the people. We do. We trust the people. We think this country belongs to the people, and that they have a right to govern it. The Harvard men think we would ruin the country, but we only want the people to have what belongs to them."

"But would not your doctrines open the way to frequent and radical changes of our system of government, and thus imperil some things which are of great importance, — some things which are essential to our free institutions and our national life?"

"The very essence and object of our system of government, as the fathers established it, is that the people shall govern, and shall make any changes which in practice or experience they may see to be necessary."

Having thus reported the opinions of my fellow-citizens as fully as possible in the form in which they were expressed in conversation, I wish to add some account of the impressions made upon me by the persons themselves. About the time of the close of our great civil war, or a little before, I had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with ideas and sentiments closely resembling those which are here described; and since that time it has seemed worth while to study these tendencies and products of the intellectual life of our country directly, to converse with men of all classes and conditions of life who hold these opinions, in order really to know what they believe and seek, and upon what grounds they hold such convictions and cherish such aims. I have not adopted the judgment of their enemies, or that of their friends, in regard to the doctrines or the character of these men, but have sought to obtain first their own account of their principles.

I think these men are, as a class, thoroughly sincere in their opinions and sentiments regarding political subjects. They honestly believe what they profess, upon grounds which to them appear reasonable and sufficient. They manifest greater earnestness, or intensity of conviction, than is exhibited at present by the members of the other

political parties of the country. This may result naturally from the fact that their party has never been in power, and that they are in consequence free from responsibility for the mistakes and evils of the time. They are likely to gain more and lose less than others by a frank avowal of their aims, even by the bold profession of doctrines which are generally regarded as extreme and dangerous. It is commonly remarked that both the old political parties are now somewhat wanting in earnestness, or strength of conviction, in regard to some important political doctrines. This is natural, and in a way inevitable, because both parties are maneuvering for position for the opening of the canvass preceding the next national elections. Probably the party managers do not greatly care upon what ground the contest is waged, if they can, at the beginning of the fray, secure advantages which will give them hope of "breaking the enemy's line, and throwing his forces into confusion." They do not, on either side, quite believe the dreadful things they have been saying of their adversaries. What I wish here to point out is that, while this maneuvering and the want of moral earnestness which it reveals are, under the circumstances, inevitable, and required by the necessities of political warfare, such tactics have certain disadvantages and embarrassments connected with them, from which our friends of the third party are entirely free. Boldness and frankness are elements of power in their appeal to the people. These men have more of sentiment than any other political class, and can more readily and successfully appeal to "the great American ideas of freedom and the rights of man." They are the natural heirs of some of the heroic elements and influences which formerly belonged to the attitude of the antislavery people. Upon examination this will be found a matter of considerable practical importance. I think that our fellow-citizens of this class may be said to be characterized by amiable and generous qualities. They are usually possessed of benevolent dispositions and

strong sympathies. They all hold extremely hopeful and optimistic views of human nature, and sincerely believe that the common people are sages, saints, and heroes.

As to their thought or doctrines, these friends of ours have remarkably clear and definite ideas in regard to the objects of their efforts, and the means by which they expect to attain them. They believe that nature has provided abundantly for the wants of all her children, that the earth rightly belongs to the people, and that if men were not wrongfully deprived of their heritage all would live in comfort. Happiness is the object of human life. Man has a natural right to happiness, but the masses are robbed of their rights by the misrule and oppression of the few. They believe that excessive toil is one of the chief causes of unhappiness among the people, and they intend to shorten the hours of toil. They think that the labor of the common people is inadequately paid, and that the capitalist receives far too large a proportion of the profits of labor, and they intend to transfer a considerable proportion of these profits to the laborer himself. They believe that unhappiness and pain, weariness and poverty, can be in a very great measure abolished, and they mean to accomplish this by reorganizing society under the rule of the common people. They think it entirely right to change all constitutional provisions or other features of our system of government which are found to obstruct the will of the people, and that such changes should be made as often as the people may think it necessary, and in such ways as the people may prefer.

These friends of ours believe that the people, as they are, are capable of governing rightly and wisely, and that if they had the power in their hands their rule would always be just and beneficent. They think the notion that there is anything very difficult in the science of government or its practical administration, which requires peculiar wisdom, or culture superior to that possessed by the mass of the people, is a fiction, an invention of the oppressors of the people,

by which they seek to strengthen their wrongful rule over the masses. They hold that "the hearts of the people are always right;" that the people love justice with a passionate and enthusiastic worship, that they are superior to all such unworthy and injurious passions as revenge, greed, envy, and selfishness, and that they are as wise as they are good; that the best dreams and ideals of poets and prophets are realized in the character of the common people of our country.

In conversing with my countrymen who cherish these sentiments and opinions, I am constantly reminded of Rousseau. Their ideas, and even their phrases and forms of expression, are often identical with his. I quote a few sentences from the *Emilius* (Nugent's translation, London, 1763):—

"Conscience affords greater light than all the philosophers; we have no occasion to read Cicero's *Offices* in order to learn to be honest." (Vol. ii. p. 271.)

"It is evident to the last degree that the learned societies of Europe are no more than public schools of falsehood; and there are certainly more errors propagated by the members of the Academy of Sciences than are to be found among a whole nation of savages." (Vol. i. p. 304.)

"It is in vain that we aspire at liberty under the protection of the laws. Laws! Where are they? And where are they respected? Wherever you have directed your steps, you have seen concealed under this sacred name nothing but self-interest and human passions. But the eternal laws of nature and of order are still in being. They supply the place of positive laws in the eye of the man of prudence; they are written in the inmost recess of his heart by the hands of reason and conscience; it is to these he ought to submit in order to be free." (Vol. ii. p. 392.)

"It is the common people that constitute the bulk of mankind; the rest above that order are so few in number that they are not worth our consideration." (Vol. i. p. 339.)

"You should therefore respect your

species: remember that it is essentially composed of the common people; that if all the kings and philosophers were to be taken away, they would not be missed, and affairs would be conducted as well without them." (Vol. i. p. 341.)

"Were we to divide all human science into two parts, one common to the generality of mankind, the other particular to the learned, the latter would be very trifling compared to the former." (Vol. i. p. 48.)

It is not probable that these resemblances of thought and language proceed from familiarity on the part of my friends with the writings of Rousseau. Few of them, I suppose, have read anything from his pen. Such thoughts and ideas have arisen naturally in their minds, as they did in his. These opinions and beliefs regarding the political and social interests and relations of mankind have been produced or developed here anew by the conditions of our national life. If we consider the circumstances of our people, their education and experience, and the natural and necessary effect of democracy, or the universal suffrage arrangement of society, I think we must expect a general development of such doctrines among the masses, and that the influence of these tendencies may possibly become so wide-spread and potent as to subject our system of government and the structure of society in this country to a very considerable strain. We shall not understand the causes, direction, or power of these ideas while we regard their development and career among us as accidental or anomalous. Their appearance and growth result from causes adequate to produce them. The phenomena attending their operation are not likely to be so transitory as to make examination difficult. We shall probably have time to study them.

Our friends appear to think that men of wealth and culture are of a nature essentially different from that of "the people." They always speak of them as belonging to a different class, and as being inspired by motives, passions, and principles entirely unlike those of the people. They think that the circum-

stances and position of men of property and culture, and the effect of the system of social and political organization under which they have so much power, necessarily make them selfish, grasping, unjust, and oppressive. They are convinced that there is no reason to hope for the improvement of society while the men of wealth and culture retain control, and are therefore determined to displace them. I am obliged to say that, while our fellow-citizens thus condemn culture, many of them have about as much of what now goes by that name as is possessed by most of those who belong to the "cultivated classes." So in regard to their ideas of wealth: they think it dangerous under the existing system and order of things, — likely to produce extreme selfishness, and alienation from the cause and interests of the people; yet some of them are themselves capitalists, and possess the means of enjoying what they denounce as luxury when it is exhibited by those who are not "of the people."

It is curious and interesting to note the frequent resemblances between the doctrines which I am now examining and the fundamental ideas and assumptions of much of the best literature which our country has produced. That part of our national literature which contains the direct expression of opinions in regard to the nature of man, the principles of social and political order, the genius of our institutions, and the true meaning and mission of America is almost all intensely optimistic, and it supplies great store of maxims and arguments of the highest dignity and respectability, which would serve as most convenient weapons in the hands of our friends against many features of the existing order of things.

One of the most important and characteristic elements of influence in the movement which I am describing is to be found in the ideas regarding science which are held by this class of our people, and propagated by their teachers. They expect a millennium of universal plenty and happiness, a golden age, under the dominion of science. No imaginable invention for producing food,

dispensing with labor, or creating wealth appears to them impossible. If a great inventor should announce that he had discovered a method by which he could evolve from a pail of water power sufficient to drive a freight-train from New York to San Francisco, or that by establishing connections between the opposite corners of a square league of desert and the poles of a powerful electrical battery he could in a few hours change the barren sands to soil of matchless fertility, many of these friends of ours would say, truthfully, that they had long expected such achievements. Their faith in "positive and negative electricity" would scarcely be staggered by any possible story of miraculous power or performance. They know of no reason why anything which they would like to have done for them should not be accomplished by means of this wonderful natural force; or, indeed, why any human want should remain unsupplied. Their ideas and methods of thought in regard to science, and the expectations which they cherish respecting the deliverance of mankind from the necessity of toil by means of scientific invention and discovery, are becoming important factors in our political and social conditions.

I have observed that the men in comfortable circumstances, who hold these doctrines, usually appear to feel but little personal enmity or bitterness against the classes whom they denounce. They say it is the system which is to be condemned, rather than the persons who sustain or administer it. But many of the poorer men and laborers seem to feel a degree of exultation in the prospect of the overthrow of the classes who, as they declare, have so long oppressed the people. All classes of believers in these doctrines are convinced that if the people are much longer thwarted and oppressed; if the ballot, which would enable them to right all their wrongs by peaceful means, is kept out of their hands, or its effect neutralized by the machinations of the money power, then the masses will rise in their might, and crush at once the system which is the source of their adversity. Most of them

appear to feel a kind of sadness in view of the terrible suffering that may necessarily precede the coronation of the people, but they think it is all fated and inevitable. This mood, now becoming so common, is one in which many things are possible.

I see nothing to prevent the rise of a leader of this class, — of a man who, despising culture, shall possess as much of it as most of his antagonists, and, while denouncing wealth as the chief source of danger to the liberties of the people, shall himself be rich; who, holding these political and social doctrines in sincerity, shall advocate them with enthusiasm. If such a man should appear, and should add to these means of influence the potency of attractive social qualities, great kindness of heart, readiness of resource, commanding eloquence, and a stainless personal character, it may be that under such circumstances these ideas would attract more serious attention than they have yet received from our teachers and leaders.

Some of the opinions and sentiments here described appear to me erroneous and untrustworthy. The fundamental doctrine of the divine right of the people, for instance, as taught by our friends, is but the old doctrine of the divine right of kings in a new form. Its essence is unchanged. Under the new conditions of national life which accompany democracy, or result from it, the doctrine means the divine right of the majority. And as the believers in the divinely appointed rule of kings hold that the king can do no wrong, we are witnessing the development, under democratic forms of government, of the doctrine that the people — that is, the majority — can do no wrong; that the people are always unselfish, patriotic, and incorruptible, and possessed of wisdom adequate for every emergency, rendering injustice and serious error impossible under their sway. Now this doctrine of the divine right of a ruling class, and its supernatural equipment with all needed virtues, is a crude and barbarous conception, belonging naturally to the prehistoric or savage condi-

tions of society under which it had its rise and development. It does not appear to have been improved by presenting it in its modern form, in association with democracy, nor can I learn that any new reasons or arguments have been brought forward in its support.

If this doctrine is true, then in a state composed of one million citizens, divided into two parties by their political opinions, five hundred and ten thousand men might constitute the party of the people. They would of course be in the utmost degree wise and just, and the four hundred and ninety thousand opposed to them would be unwise, and misled by dangerous error, if they were not selfish and corrupt. If the people are wise and right, those opposed to them must be foolish and wrong. But as a matter of fact it frequently happens that the foolish minority is able to convince and win over a small portion of the majority; and then the minority, without any change of principles, character, or aims, itself becomes the divinely authorized majority. That is, those who were last year the enemies of the people are now, though cherishing the same purposes which so recently made them dangerous enemies to liberty, themselves the people, and the only true friends of freedom. At the same time, some hundreds of thousands of men, who were last year members of the wise and virtuous majority, though still battling as earnestly as ever in support of the ideas which were then the perfection of wisdom and virtue, now constitute a deluded minority, and are the only "enemies of the people." No, friends, majorities are often wrong. The people are sometimes in error in regard to very important practical matters. They are sometimes ill informed and influenced by prejudice and passion, and are consequently unjust. There was a time when the people believed that the sun went around the earth every day. It is most probable that for ages the whole human race believed human sacrifices to be right. If the people are right today, they must often have been wrong in the past, for they have changed their

beliefs again and again under the influence of advancing culture. Though they may be wiser than ever before, there is nothing to support the assumption that they have become infallible. The theory that the dominion of the people will secure mankind against all dangerous error, and abolish the evils which now afflict society and imperil civilization, is a convenient fiction.

Is it true that "any ten thousand men always know more than any one man"? If one man were instructed in navigation, would he not know more about it than ten thousand men who had never seen a boat, or water enough to float it? A similar question might be asked in regard to the art of printing, the science of chemistry, the profession of law, and many other things. Does not any one man who can speak, write, and teach the German language correctly know more about it than any million of men who have never heard or seen a word of it? The art of government, of organizing the life of a nation and administering its affairs, is not the simple and easy task which our friends assume it to be; it must rather be one of the most complex and difficult of human achievements. To persuade the persons who are intrusted with the government of a country like ours that their work requires no serious preparation or sense of responsibility is to propagate a most dangerous delusion.

Our friends regard the production and perpetuation of wealth as being due almost entirely to labor. They often say that laboring men — as distinct from the class of capitalists and cultivated people — have created the wealth of the country, and it is sometimes added that it justly belongs to them. The working people do not generally understand how much the production and existence of wealth depend upon other elements than mere muscular exertion. They do not appreciate the part which is performed by cultivated men and capitalists in organizing and equipping business enterprises, in adapting production to the markets of the world, and in so directing the labor of multitudes of men and the

use of costly machinery as not to impair the capital invested. They do not even understand clearly that the destruction of capital ruins the laborers of the country by destroying the business which gives them employment. Many laborers think they are in some way benefited by all the losses sustained by capitalists. Wealth is not so stable or permanent as our friends believe. It is of a sensitive nature, and does not bear rough handling. It is easy to destroy the value of any kind of property or investment by injurious legislation or mischievous municipal administration. But many men believe that by means of legislation "in the interests of labor," and by severe taxation, most of the wealth now in the possession of rich men and corporations can be transferred, without impairment, to the hands of the working people. I think the actual result, if their plans could be carried out, would be the gradual annihilation and expulsion of the wealth of the country. There would no longer be any disparity of conditions between rich and poor, because all would be poor alike. Our organized industries would be destroyed. All machinery which requires the coöperation of many laborers would be disused, and we should be obliged to return to the conditions and methods of life of the days before the introduction of improved labor-saving machinery, when the people of our country depended almost wholly upon agriculture and such manufactures as could be carried on in their homes. The world's wealth will not be perpetuated or reproduced if the essential conditions under which it has been created are destroyed.

Might does not make right or justice on the side of the people, any more than on that of the tyrannical few who are regarded as their oppressors. Excessive taxation is robbery, though the guilt and dishonor of it may be distributed among millions of voters. When the people make a law which compels the capitalists of a city to deliver up their wealth at the doors of the city treasury, for distribution among the laborers of the municipality, in the form of unnecessary and dishonest appropriations for im-

provements, the act is not more honest because committed by the people under the forms of law. It is not wise to teach the people of our country that nothing in their political action can be wrong or unjust; that robbery and injustice are to be accounted right when perpetrated by the majority by means of the ballot.

The beliefs of our friends regarding nature or providence, and the attainable objects and ideals of human life, are natural in the earlier stages of mental and social development. They are the products of subjective conditions, of what people call their own intuitions. Strong and passionate desires, unchastened by reason or experience, are regarded as evidence that whatever they crave has been specially created for their gratification. It is held that "men have a right to be happy, have a right to the possession of whatever will satisfy their nature." Here, again, our friends are in error in regarding the order of human life, or the system of universal being, as something extremely simple and transparent. It is not so easily explicable. We are of such a nature that we want many things, but I cannot find that there is any provision or arrangement in the order or laws of nature for our having whatever we want. Much of the popular teaching about the wise and beneficent adaptation of everything to everything else in the universe, the relation between all natural wants and the means for satisfying them, and the wonderful economies of nature rendering waste and failure impossible in her domain is pure assumption, and will not bear examination. We do not really know so much about these matters as many people suppose. Whether we talk of the bounty of nature or the wisdom and goodness of God, the difficulties are the same. The subject is too deep for us. It is pleasant and comfortable to believe that everything is made for our happiness, and that the universe is pervaded and controlled by a wise and omnipotent tenderness. But as a matter of experience and fact, there is measureless pain in the world, failure and cruelty, hideous and uncompensated

wrong and suffering. Life is a stern, hard service, and the wisest and noblest have learned to think little about happiness, and to give their strength to the work of the day, because "the night cometh, when no man can work." I have myself tried living for happiness, and have found that the effort, even when successful, tends to disintegration and chaos. My observation of the lives of others convinces me that these doctrines which lead men to feel that they have a right to be happy, and that they are wronged and oppressed unless they have everything they want, are the result of defective analysis. The people who hold this philosophy of life are sincere, but their thinking is erroneous. It does not follow that we are to make no effort for the deliverance of mankind from injustice and oppression. To right what is wrong, and improve the conditions of human life, is the noblest work to which we can give our hearts in this world. But our friends of whom I am now writing fail in large measure, and injure their own work, because they have not given sufficient attention or patience to the endeavor to understand the difficulties that lie in our way. It is not so easy as they think to know what are the best means for bringing about the changes which all good men should desire to see accomplished. Our friends especially need more knowledge, in order to be able to discriminate truly between objects that are really desirable and attainable and those which human passion naturally craves in its early, "unchartered freedom," but which are either impossible of attainment, or of a nature to cause injury and loss when attained.

This brings me to the error of our friends in rejecting and denouncing culture. They might do good by exposing what is crude, superficial, and impractical in what goes by the name of culture, and by expressing their sense of the need of something better. If the working people would thoughtfully try to understand what is defective in the education of their class, and would give their countrymen their judgment regarding what is most needed for the equipment of their

own children for their place and work in life, it would be a valuable service. If the state undertakes the education of the children of the people, as it does in this country, I think the workingmen have a right to claim for their children the best education the state can give; that is, such an education as will in the largest measure possible fit them for the work and experience of their life. The people of our country, without exception or distinction of classes, need more knowledge and better education. The people of wealth and culture have much to learn and to do. They do not yet understand how insecure is their own position. They have little real knowledge of the new conditions of society in this country. The people of whom I have here written are not wholly wrong. They have some measure of truth and right on their side, some reason for discontent. Our politics are deficient in patriotism, and our partisan leaders have too little interest in the welfare and guidance of the people. The people of wealth and culture need a closer acquaintance and association with the working people and the poor. They generally lack something of the fraternal spirit which they should feel, but they are especially wanting in the manifestation or expression of such kindly and fraternal feelings as they really have in their hearts. The workingmen misapprehend the people of wealth and culture. There is, indeed, mutual misapprehension and want of acquaintance between the working people and their employers. If the opinions of the masses are wrong and their aims impracticable, it is worth while to do far more than has yet been done in this country to show them how they are wrong, and to teach them whatever fundamental principles are available for their guidance. There is too much impatience shown by many of our writers and leaders because the masses do not learn more rapidly, are so persistently wrong-headed, etc. What is the value, after all, of the culture which qualifies us to dispute learnedly regarding the chief social and political tendencies of the people of ancient Greece and Rome

at every period of their history, but does not equip us for any real study of the life of our own time and country, nor enable us to understand the growth of destructive tendencies in the society of which we are members? It is most mischievous to assume, as is constantly done on both sides, that some of the different classes of our people are already so completely separate and distinct that it is next to impossible for them to understand or influence one another. It is the assumption of those who are too indolent to study the facts of our condition. The cultivated people have not yet made a tithe of the effort to teach the working classes which is necessary to prove whether they can be taught or not. There is great unteachableness, not only among the working people, but in the cultivated classes; yet no large class in this country is hopelessly inaccessible to teaching, or insusceptible of guidance. (Could not something be done in the way of increased publicity on the part of their managers regarding the essential features, methods, and conditions of the great business and manufacturing enterprises of the country, so that workmen could better understand the justice and necessity of the course of action pursued by their employers?)

It is somewhat strange and ominous that so many cultivated people should insist, apparently with a degree of pride, that they are themselves incapable of addressing the working people so as to be understood by them; that they have no power to establish such relations with them as would enable them to influence their opinions. When, a few months ago, I suggested — with other measures for producing a better understanding between the different classes in our country — the publication, by those who believe in property and in culture, of small, low-priced newspapers for circulation among workmen, there were emphatic protests from prominent journalists, who assured me that a newspaper dealing with the life and wants of operatives, if edited by capitalists, manufacturers, and cultivated people, would certainly fail of influence among the class whom

it would be designed to benefit, for the reason that their inevitable aversion to everything bearing the stamp of capital would strangle the well-meant enterprise at its birth. This indicates want of acquaintance, on the part of such writers, with the feelings, spirit, and character of our working people. There is not yet any such incurable alienation and hostility between the workmen and their employers, the capitalists of the country. There is much misunderstanding, and some of the facts of our condition are gravely unfavorable; but they do not by any means sustain the despairing conclusion that no direct effort to enlighten and convince the workmen would be of any avail. My own opinion is that the workmen are, as a class, quite as accessible to teaching or enlightenment as our cultivated optimists.

In endeavoring to understand the spread of false and hurtful ideas among the workmen, we observe, first, that these beliefs arise naturally and legitimately in many minds under such conditions as have prevailed here during the last eighteen years. In the next place, we should recognize the fact that many persons have devoted themselves with remarkable zeal, energy, and success to the propagation and inculcation of these opinions and sentiments. The chief remaining feature in the matter is the entire absence of corresponding or adequate activity on the part of those who should feel most interest in preserving and extending whatever is valuable in the results of our civilization. In this inaction, this want of coöperation and of direct effort for the propagation of their own convictions, on the part of those who believe in property and culture, and in the value and necessity of constitutional government, is the chief source of danger for our country. All these interests are seriously imperiled, not alone by the ideas of the working class, but by the general operation of disintegrating influences in our society, and by the want of better training and principles, and higher character, among all classes of our population. The dainty and querulous tone of many who should be among

the teachers and leaders of our time shows that the disorganizing influences of the age are already affecting the cultivated classes, and diminishing our national vitality.

There is great need of wise and effective resistance to the attack upon constitutional government. Most of our people need a better understanding of the necessity of some accepted principles and system of national organization and administration, which shall not be subject to change at every election. Some of the strongest tendencies of the time lead in the direction of the absolute empire of the majority, without restriction or limitation from any source whatever, — the rule of the caprice of the hour, and the entire repudiation of all precedents, pledges, charters, and constitutional regulations and provisions. We have adopted universal suffrage to begin with, and now we must prepare for it afterward. The essential and distinguishing feature of our system is that it is government by the people. But the mere adoption of this system of government does not confer upon the people the wisdom which they need for its administration. That must be obtained by other means. Our system was not devised by its founders to introduce and maintain the absolute and tyrannical rule of mere majorities, though this view of its purpose and character is now urged with great vehemence. It was meant that changes in our political methods should be made slowly, and that they should not extend so far as to destroy the organic character of the national government.

If the people who do not approve the doctrines I have here described are in

earnest, it is necessary that they should learn to address the masses. Those who believe that property and culture are essential to our civilization must present their case. They and their interests are on trial, and it is time for them to plead the cause of what they most value. It is not a matter of extreme difficulty. Surely our cultivated men should be able to speak intelligibly to the whole nation and to every class it contains. To admit that capitalists and cultivated men cannot gain the attention and confidence of the workingmen implies distrust of the justice and reasonableness of the principles and position of the conservative class. Americans who feel that their cause is a righteous one should not fear to speak for it before their own countrymen. I have had considerable experience in writing for the working people to read, and have found that they can understand plain speaking and sincerity. If I had the money required for such an enterprise, I should at once proceed to establish such a newspaper as I have recommended. What we most need cannot be accomplished by ordinary political journalism, though political parties are necessary and useful. The need of the time is the education of the people in the principles and duties of American citizenship and fraternity. I have not attempted a complete examination of these subjects, — that is a work for the people of our country; but I have hoped to bring about a more general and thorough discussion of these questions of the time. I am not devoted to any particular plans or measures for improvement. I should be glad to see each of my suggestions set aside for something better.

ON LYNN TERRACE.

(1879.)

ALL day to watch the blue wave curl and break,
All night to hear it plunging on the shore, —
In this sea-dream such draughts of life I take,
I cannot ask for more.

Behind me lie the idle life and vain,
The task unfinished, and the weary hours;
That long wave bears me softly back to Spain
And the Alhambra's towers!

Once more I halt in Andalusian pass,
To list the mule-bells jingling on the height;
Below, against the dull esparto grass,
The almonds glimmer white.

Huge gateways, wrinkled, with rich grays and browns,
Invite my fancy, and I wander through
The gable-shadowed, zigzag streets of towns
The world's first sailors knew.

Or, if I will, from out this thin sea-haze
Low-lying cliffs of lovely Calais rise;
Or yonder, with the pomp of olden days,
Venice salutes my eyes.

Or some gaunt castle lures me up its stair;
I see, far off, the red-tiled hamlets shine,
And catch, through slits of windows here and there,
Blue glimpses of the Rhine.

And now I linger in green English lanes,
By garden-plots of rose and heliotrope;
And now I face the sudden pelting rains
On some lone Alpine slope.

Now at Tangier, among the packed bazaars,
I saunter, and the merchants at the doors
Smile, and entice me: here are jewels like stars,
And curved knives of the Moors;

Cloths of Damascus, strings of amber dates;
What would Howadji . . . silver, gold, or stone?
Prone on the sun-scorched plain outside the gates
The camels make their moan.

All this is mine, as I lie dreaming here,
High on the windy terrace, day by day;
And mine the children's laughter, sweet and clear,
Ringing across the bay.

For me the clouds; the ships sail by for me;
For me the petulant sea-gull takes its flight;
And mine the tender moonrise on the sea,
And hollow caves of night!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

BURNS AND SCOTCH SONG BEFORE HIM.

LYRICAL poetry is poetry in its intensest and purest essence. Other forms of poetry may be greater, more intellectual, — may combine elements more numerous and diverse, and demand more varied powers for their production; but no other kind contains within the same compass so much of the true poetic ore, of that simple and vivid essence which to all true poetry is the breath of life.

For what is it that is the primal source, the earliest impulse, out of which all true poetry in the past has sprung, out of which alone it ever can spring? Is it not the descent upon the soul, or the flashing up from its inmost depths, of some thought, sentiment, emotion, which possesses it, fills it, kindles it, as we say inspires it? It may be some new truth, which the poet has been the first to discern. It may be some world-old truth, borne in on his soul so vividly that he seems to have been the first man who has ever seen it. New to him, as if no other eye had ever seen it, the light of it makes all it touches new. In remote times, before poetry had molded for itself settled forms, it could only be some impulse torrent strong, some fountain of thought bursting from the deepest and freshest seats of the soul, that could cleave for itself channels of utterance. In later times, when a poetic language had been framed, poetic forms stereotyped, and poetry had become an art, or even a literary trade, a far feeblér impulse might borrow these forms and express itself poetically. But originally it was not so. In primitive times, as Ewald says, it was only the marvelous, overmastering power, the irresistible impulse of some quite new and creative thought, which, descending upon a man, could become within him the spirit and impelling force of poetry.

To our modern ears all this sounds unreal, — a thing you read of in æsthetic books, but never meet with in actual life. Our civilization, with its stereotyped ways

and smooth conventionalities, has done so much to repress strong feeling, above all English reserve so peremptorily forbids all exhibition of it, even when most genuine, that if any are visited by it they must learn to keep it to themselves, and be content to know "the lonely rapture of lonely minds." And yet even in this century of ours such things have been possible.

A modern poet, whose own experience and productions have fully exemplified his words, has told us, "A man cannot say, I will write poetry;" the greatest poet cannot say it, for the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some irresistible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness. This power arises from within, like the color of a flower which dims and changes as it is developed, and the conscious portions of our nature are unprophectic either of its approach or of its departure.

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. This, if in a measure true of all poetry, is especially descriptive of lyrical poetry.

The thought, sentiment, situation, which shall lay hold of the soul with the intense force I have spoken of, and rise to the highest elevation, must be single, solitary. Other thoughts may attach themselves to the ruling one, and contribute to body it forth, but these are merely accessory and subordinate. One ruling paramount thought or emotion there must be, if the mind is to rise to its highest elevation, to be kindled and concentrated into its warmest glow. And what we call a lyric poem is the adequate and consummate expression of some supreme moment, some one such rapturous mood. Single we said the inspiring mood must be, — whole, unmingled, all-absorbing. When a mood of mind, a thought, a sentiment, or an emotion, or a situation or an incident possessing these characters, has filled, overmastered,

the singer's soul, then the vehicle most fitted to express it is the form of words which we call lyrical or musical.

When and how the adequate utterance of the inward visitation comes is an interesting question, which, however, need not detain us now. There may have been instances in which the poet, in the first flush of emotion, projected it into language perfect and complete. This, however, I should believe, is but rare, and only when the faculty of poetic utterance has been trained to the finest. Far more often, I should believe, a few burning words, a line here and there, have sprung to life in the first moment of excitement, and then have remained in the mind as the keynotes, till afterwards the propitious hour arrives which shall round off the whole thought into perfect language. Other instances there are in which the profound impressions have come and gone, and found no words at the time, but lain long dumb within, till, retouched in some happy moment by memory and imagination, they have taken to themselves wings, and bodied themselves forever in language adequate to their original brightness. This it is of which Wordsworth speaks when he calls poetry "emotion remembered in tranquillity." It is seen exemplified in his own best lyrics, many of which were no doubt born in this way; preëminently is it seen in that master ode of his on *Intimations of Immortality*. And if those moments of remembered fervor, seen through the atmosphere of memory, lose something of their original intensity, they win instead a pensive and spiritual light, which forms I know not how much of their charm.

But however and whenever the one inspiring impulse finds words to embody it, one thing is certain, — that embodiment must be in language which has in it rhythm and melody. The expression must be musical, and for this reason. There is a strange kinship between inward fervor of emotion and outward melody of voice. When one overmastering impulse entirely fills the soul, there is a heaving of emotion within which is in its nature rhythmical, — is indeed music,

though unuttered music. And when this passes outward into expression, it of necessity seeks to embody itself in some form of words which shall be musical, the outward melody of language answering to the already rhythmical and musical volume of feeling that is billowing within. We see this in the fact that whenever any one is more than usually moved the excitement, passing outward, changes the tones of his voice, and makes them musical. Lyrical poetry is but the concentrating into regular form and carrying to a higher power this natural propensity.

To make the perfect lyric two things must conspire: more than usual depth, intensity, and tenderness in the original emotion, and a corresponding mastery over language to give it fitting utterance. The light that flashes up in the first creative moment must be so vivid and penetrating that it fills and illumines every syllable of the language, even as the light of the setting sun fills the cloud and transfigures it into its own brightness. When this depth and tenderness of susceptibility meet with perfect power of expression, we have the great lyric poems of the world. When such a creation has been accomplished, we have, as I have already said, the largest amount of the true poetic essence condensed within the smallest compass, and projected in the directest form and with the most thrilling power of which human language is capable.

Lyric poems are in a special way the creation of youth and the delight of age. Longer poems, the epic, the tragedy, demand more varied and maturer powers, and have generally been composed by men who have reached middle life. The intense glow, the tumultuous rush of feeling, which are the essence of the song belong preëminently to youth, and can seldom in their first freshness be perpetuated even in those who have carried the boy's heart furthest into manhood.

The wear and tear of life and the continual sight of mortality pressing home cool down the most ardent glow and abate the strongest impulse. Hence it is that most of the greatest lyrists have done

their pipings before forty; many have ceased to sing even earlier. The songs or lyric poems composed in mature life are mainly such as those which Wordsworth speaks of, — products of emotion remembered in tranquillity. These no doubt have a charm of their own, in which the fervor of early feeling is tempered and mellowed by the ripeness of age.

In the sequel I shall try to illustrate one of the many possible kinds of lyrics. There is an obvious division of lyrics suggested by a passage which I recently read in the literary studies of the late Mr. Walter Bagehot. That very able man, who was long known chiefly as an original writer on political economy, seems to have been even more at home in the deepest problems of metaphysics and the finest shades of poetic feeling than when discussing the doctrine of rent or the currency. Speaking of lyric poetry, he says, "That species of art may be divided roughly into the human and the abstract. The sphere of the former is of course the actual life, passions, and actions of real men. In early ages there is no subject for art but natural life and primitive passion. At a later time, when from the deposit of the *debris* of a hundred philosophies a large number of half-personified abstractions are part of the familiar thoughts and language of all mankind, there are new objects to excite the feelings, — we might even say there are new feelings to be excited; the rough substance of original passion is sublimated and attenuated, till we hardly recognize its identity." Out of this last state of feeling comes the abstract, or I may call it the intellectual lyric. I propose to dwell on the former of these two kinds.

There is a very general impression, especially in England, that Burns created Scottish song, and that all that is valuable in it is his work. Instead of saying that Burns created Scottish song, it would be more true to say that Scottish song created Burns, and that in him it culminated. He was born at a happy hour for a national songster, with a great background of song centuries old

behind him, and breathing from his childhood a very atmosphere of melody. From the earliest times the Scotch have been a song-loving people, meaning by song both the tunes, or airs, and words. This is not the side which the Scotchman turns to the world, when he goes abroad into it to push his fortune. We all know the character that passes current as that of the typical Scot, — sandy-haired, hard-featured, clannish to his countrymen, shrewd, cautious, self-seeking, self-reliant, persevering, unsympathetic to strangers, difficult to drive a bargain with, impossible to circumvent. The last thing a stranger would credit him with would be the love of song. Yet when that hard, calculating trader has retired from the 'change or the market-place to his own fireside, perhaps the things he loves best, almost as much as his dividends, will be those simple national melodies he has known from his childhood. Till a very recent time the whole air of Scotland, among the country people, was redolent of song. You heard the milkmaid singing some old chant, as she milked the cows in field or byre; the housewife went about her work, or span at her wheel, with a lilt upon her lips. In the Highland glen you might hear some solitary reaper singing like her whom Wordsworth has immortalized; in the Lowland harvest field, now one, now another, of the reapers taking up an old-world melody, and then the whole band breaking out into some well-known chorus. The plowman, too, in winter, as he turned over the lea furrows, beguiled the time by humming or whistling a tune; even the weaver, as he clashed his shuttle between the threads, mellowed the harsh sound with a song. In former days song was the great amusement of the peasantry, as they of a winter night met for a hamlet-gathering by each other's firesides. This was the usage in Scotland for centuries, and I am not sure that the radical newspaper which has superseded it is an improvement.

In general it may be said that the airs of melodies are older than the words: almost all the tunes have had at least two sets of words, an earlier and a later; many

of them have outlived more. There is much rather vague discussion as to the source from which the Scottish national tunes came. Some writers would refer them to James I., of whom we are told that he "invented a new, melancholy, and plaintive style of music, different from all others." Some would trace them to the old Celtic music, which has infiltrated itself unawares from the Highlands into the Scottish Lowlands, and it cannot be doubted that to this source we owe some of our finest melodies. Others would make the Lowland music a Scandinavian rather than a Celtic immigration. Others, with not a little probability, have found a chief origin of it in the plain-song, Gregorian chants, or other sacred tunes of the mediæval church, still clinging to the hearts and memories of the people after they had been banished from the churches. Whatever may have been their origin, these old airs or melodies, which have been sung by so many generations, are full of character, and have a marked individuality of their own. They are simple, yet strong, wild, yet sweet, answering wonderfully to the heart's primary emotions, lending themselves alike to sadness or gayety, humor, drollery, or pathos, manly independence and resolve or heart-broken lamentation. What musical peculiarities distinguish them I cannot say, knowing nothing of music but only the delight it gives. If any one cares to know what the musical characteristics of Scotch music are, I would refer him to a publication called *The Thistle*, which is now being brought out by Mr. Colin Brown, of Glasgow. In that miscellany of Scottish song there is a disquisition on the nature of the national music, which seems to me to make the whole matter more plain and intelligible than any other of the treatises I have met with. But whatever may have been the origin, whatever may be the characteristics, of the Scottish tunes or melodies, the thing to be remembered is that in general the musical airs are older than the words of the songs which we now have, and were in a great measure the inspirers of the words.

About the poetry of the oldest songs,

since I cannot analyze or describe the music, let me say a word or two. It is songs I speak of now, not ballads. For though these two terms are often used indiscriminately, I should wish to keep them distinct. A ballad is a poem which narrates an event in a simple style, noticing the several incidents of it successively as they occurred; not indulging in sentiment or reflection, but conveying whatever sentiment is in it indirectly, in the way the facts are told, rather than by direct expression. A song, on the other hand, contains little or no narrative, tells no facts, or gives only allusively the thinnest possible frame-work of fact with a view to convey some one prevailing sentiment, — one sentiment, one emotion, simple, passionate, unalloyed with intellectualizing or analysis. It is of feeling all compact; the words are translucent with the light of the one all-pervading emotion, the essence of the true song. Mr. Carlyle well describes the true song when he says, "The story, the feeling, is not detailed, but suggested; not said or spouted in rhetorical completeness and coherence, but sung in fitful gushes, in glowing hints, in fantastic breaks, in warblings not of the voice only, but of the whole mind."

As to the history of these songs, it was only in the last century that men began to think them worth collecting, and only in this century that they have sought to trace their age and history. There are few, if any, entire songs of which we can be sure that they existed, in the form in which we now have them, before the Reformation. Snatches and fragments there are of much older date, some as early as the war of independence, when in the days of Robert Bruce the Scotch sang in triumph, —

"Maidens of England
Sore may ye mourne
For your lemmans ye hae lost
At Bannockburn."

James I., that wonderful artist, is said, besides his graver poems, to have composed songs in the vernacular which were sung by the people; but these have perished, or are now unknown. James V. celebrated his adventures among the

peasantry in the somewhat free ballad or song, *The Gaberlunzie Man*.

With the dawn of the eighteenth century, there came in Scotland an awakening, some would say a revival, of literature of various kinds, and among these a taste for the national songs, which had hitherto been almost entirely left to the peasantry. The first symptom of this was the publication in 1796 of Watson's collection of Scotch poems, which contained a number of old songs. But that which marked most decisively the turn of the tide in favor of the old popular songs was the publication by Allan Ramsay of his *Tea Table Miscellany* in 1724. Ramsay was himself a poet and a song writer, and, living in Edinburgh as a book-seller, undertook to supply the upper ranks with the songs which he had heard in his moorland birth-place. The *Tea Table Miscellany* was intended, as its name suggests, to furnish the more polished circles of Edinburgh, at their social meetings, with the best specimens of their national melodies. Through that collection the homely strains which had been born in cottages, and described the manners and feelings of peasants, found their way to the drawing-rooms of the rich and refined.

In this collection honest Allan preserved a good deal of the genuine old ware of our songs, which but for him might have perished. Many old strains he recast after his own taste, substituting for the names of Jock and Jennie Damon and Phyllis, and for sun and moon Phœbus and Cynthia. A great deal was done at this time to spoil the genuine old poetry with importations of a false classicism from Virgil's *Eclogues*, or perhaps from Pope's imitations of these. Much was then irretrievably spoiled; but we may be glad that so much was allowed to escape the touch of the spoilers.

After Ramsay's time the love of Scottish song spread through all ranks in Scotland, and many exquisite melodies, both tune and words, were added to the current stock by distinguished men of the time, and especially by ladies of what Lockhart used to call "fine old

Scotch families." Conspicuous among the lady songstresses stands Lady Grisell Baillie. She was a girl during the troublous times of Charles II. and James II., and died a widow in 1746. By her heroic conduct in preserving the life of her father, the covenanting Earl of Marchmont, she had won the admiration of her countrymen before she was known as a poetess. To the heroic Christian character which she displayed while still a girl she added the accomplishment of song. One of her songs begins, —

"There was ance a may, and she loved na man;"

and it has for a chorus, —

"And were na my heart licht I would die."

The song, excellent in itself, was made more famous by having been quoted by Burns on a well-known occasion in his later days. Lady Grisell was a native of the Borders, and a large proportion of our best songs, as of our ballads, came from the Border land.

Other Border ladies followed her in the path of song, especially Miss Jane Elliot, of Minto, and Miss Rutherford, of Fairnichte, afterwards Mrs. Cockburn, who lived to be, in her old age, a friend of Scott's boyhood. Each of these made herself famous by one immortal song. Miss Elliot, taking up one old line, —

"I've heard the liltin' at our gowe-milkin',"

and a refrain that remained from the lament sung for the warriors of Ettrick Forest who had died at Flodden, —

"The flowers o' the Forest are a wed awa,"

sang it anew in a strain which breathes the finest spirit of antiquity. Miss Rutherford, born herself on the border of Ettrick Forest, took up the same refrain, and adapted it to a more recent calamity which befell in her own time, when many lairds of the Forest were overwhelmed with ruin and swept away. The songs of these three ladies, while they are true to the old spirit and manner of our native minstrelsy, did something toward refining it, by showing of how pure and elevated a sentiment it might be made the vehicle.

These ladies' songs were first made

known, to the world by appearing in a collection of Scottish songs, ancient and modern, published in 1769 by David Herd, a zealous antiquary and collector. After Ramsay's *Miscellany*, this publication of Herd's marks another epoch in the history of Scottish song. Herd preserved many precious relics of the past, which otherwise would have disappeared. He was indefatigable in searching out every scrap that was old and genuine, and his eye to the genuinely antique was far truer than Ramsay's. This, however, may be said: he was so faithful and indiscriminate in his zeal for antiquity that, along with the pure ore, he retained much baser metal that might well have been left to perish. Not a few of the songs in his collection are coarse and indecent. As has often been said, if we wish to know what Burns did to purify Scottish song, we have only to compare those which he has left us with many which Herd incorporated in his collection and published not twenty years before Burns appeared.

Scottish song is true pastoral poetry, — the truest pastoral poetry I know. That is, it expresses the lives, thoughts, feelings, manners, incidents, of men and women who were shepherds, peasants, crofters, and small moorland farmers, in the very language and phrases which they used at their firesides. As I have said elsewhere, the productions, many of them, not of book-learned men, but of country people, with country life, cottage characters and incidents, for their subjects, they utter the feelings which poor men have known in the very words and phrases which poor men have used. No wonder the Scottish people love them; for never was the heart of any people more fully rendered in poetry than Scotland's heart in these songs. Like the homely hoddin-gray, formerly the cotter's only wear, warped in woof, they are entirely homespun. The stuff out of which they are composed,

"The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
The warpin o't, the winnin o't,"

is the heart fibre of a stout and hardy peasantry.

Every way you take them, — in author-

ship, in sentiment, in tone, in language, — they are the creation and property of the people. And if educated men and high-born ladies, and even some of Scotland's kings, have added to the store, it was only because they had lived familiarly among the peasantry, felt as they felt, and spoken their language that they were enabled to sing strains that their country's heart would not disown. For the whole character of these melodies, various as they are, is so peculiar and so pronounced that the smallest foreign element introduced, one word out of keeping, grates on the ear and mars the music. Scottish song has both a spirit and a frame-work of its own, within which it rigorously keeps. Into that frame-work, these molds, it is wonderful how much strong and manly thought, how much deep and tender human-heartedness, can be poured. But so entirely unique is the inner spirit, as well as the outward setting, that no one, not even Burns, could stretch it beyond its compass without your being at once aware of a falsetto note. It was the glory of Burns that, taking the old form of Scottish song as his instrument, he was able to elicit from it so much. That Burns was the creator of Scottish song no one would have denied more vehemently than himself. When he appeared, in 1786, as the national poet of his country, the tide of popular taste was running strong in favor of Scottish song. He took up that tide of feeling, or rather he was taken up by it, and he carried it to its height. He was nurtured in a home that was full of song. His mother's memory was stored with old tunes or songs of her country, and she sang them to her eldest boy from his cradle-time all through his boyhood. Amid the multifarious reading of his early years, the book he most prized was an old song book, which he carried with him wherever he went, poring over it, he says, as he drove his cart or walked to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully distinguishing the true, tender, or sublime from affectation and fustian. Thus he learned his song-craft and his critic-craft together. The earliest poem he composed

was in his seventeenth summer, a simple love song in praise of a girl who was his companion as a reaper in the harvest field. The last strain he breathed was from his death-bed, in remembrance of some former affection.

Yet deep as were the love and power of song, the true lyric throb of heart within him, it was not as a lyrist or song writer that he became famous. The first *Kilmarnock* volume, which carried him at once to the height of poetic fame, contained only three songs, and these, though full of promise, perhaps not his best. A song which he addressed to his first love, while he was still young and innocent, before he had composed almost any of his other poems, has a tenderness and delicacy seldom reached in his other love songs, and was the first of his productions which revealed his lyric genius:

"Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town
I sigh'd, and said among them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

"O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut was loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison."

It was during the last eight years of his life that Burns threw his whole genius into song. Many have been the lamentations over this. Scott has expressed his regret that in his later and more evil days Burns was guided by no fixed purpose,—did not gird himself to some great dramatic work, such as he once contemplated. Mr. Carlyle has bewailed that "our son of thunder should have been constrained to pour all the lightning of his genius through the narrow cranny of Scottish song,—the narrowest cranny ever vouchsafed to any son of thunder." We may well regret that his later years were so desultory; we cannot but lament the evil habits to which latterly he yielded; we may allow that the supplying two collections with weekly cargoes of songs

must have "degenerated into a slavish labor, which no genius could support." All this may well be granted, and yet we cannot but feel that Burns was predestined, alike by his own native instinct and by his outward circumstances, to be the great songster of his country,—I may add, of the world. Song was the form of literature which he had drunk in with his mother's milk; it was the only subject which he knew better and had keener insight into than any one else. He had longed from boyhood to shed upon the unknown streams of his native Ayrshire some of the power which generations of minstrels had shed upon Yarrow and Tweed. He tells us in his own vernacular verse that from boyhood he had —

"Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power),
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor old Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a song at least."

He had a compassionate sympathy for the old nameless song makers of his country, lying in their unknown graves, all Scotland over. When he had leisure for a few brief tours, he went to gaze on the places, the names of which were embalmed in their old melodies, to find their birth-places, or look upon the graves where they lie buried, as Wilson beautifully says, in kirkyards that have ceased to exist and returned to the wilderness. The molds which those old singers had bequeathed him, the channels they had dug, Burns gladly accepted, and into these he poured all the fervor of his large and melodious heart. He perceived how great capabilities lay in the old vernacular Lowland dialect, and in the pastoral form and style of the old Scotch songs, and availed himself of these, and expanded and enriched them,—this he did, but more than this: he entered with his whole soul into the old airs and melodies with which the earliest songs were associated, and these old melodies became his inspirers. He tells us that he laid it down as a rule, from his first attempts at song writing, to sound some old tune over and over till he caught its inspiration. He never composed a lyric without first crooning a

melody in his mind to kindle his emotion and regulate the rhythm of his words. Sometimes he got an old woman to hum the tune to him; sometimes the village musician to scrape it on his fiddle, or a piper to drone it on his bagpipe; oftener his own wife to sing it aloud to him, with her wood-note wild. And so his songs are not, like many modern ones, set to music; they are themselves music, conceived in an atmosphere of music, rising out of it, and with music instinct to their last syllable. But the essential melody that was in him might have effected little, if he had not possessed a large background of mind to draw upon; a broad and deep world of thought and feeling to turn to melody; a nature largely receptive of all beauty, of all influences from man and the outward world; most tender sensibility; vivid and many-sided sympathy with all that breathes; passionate, headlong impulse, — all these forces acting from behind and through an intellect the most powerful of his time, and driving it home with penetrating insight to the very core of men and things. Yet keen as was his intellect, no one knew so well as Burns that in song writing intellect must be wholly subordinate to feeling; that it must be soothed and gently charmed; that if for a moment it is allowed to preponderate over feeling, the song is killed. It is the equipoise and perfect intermingling of thought and emotion, the strong sense latent through the prevailing melody, that makes Burns's songs what they are, the most perfect the world has seen. Happy as a singer Burns was in this, that his own strong nature, his birth, and all his circumstances conspired to fix his interest on the primary and permanent affections, the great fundamental relations of life, which men have always with them, — not on the social conventions and ephemeral modes, which are here in our day, forgotten in the next generation. In this how much happier than Moore or Béranger, or other song writers of society living in a late civilization! Burns had his foot on the primary granite, which is not likely to move while anything on earth remains steadfast.

Consider, too, the perfect naturalness,

the entire spontaneity, of his singing. It gushes from him as easily, as clearly, as sunnily, as the sky-lark's song does. In this he surpasses all other song composers. In truth, when he is at his best, and his soul is really filled with his subject, it is not composing at all; the word is not applicable to him. He sings because he cannot help singing, — because his heart is full, and could not otherwise relieve itself of its burden.

Consider, again, that while it is the primary emotions, the fundamental and permanent relations and situations of human nature, with which he deals in his songs, how great is the variety of those moods and feelings, how large the range of them, to which he has given voice! One emotion with him, no doubt, is paramount, — that of love. And it must be owned that he does harp on this string to weariness, that he does drive the amatory muse to death. As our eye ranges over his songs, we could wish that, both for his own peace and for our satisfaction, he had touched this note more sparingly. As Sir Walter says, "There is evidence enough that even the genius of Burns could not support him in the monotonous task of writing love verses on heaving bosoms and sparkling eyes, and twisting them into such rhythmical form as might suit Scotch reels, ports, and strathspeys."

Yet, allowing all this, when he was really serious, how many phases of this emotion has he rendered into words which have long since become a part of the mother tongue! What husband ever breathed to his absent wife words more natural and beautiful than those in

"Of a' the airts the winds can blaw" ?

Then, when did blighted and broken-hearted love mingle itself with the sights and sounds of nature more touchingly than in

"Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I see fu' o' care?"

Where is the wooing match that for pointed humor and drollery can compare with that of Duncan Gray, when "Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig," and

Duncan "spak o' lowpin o'er a linn!" These are lines that for happy humor none but Burns could have hit off. Many more of his love songs are equally felicitous, but there is a limitation. It has been remarked, and I think truly, of Burns's love songs that their rapture is without reverence. The distant awe with which chivalry approaches the beauty it admires is unknown to him; it was Scott's privilege above all poets to feel and express this. Perhaps Burns made some slight approach toward this more refined sentiment in his love song after the manner of the old minstrels:—

"My luvie is like a red, red rose
That 's newly sprung in June;
My luvie is like a melody
That 's sweetly play'd in tune."

And again in that early song of his to Mary Morison, which has been already quoted.

But besides those effusions of young ardor in which he generally indulges, how well has he conceived and depicted the sober certainty of long-wedded love in calm and cheerful pathos in "John Anderson, my jo, John!"

But besides the one emotion which was paramount with Burns, how many other moods has he rendered! What can be simpler, easier (one might think), to compose than such a song as "Should auld acquaintance be forgot"? Yet who else has done it? There is about this song almost a biblical character, such as we find in the words of Naomi, or of one of the old Hebrew patriarchs. For, as has been said, the whole inevitable essential conditions of human life, the whole of its plain, natural joys and sorrows, are described, often only assumed, in the Old Testament as they are described nowhere else. In songs like Auld Lang Syne Burns has approached nearer to this biblical character than any other poet I know. Again, if wild revelry or bacchanal joy is to find a voice in song, where else has it found one to compare with that of "Willie brewed a peck o' mant o'" Certainly not in the "Nunc est bibendum" of Horace. The heroic chord, too, Burns has touched with a powerful hand in "Scots, wha hae." The great-

est living Scottish writer has said of it, "As long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchmen, or of man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war ode, the best, I believe, that was ever written by any pen." To this oracle I suppose every Scotchman must say Amen. And yet I have my own misgivings. I think that it is to the charm of music and old associations rather than to any surpassing excellence in the words that the song owes its power. Another mood is uttered and a strange, wild fascination dwells in the defiant Farewell of Macpherson, the Highland Reeve, who

"liv'd a life of sturt and strife,
And died of treachery;"

and to whose last words Burns has added this matchless chorus:—

"Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree."

Last, I shall but name "A man 's a man for a that," which, though not without a touch of democratic bitterness, embalms in words of power, not to be matched out of Shakespeare, the sense of the native dignity of man and of the essential equality of all men:—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man 's the gowd for a' that."

That is a word for all time.

These are but a few samples of the many moods of mind which Burns has set to melody. He composed in all nearly three hundred songs, and of these from thirty to forty represent him at his best, at the highest flood mark of his singing power. They are perfect in sentiment, perfect in form. Amid the much that was sad and heart-depressing in his later years, the making of these songs was his comfort and delight. Besides the solace he had in the exercise of his powers, he found some satisfaction in the thought that he was doing something to atone for the waste of the great gifts with which he had been entrusted. Of these three hundred songs some were founded on old words, which he took, retouched, or recast; sometimes an old verse or line served as the hint, whence he struck off an original song, far better than the lost

one. For others he made new words from beginning to end, keeping to some old tune, and preserving the native pastoral style and vernacular dialect.

Every one of them contains some touch of tenderness or humor, some delicate grace or stroke of power, which could have come from no other but his master hand. And to his great credit be it ever remembered that in doing this he purified the ancient songs from much coarseness, and made them fit to be heard in decent society. The poems and even some of the songs of Burns are not free from grossness, which he himself regretted at the last. But in justice to his memory it should ever be borne in mind how many songs he purged of their coarser element, — how many tunes he found associated with most unworthy words, and left them married to verses, pure and beautiful, of his own composing. Those old Scottish melodies, said Thomas Aird, himself a poet, "sweet and strong though they were, strong and sweet, were all the more, from their very strength and sweetness, a moral plague, from the indecent words to which many of them had been set." How was the plague to be stayed? All the preachers in the land could not divorce the grossness from the music.

The only way was to put something better in its stead. That inestimable something, not to be bought by all the mines of California, Burns gave us. And in doing so, he accomplished a social reform beyond the power of pulpit or Parliament to effect. That which we have seen to be the native quality of Scottish song Burns took up and carried to a higher effect. The qualities and characteristics which we find in the best old Scottish songs, and preëminently in the best songs of Burns, are: (1.) Absolute truthfulness: truthfulness to the great facts of life; truthfulness also to the singer's own feelings, — what we call sincerity. (2.) Perfect naturalness. The feeling embodies itself in a form and language as natural to the poet as its song is to the bird. This is what Pitt noted when he said that no verse since Shakespeare's "has so much the appearance of coming

sweetly from nature." I should venture to hint that in this gift of perfect spontaneity Burns was even beyond Shakespeare. (3.) What is perhaps but another form of the same thing, you have in Burns's songs what, in the language of logicians, I would call the "first intention" of thought and feeling. You overhear in them the first throb of the heart, not reflected over, not subtilized or refined, but projected warm with the first glow of feeling. (4.) To express all this his native Scottish vernacular, which no one has ever used like Burns, contributed I know not how much. That dialect, broadening so many vowels and dropping so many consonants, lends itself especially to humor and tenderness, and brings out many shades of those feelings which in English would entirely evaporate. Nothing, I think, more shows the power of Burns than this. That dialect, which but for him would have perished ere now, he has made classical, — an imperishable portion of the English language. This is but one way of putting a broader and very striking fact: that while everything about Burns would seem to localize and limit his influence, the language he employed, the coloring, the manner, the whole environment, he has informed all these with such a strength and breadth of catholic humanity that of every emotion which he has sung his became the permanent and accepted voice wherever the English tongue is spoken.

Scottish song, I have said, culminated in Burns. I might have gone further, and said that he gave to the song a power and a dignity before undreamt of. The thing became a trumpet in his hand, whence he blew soul-animating strains. Is there any other form of poetry or of literature which so lays hold of the heart, — which penetrates so deep and is remembered so long? Although no singer equal to Burns has arisen in Scotland since his day, or will arise again, yet in the generation which followed him song in his country gained a new impetus from what he had done for it. Tannahill, the Ettrick Shepherd, Walter Scott, Lady Nairn, Hugh Ainslie, and many more contributed some new treasure to swell

their country's stores. Other nameless men there are who will yet be remembered in Scotland, each as the author of one unforgotten song. Lady Nairn, I am apt to fancy, is almost our best song composer since Burns. She has given us four or five, each in a different vein, which might be placed next to the best of Burns.

Whether the roll of Scottish song is not now closed is a thought which will often recur to the heart of those who love their country better for its songs' sake. The melodies, the form, the language, the feeling, of those national lyrics belong to an early state of society. Can the old molds be stretched to admit modern feeling without breaking? Can the old root put forth fresh shoots amid our modern civilization? Are not school boards and educational apparatus doing their best to stamp out the grand old dialect, and to make the country people ashamed of it?

Can the leisure and the full-heartedness in which song is born any longer survive, amid the hurry of life, the roar of railways, the clash of machinery, the universal devotion to manufacture and money making?

I should be loth to answer No; but I must own to a painful misgiving when I remember that during the present generation, that is, during the last thirty years, Scotland has produced no song that I know of that can be named along with our old favorites.

I said that Burns had given a voice to a wide range of emotion, — to many moods; I did not say to all, — that would have been to exaggerate. There is the whole range of sentiment which belongs to the learned and philosophic, that which is born of subtle, perhaps over-refined intellect, which he has not touched. No Scottish song has touched it. Into that region it could not intrude without abrogating its nature and destroying its intrinsic charm. That charm is that it makes us breathe awhile the air of the mountains and the moors, not that of the schools. But there is another side on which Scottish song is limited, which it is not so easy to explain. It is this:

there is little, almost no allusion to religion in it. It is almost as entirely destitute of the spiritual element as if it had been composed by pagans. Certainly, if we wished to express any real Christian feeling or aspiration, we should have to look elsewhere than to these songs. Had this been peculiarly confined to Burns's songs, we might have accounted for it, since he, though not without a haunting sense of religion, lived a life that shut him out from its serenest side; he never had the heart set free, from which alone religious poetry can flow. But the same want is apparent in almost all Scottish songs of every age. The Scotch have passed hitherto for a religious people, and, I hope, not without reason. Yet there is hardly one of their popular songs which breathes any deep religious emotions, which expresses any of those thoughts that wander towards eternity. This is to be accounted for partly by the fact that the early Scottish songs were so mingled with coarseness and indecency that the teachers of religion and guardians of purity could not do otherwise than set their face against them. Song and all pertaining to it got to be looked upon as irreligious. Moreover, the old stern, strong religion of Scotland was somewhat repressive of natural feeling, and divided things sacred from things profane by an over-rigid partition; and songs and song singing were reckoned among things profane. Yet the native melodies were so beautiful, and the words, with all their frequent coarseness, contained so much that was healthful, so much that was true to human nature, that they could not be put down, but kept singing themselves on in the hearts and homes of the people, in spite of all denunciations. In the old time, it was often the same people who read their Bibles most whose memories were the greatest store-houses of these countless melodies. As a modern poetess has said,

"They sang by turns

The psalms of David and the songs of Burns."

Lady Nairn, who was a devoutly religious person, and yet loved her country's songs, and felt how much there was

in them which, if not directly religious, was yet "not far from the kingdom of heaven," was fain to remove the barrier; and she sang one strain, *The Land o' the Leal*, which, even were there none other such, would remain to prove how little alien to Christianity is the genuine sentiment of Scottish song, — how easily it can rise from true human feeling into the pure air of spiritual religion. If any Scottish religious teacher of modern times ever possessed a high spiritual ideal, and could set forth the stern side of righteousness, it was Edward Irving; yet in his devoutest moods he could ever take with him the remembrance of the melodies and songs he had loved in childhood. With a passage from his sermon on Religious Meditation, I shall conclude: "I have seen Sabbath sights and joined in Sabbath worships which took the heart with their simplicity and thrilled it with sublime emotions. I have crossed the hills in the sober, contemplative autumn to reach the retired, lonely church betimes; and as we descended towards the simple edifice, whither every heart and every foot directed itself from the country around on the Sabbath morn, we beheld issuing from every glen its little train of wor-

shippers coming up to the congregation of the Lord's house, round which the bones of their fathers reposed. In so holy a place the people assembled under a roof where ye of the plentiful South would not have lodged the porter of your gate; but under that roof the people sat and sang their Maker's praise, 'tuning their hearts, by far the noblest aim,' and the pastor poured forth to God the simple wants of the people, and poured into their attentive ears the scope of Christian doctrine and duty. The men were shepherds, and came up in their shepherd's guise, and the very brute, the shepherd's servant and companion, rejoiced to come at his feet. It was a Sabbath, — a Sabbath of rest! But were the people stupid? Yes, in what an over-excited citizen would call stupid; that is, they cared not for Parliaments, for plays, routs, or assemblies, but they cared for their wives and their children, their laws, their religion, and their God; and they sang their own native songs in their own native vales, — songs which the men I speak of can alone imagine and compose. And from them we citizens have to be served with songs and melodies, too, for we can make none ourselves."

J. C. Shairp.

ALBERT GALLATIN.¹

It is probably impossible to discover in the history of this country any statesman who has left behind him a reputation so poorly proportioned to his ability and influence as has Albert Gallatin. Why this is so; why he appears as little more than a name, an almost impersonal exponent of certain political measures; why he alone, among all the men of his time, can be mentioned without awakening any warm sentiment of liking or aversion; why we can agree with him without sym-

pathy, and disagree with him without enmity, becomes apparent from the picture of the man now furnished by this biography. Not especially attractive in life, he remains singularly uninteresting since his death. A chapter, much too long, in Mr. Adams's book concerning his youth fails to introduce him in an agreeable light. Enjoying every advantage which the best social position, an excellent education, and a family only too kind could give, he yet chose at an early age to run

¹ *The Life of Albert Gallatin.* By HENRY ADAMS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.
The Writings of Albert Gallatin. Edited by

HENRY ADAMS. Three volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1879.

away. This venture, if not altogether without an object, was at least devoid of any sufficient cause or excuse. He was evidently soon ashamed of it; but, as is the freakish habit of poor human nature in such circumstances, he visited the punishment for his folly upon the relatives whom he had injured rather than upon himself, neglecting to send the simplest information concerning his fortunes to those who never ceased to manifest a solicitude as tender as it was undeserved concerning these matters.

This coldness of nature never wore off throughout his long life. The only evidence of warmth of feeling which we ever find in him was shown towards his second wife, who seems to have made his home thoroughly happy and attractive. In this respect, as in so many others, he offers a striking contrast to Hamilton, with whom it is impossible not to compare him. Both landed as strangers upon our shores. In less than a year after he arrived in New York, Hamilton had made more and warmer friends than Gallatin ever secured throughout his life, long, useful, and honorable as it was. And as years went on, Hamilton constantly and largely increased the number of those who, apart from their political faith in him, dearly loved the man. Gallatin never had so much as the nucleus of a personal following. What he gave and what he got in the world constituted an equation quite remarkable. People met him as he met them, with much temperateness both in affection and in hatred. In an age of vituperation he seldom used those potent epithets of abuse for which his contemporaries must have ransacked the dictionaries and synonym books; in return he enjoyed an exceptional freedom from the more scurrilous personalities then in vogue. His bitter enemies were never his opponents in the opposite party, but a pitiful faction of spoils-seekers, who struggled to crawl up from the bottom of his own party by planting their teeth in those above them; men like Giles and Duane, whose hostility followed all upright and able men without distinction of political creed.

If a public man would escape obscurity, enemies are perhaps no less essential to him than friends. Gallatin's deficiency in both is also partly attributable to the fact that he never became thoroughly an American. He was cosmopolitan to the end. He never served the United States as one of her own sons, nor embarked in party conflicts as in a family quarrel. His regard for the new country was rather of the head than of the heart. He saw in it a field wherein political and social theories which he believed in were likely to have a chance of trial. Had this chance diminished here and reappeared with better promise elsewhere, he would have migrated with little homesickness in pursuit of his will-o'-the-wisp. His feeling towards the federalists was by no means that hearty fraternal vindictiveness which would have induced Mr. Jefferson to play Cain to Mr. Adams's Abel; he simply disliked Hamilton as a man who had embraced erroneous doctrines, disagreeably antagonistic to his own sounder theories for the political development and happiness of mankind. Even Mr. Adams's praise is measured, deliberate, instinct with meagre vital warmth; surely there must be some defect in a hero, concerning whom so exhaustive a study, developed into so long and minute a biography, fails to nourish some small flame of partisanship.

In July, 1780, being then nineteen years of age, Gallatin landed at Gloucester. It provokes a smile to see the fortune-seeking lad turn his face to the eastward even from the extremity of Cape Ann, and actually make his way to Machias. But becoming convinced, ere long, that he had not been happy in this choice of a neighborhood, he finally made his home in Western Pennsylvania. Here he began his public career, at first hardly under auspicious stars. In 1790 he entered the state legislature, and rendered such good service there for three years that a federalist majority was content to elect him United States senator. Party divisions were then embryotic, almost non-existent. But unfortunately for him, at this juncture the whisky re-

billion broke out in the western counties of his State. Mr. Adams seeks to palliate the conduct of his hero in this disgraceful and ill-starred opposition to lawful authority, and to show that his chief function was that of the moderate counselor and wise restorer of order. Such, however, was far from being the opinion of his contemporaries, and probably the best that can be said for him is that in an affair in which he had little or no personal interest, having cast himself into the company of extremely violent men, he could not quite keep pace with his comrades. Certainly for the time being he was in ill repute with the party representing law and order, and his seat in Congress was disputed on the ground of his not having been a citizen long enough to render him eligible. The federalists controlled the vote, and threw him out; not, however, before he had had time to indicate his hostility to them and their leader by a motion calling for certain financial statements from the treasury. The next year, sufficient time having elapsed to remove all question on the score of eligibility, he was chosen a member of the national house of representatives. Again, however, he found himself in difficulty: the state legislature annulled the election on the ground that the whisky insurrectionists had overawed the voters. But a second polling showed substantially the same result, and at length the thrice-elected candidate was permitted to retain his place. It was not long before his political opponents learned that he was not the man they had thought him; that, however he might compel them to respect his intellect and to fear his power in debate, he was no agitator, demagogue, or disaffected revolutionist. He proved so formidable that they actually contemplated a very absurd constitutional amendment concerning citizenship, expressly designed to render him ineligible. But as they saw him always maintain a cool and even temper in the hottest conflicts, they soon came to treat him with a personal courtesy quite noteworthy in comparison with the flagellations dealt out to some of his more offensive coadjutors.

Gallatin's career in Congress extended from 1795 to 1801. His own reminiscences of this period are expressed with self-satisfaction oddly commingled with a more judicial temper: "It is certainly a subject of self-gratulation that I should have been allowed to take the lead with such coadjutors as Madison, Giles, Livingston, and Nicholas, and that when deprived of the powerful assistance of the two first, who had both withdrawn in 1798, I was able to contend on equal terms with the host of talents collected in the federal party, — Griswold, Bayard, Harper, Goodrich, Otis, Smith, Sitgreaves, Dana, and even J. Marshall. Yet I was destitute of eloquence, and had to surmount the obstacle of speaking in a foreign language with a very bad pronunciation. My advantages consisted in laborious investigation, habits of analysis, thorough knowledge of the subjects under discussion, and more extensive general information, due to an excellent early education, to which I think I may add quickness of apprehension and a sound judgment." This was not an unfair estimate of himself; Gallatin's cool head was equal even to the delicate task of weighing his own powers, and comparing his abilities with those of his rivals and opponents. It should, however, be said that his own party was very poor in parliamentary talent, and he would have held by no means so exalted a position amid the unusually able array of debaters on the federal side.

Upon the road to more interesting portions of Gallatin's life we can give but a brief paragraph to his congressional career. It began just after Jay's treaty had been ratified, which he found his party seeking practically to annul by refusing to enact the legislation necessary for its fulfillment, thus raising a nice and dangerous constitutional question concerning the power of the lower house, — a question only lately, if indeed yet, finally settled by the debates concerning the Alaska treaty. Mr. Gallatin of course sustained the authority of the representatives in arguments of much ingenuity, if not so utterly unanswerable as

Mr. Adams declares them. But with his wonted lack of regard for purely partisan tactics, after vigorously maintaining the right of the house to annul the treaty, he closed by deprecating any such action, thus fastening a federalist snapper upon a democratic lash.

During the famous voting which resulted in the election of Jefferson as against Burr for the presidency, it would appear from this biography that Mr. Gallatin marshaled the forces of the successful candidate, devised the strategy, and secured an ultimate success which from the outset he had certainly anticipated with tranquil confidence. Other narrators have assigned positions of different relative importance to Mr. Gallatin and other prominent friends of Jefferson. The character of king-maker is so attractive that it is not surprising that no one person should have been allowed to retain it uncontested. It is only natural that when General Samuel Smith represented himself as having been the efficient agent at the critical moments, Gallatin should repudiate the idea and prefer his own claims. But when he further intimates, apparently with Mr. Adams's full approval, that Jefferson himself was utterly passive, intrusting his whole fortunes to Gallatin, and going calmly to sleep so soon as he had established this Palinurus at the helm, we must be permitted to rescue our credulity from so severe a strain. No man in the country was better fitted than Jefferson, in point of nature, taste, and training, to conduct such a struggle, and that he so religiously refrained from touching any of the wires that moved the puppets never has been and never will be believed.

In the distribution of offices which took place upon Jefferson's accession, Gallatin of course deserved and received a distinguished position. He was made secretary of the treasury; and the narrative of the twelve years of his incumbency is an interesting and instructive tale, pointed with a sad, almost a depressing, moral. At this time he cherished many exalted theories, of a mingled political and social character, which

strangely enough do more credit to the heart than to the head of this so cold, sagacious, and thoughtful statesman. His chief aim was the material welfare of the people of the United States. He reversed what had been the general doctrine of those who, up to that day, had been concerned with the actual government of their fellow-men. He did not seek to make the country great, regarding greatness as the pedestal of prosperity; but he wished to make it prosperous, expecting power to result from mercantile success. What he desired was to see the people building ships, trading, conducting an extensive commerce, heaping up dollars, paying off the national debt, thriving generally in their financial affairs. Not till they had grown rich and could afford the expensive luxury of fighting did he wish to see them keeping up an army ever so trifling, a navy however small. Meantime, during the process of accumulation, the nation was not to be disturbed, but should submit to almost any humiliation rather than engage in war. He fully agreed with Mr. Jefferson during the period when that gentleman improved so much upon the scriptural injunction that while England smote one cheek he turned the other to France, then at once reversed with astonishing rapidity, and, indeed, thus succeeded in keeping the national countenance in so continuously receptive a condition that the game of striking almost ceased to interest the strikers. It cannot be denied that this ideal of a growing, prosperous, commercial nation, making money, gathering comforts, at peace with all the world, sure of ultimately attaining that respect and influence which national riches ever bring, is far higher and more agreeable than the Napoleonic ideal, which the world was then watching, as it reduced Europe to the condition of a prize-ring wherein nations were the contestants. Yet there must be the *modus in rebus*; the Jew of the Middle Ages, seeking much the same ends which Gallatin proposed for the United States, bore insults with a meekness which few would wish to emulate. Nor can one read the

tale of democratic politics, as shaped by Jefferson and Gallatin, without the too frequent flush of anger and mortification.

Yet in the main Gallatin's ends were noble, useful, and wise; and his highest claims to the affection of mankind lie in his firm purpose to promote their welfare, and his resolute belief that a well-being better than that of victorious war could be furnished to the great mass of the people. The treasury department was a position endowing him with extensive power in exactly those directions in which he wished to exercise influence, and he came into it, in his self-reliant way, thoroughly sanguine of success in carrying out his aspirations. In all history there is hardly to be found a more extraordinary instance of complete defeat. It is a stale remark that the radical out of office becomes the conservative in office. This was not precisely Gallatin's case, in so far as this saying points to a change of the inward man, because he did not so much alter any of his abstract convictions as he did bitterly take home to himself the lesson of the omnipotent force of circumstances and the feeble power of man. No other statesman ever had more reason to be charitable in judging his political opponents than had Gallatin by the time that he retired from public life. Within that period he had seen himself, while consciously retaining perfect honesty of mind and heart throughout, occupying positions in the latter half of his career precisely antagonistic to nearly every position which he had assumed in the earlier half. There was hardly anything for which this assailant of the federalists vehemently upbraided them which in time he did not himself come to do. He began by being willing to endure any insult rather than to be forced into a war; in due season he found himself the chief member of a war cabinet. He fiercely assailed the alien and sedition laws; but he lived to demand and to receive powers which have never been denied to be vastly more arbitrary and dangerous than any contained in those bad acts. In 1795-96 he vigor-

ously opposed a modest appropriation for building three frigates; a few years later he was giving his best endeavors in aid of the construction of an efficient navy. He assailed the federalist secretaries of the treasury because their system did not involve specific appropriations, to be kept distinct and applied separately; as secretary he discovered the utter futility of seeking to carry out his own plans in this regard. He had an antipathy to all diplomatic connections abroad, and resolutely opposed the appropriations for their support; in good time it fell to his lot to pass many years in Europe in the diplomatic service of the United States,—years far from being poisoned by any sense of the wasteful folly of such employment. He vehemently ridiculed the commercial treaties advocated by the federalists, but himself afterward expended much time and toil in negotiating precisely similar treaties. He allied himself with the party which strenuously resisted the creation of the national bank, and became himself the strongest advocate of the renewal of its charter. The same party had bitterly attacked the principle of internal improvements as unconstitutional, but Gallatin within a few years formed the most elaborate scheme of internal improvements ever conceived by an American statesman. Yet Gallatin was neither fickle nor inconsistent, was devoid neither of fixed principles nor of honest perseverance. It only so happened that a long series of years passed in unbroken opposition were succeeded by a long series of years passed in equally continuous power; and malicious fate amused herself during the second series in testing and destroying pretty much all the theories developed during the earlier series. It was, on the whole, creditable to Gallatin that he could learn and practice the lessons which circumstances taught him, even at an age when most men have grown too rigid to accept instruction.

Neither Jefferson nor Gallatin doubted their power to achieve their favorite purposes. Gallatin at the head of the treasury department was where he wished

to be. With that frankness with which he was wont to state his own good points, he once said of himself, speaking of his early days in Congress, that he had made himself complete master of the subject of finance, and had occupied that field almost exclusively. Mr. Adams, echoing his hero, tells us that "to Mr. Gallatin finance was an instinct." Historians have compared Gallatin with Hamilton, as the greatest democratic with the greatest federalist secretary, and have sometimes ventured to declare the two men to be well matched in financial ability. In fact, the comparison cannot be made. The circumstances in which the two were placed were so utterly different that no parallel can be run. It is impossible to say that Gallatin was or was not the equal of Hamilton, for the simple reason that he never encountered an occasion which enabled him to show such equality, if he possessed it. Hamilton created and organized the whole treasury department; reduced to a system, upon an entirely new basis, the entire public indebtedness, both state and national, of the country; established a revenue; and devised the whole plan of customs-duties and internal taxation. When Gallatin succeeded Hamilton's successor, all the herculean labors had been performed. The power of origination was no longer needed. The national debt was in simple shape, relieved from all political embarrassments as well as from all financial complications; the machinery of the treasury was incapable of improvement, as has been shown in the long series of years which have since elapsed without bringing substantial change; the tax system was complete, and if not altogether unobjectionable was at least no worse than it has been ever since. Really, all that Mr. Gallatin had to do was what all sensible men have to do, namely, see to it that the outgo did not exceed the income, and try to lay aside something every year towards paying outstanding notes and borrowed capital. With the country prosperous and the yield from the taxes steadily and rapidly increasing, this was no very difficult task. Indeed,

Mr. Gallatin even thought that he could afford to remit altogether all those excise taxes which he had so long reviled the federalists for establishing. But he soon found it necessary to increase other duties to supply the place of those thus abolished; and in this instance, also, it in time became part of his untoward fate to lose much popularity by insisting upon the reintroduction of precisely those abolished taxes.

Yet the duty which he had to do he did excellently, and the end which he placed before his eyes was admirable. He longed to see the United States owing nothing to anybody, and with an annual income abundantly sufficient to meet her annual expenses. He was anxious to simplify the system of accounts and of the various funds, so that the amount of yearly expenditure should plainly appear as a gross sum, and the amount of yearly income should be plainly set against it as another gross sum, with no obscurity in any details wherein a cheerful self-deception might snugly harbor. No chicanery of figures was ever permitted to delude himself or the public. In all this there was nothing of genius; nor indeed was there room for genius in the processes employed. But it was certainly the best possible doctrine, the noblest possible end, and was pursued by Mr. Gallatin, in his clear-headed, resolute way, to the uttermost moment and to the verge of success. Yet, quite in accord with his singular destiny, the very excellence of his administration of the treasury furnished the most conclusive refutation of his previous attacks upon the administrations of Hamilton and Wolcott. Improvements he could not suggest, and heartily as he was bent upon economy, and sincerely as he expected to achieve it, he yet totally failed to accomplish any reduction in the actual cost of running the government. In his budgets he always overestimated expenses and underestimated receipts, the better to insure his darling annual surplus for the bond-holders. But it was because he received more, not because he spent less, than Hamilton and Wolcott that he was able to reduce a debt which they

could not prevent from increasing. In a word, as secretary of the treasury, he found that the treasury could not be better managed than it had been by his predecessors, and learned that the assaults, doubtless honestly made by him, had been wholly unjust,—that he had required impossibilities, and had quarreled with the inevitable.

Patient persistence will have its reward, and in the seventh year of his secretaryship Gallatin had the pleasure of seeing all the national debt which had become payable actually paid, and a handsome surplus accumulating in his coffers, promising more than to discharge the balance as it should mature. Under these circumstances, with a cheerful indifference for the long-cherished hostility of the democratic party towards internal improvements, he began to map out a system of such enterprises, comprehensive and costly enough to startle even this generation, apparently resolved that, whether Jefferson and the rest were pleased or not, his canals and great national roads should be built. But these fascinating dreams of practical improvement, so dear to a mind like Gallatin's, were destined to be speedily dissipated. The nation suddenly found itself spinning rapidly down the grooves which ended by precipitating it into the miserable conflict of 1812. From the time that this progress definitely and visibly began Gallatin appears ill at ease and wavering, like one treading among unfamiliar surroundings and uncertain as to his path. At first, with an honorable spirit of indignation, he anticipated war, seemingly without grave regret, sinking for the moment any sense of disappointment at the failure of his plans in his natural wrath at the outrageous wrongs heaped with such insult and contumely upon the country. It appealed directly to his feelings to see England pursuing a deliberate, relentless, and well-devised scheme for utterly banishing from the face of the seas the prosperous commerce of the United States. He regarded his surplus with supreme pleasure as he thought what a start it would give the country in a costly conflict. But

when an embargo became the party measure in place of war, he was less gratified. This was playing too much into the adversary's hand. It impoverished the people; worse still, it cut down the income of the treasury in a doleful manner. He advocated that at least it should be made a temporary measure, to be followed, if not effectual in a short time, by war. But his advice was not permitted to prevail. The embargo soon appeared to be destined to indefinite duration, and threatened to become the normal condition of the country. In the mean time his dearly-cherished surplus rapidly disappeared, frittered away in a hundred petty and foolish directions by measures which the democrats described as preparatory and military, but of which the futility was only too apparent. Non-intercourse followed embargo, as a step from one blunder to another, and Mr. Gallatin fell into helpless despair. He had changed from his warlike temper to a more pacific disposition, through dread that the treasury could not stand the drain of military expenditure. But now, influenced by the greater dread of national ruin, he reverted to his earlier frame of mind, and seeming to regard war as ultimately inevitable he became eager to see it precipitated at the earliest day possible, giving to the present wretched condition of things as short a time as might be for growing still worse before the crisis should come.

Thus bent upon aiding the war party, and for once losing his head, Gallatin committed the great error of his life. He sent in a disingenuous report to Congress, based upon the assumed accuracy of the military and naval estimates in the event of hostilities, and designed to show that the probable cost of war could be met by the regular income from present taxes, aided by loans, and without an increase of taxation. He did not say, what he well knew, that the military and naval estimates were grossly below the truth, and that the interest on the loans would inevitably necessitate a larger income. Mr. Adams glosses this over as an unfortunate inadvertence. But his hero, as elsewhere depicted in his book,

was altogether incapable of so extraordinary an inadvertence. In fact, he was carried away by his excessive anxiety to aid the friends of strong measures. He achieved his object, but bitterly did he suffer for it ere long, when the enormous cost of the war utterly belied the halcyon promises of his report, and gave to his detractors weapons which they used, and unfortunately could not be blamed for using, with terrible effect.

Office could hardly have been grateful to Mr. Gallatin at this period; and certainly, when his views were so constantly, almost uniformly, counteracted, it was at least his privilege, even if it was not his duty, to resign. Yet he did not do so, but rather clung to his position with a very singular tenacity, — so much so, indeed, that the manner of his quitting it is very indefinite, and is left by his biographer wholly in the clouds. In the midst of his multitudinous troubles there reached the cabinet from Russia a kindly proposition for intervention. This was snatched at, and commissioners to go abroad and treat were appointed, with a haste not altogether discreet. Gallatin was one of them. Any doubt as to the propriety of appointing a cabinet officer might be supposed to be set at rest by the federalist precedent of dispatching the chief-justice of the United States upon a like errand; and not improbably, had the federal party alone been concerned to annoy Mr. Gallatin, this so obvious answer might have forestalled their complaints. But when Congress came together, it was found that his enemies within his own party were resolved to defeat the nomination; nor was it difficult for them, with the aid of more regular opponents of the administration, to do so. Their evident design was to oust him from the treasury, and they saw that the chances were that these tactics would accomplish this purpose.

By the time, however, that information of the failure to confirm could reach Europe, the negotiations were already well advanced, and the country had had the benefit of Mr. Gallatin's services in spite of the hostility of the Smiths and Duane. Very valuable indeed those

services were; and in truth one cannot but think that, having seen Gallatin serve as debater, financier, and diplomat, with distinction in each department, the meed of highest praise must be awarded to him in his latest character. The extraordinary and unexplainable episode connected with this mission concerns Mr. Gallatin's behavior when he learned the news of the non-confirmation of his appointment on the ground of his holding a cabinet office. This contingency, not unanticipated by others, he had refused to consider, and had neglected, before his departure, to indicate to his friends what would be his wishes in such an event. They were authorized to do nothing on his behalf, and strangely enough he himself did nothing when the news reached him, — neither resigning his secretaryship in order to be renominated as commissioner, nor returning home to attend to the treasury. Indeed, how he ever technically got out of the treasury is a conundrum which Mr. Adams neither solves nor admits to be insoluble, but passes over in a silence only less surprising than the transaction itself. All that is known is that Gallatin never resigned and was never formally dismissed, but that, in the language of his friend and successor in the office, Mr. Dallas, it soon "became necessary to treat the treasury department as vacant." A successor was appointed; Mr. Gallatin, in a queer way, as it were slid out, and, being out, was again nominated and at once confirmed as commissioner. Then, rejoining his colleagues, he concluded negotiations wherein unequalled difficulty was crowned with astonishing success, and achieved, in our opinion, the greatest feat of his life.

From this time forth there is little of especial interest to note in his career. His chief remaining function was, in spite of his old antipathy to diplomatic missions and of his quondam contempt for commercial treaties, to reside in Europe as the diplomatic representative of the United States at various courts, where, as it happened, he found himself chiefly engaged in arranging treaties of commerce. It was probably neither the

least successful nor the least happy part of his life. He was admirably fitted for tasks of this nature; he mingled in society which he could hardly fail to find more congenial than that which he encountered on this side of the water. He actually had the grace to visit Geneva and the few survivors among his old friends. In 1829 he finally retired from public life, occupying himself thereafter with business and ethnological studies, but never failing to take an active interest in public affairs. The reward of his even temperament was found in a long and agreeable age, closing no longer ago than 1849, when he died at the ripe age of eighty-eight.

A word should be added to our foregoing comments, ere parting with Mr. Adams's book, upon its general scope and character. It is unquestionably a very valuable work for all students of American history. It is thorough and accurate; with the exception of occasional slurs upon Mr. Hamilton, and a dark background of profound antipathy to Mr. Jefferson, it would be admitted by

federalist and democratic partisans alike to be almost judicial in tone. It is the gift of a student to students. It was probably intended to bear this character, and not to be addressed to the general reader; for not even the partiality of a biographer could induce Mr. Adams to expect any save persons exceptionally interested in American history to read faithfully nearly seven hundred large pages about Mr. Gallatin. There is no just proportion between such a biography and the time which most persons, even of literary and historical tastes, can devote to the career of a single individual, questionably of the first importance. The opening portion of the book is tedious; but of the rest this cannot be said, only that it is too elaborate and upon much too large a scale. We say this frankly, because we cannot but regret that a writer of Mr. Adams's ability and exhaustive knowledge in the domain of our national history should permit his usefulness to be gravely impaired by what may be not unfairly described as doing his work too well.

J. T. M. Jr.

SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.

I.

It has been thought strange that in docile Germany, where order and submission have been proverbial, socialism, with which in the ordinary mind the excesses of the French Revolution are most intimately associated, could ever rise to the height of a strong party, and assume proportions which for solidity and the prospect of continuation and growth have been equaled in no other country. There are two main causes of this strength: first, the condition of the German laborer is, on account of natural and social causes, one of hardship; and, next, the German nature is made up of feeling to a greater degree than any

other European character, — of feeling deep and solid, which, when roused in philanthropy or from convictions of personal injustice, is not turned to this side or that by some slight accident, as is the case in French character, but carries the philanthropist to the end in his plans for assistance; and the heavy, stolid, deep nature of the laborer keeps him consistent in his opposition to a condition of society which his leaders tell him is the cause of his misfortunes. The German laborer, then, is discontented, and educated philanthropists, in sympathy with him, think that in socialism they have found a cure for his hard condition, — a condition depending primarily on backwardness in industries and the poverty of the Ger-

man soil, which, though fertile in the south, is generally hard, unyielding, and sterile.¹

Under such circumstances all labor must be poorly remunerated; but other causes tend still further to decrease the rewards of the laborer. The German is over-governed; the desire for good government and the implicit faith which the common citizen places in his rulers render possible an abnormally large number of officials, while the over-watchful care which the latter place on all the ordinary affairs of life, and the cumbrous and complicated forms regulating even the simplest official business, have created a mass of civil servants whose number to an American or Englishman is astounding. It must also be remembered that Germany now supports a standing army of four hundred thousand men, while her military improvements and constructions have for years been on an immense scale. In this condition we should expect incomes to be small and the luxuries of life few. For example, take the case of Prussia, which is the poorest of the German states. The Political Economical Society of Königsberg published, in 1873, an article by the banker and economist, Adolf Samter, which gave the state of the incomes of Prussia at the end of 1871. Herr Samter stated that out of a population of 24,673,066, 8,900,000 had self-supporting incomes; and of these, 7,251,927, more than 82 per cent., had an income less than 200 thalers, on which they and their families could live. To place the whole in tabular form, it stood:—

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| 7,251,927 had less than 200 thalers, or of the whole number, | 82.36 per cent. |
| 1,197,209 had between 200 and 400 thalers, or of the whole number, | 12.45 per cent. |

¹ The relative production of wheat is a fair example of the productivity of different soils. In Prussia, in 1867, a fine year, the average production of wheat per acre was 17.1 bushels. In 1870, according to the British Review of 1871, the yield was eight bushels, these two years representing extremes. In Bavaria in 1863 the yield was 16.3, and in Württemberg in 1874, a most fruitful year, 21.8 bushels. The general average of Great Britain (not England, which is far higher) for the last ten years is placed at from twenty-eight to thirty bushels. But Germany's poverty of soil by no means repre-

| | |
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| 231,436 had between 400 and 900 thalers, or of the whole number, | 3.29 per cent. |
| 159,238 had over 900 thalers, or of the whole number, | 1.80 per cent. |

Thus of the population of Prussia only 159,238 have over \$675 a year; while among 23,044,993 people, or over 96 per cent. of the whole population, not one has an annual income over \$150. No better test exists of a nation's standard of living than its consumption of sugar, and that of Germany is the lowest of the leading European nations, Russia excepted.

Let us look now at the position of the German peasant. Any one who has traveled through the northeastern part of Germany knows well the hard condition of the peasants,— knows that they are ill fed, hard worked, and that their hovels, many of them with only one window, some lacking even one, are hardly fit for the fowls which share them with the family. There are many huts containing only one room, with damp earth as a floor, and not more than fifteen feet square, where two families dwell; where sons bring their wives; where young and old of both sexes are thrown together; where modesty can furnish no barrier to vice, and fine feelings, if any could arise, are crushed by hard surroundings. There is a look of dejection on most faces, while the women especially seem utterly downcast. One feels that here are the descendants of those who for hundreds of years have been underlings, in whom habits of submission and obedience have been so thoroughly grounded that all will be borne to the last. But there is also a stolid strength here, that, when once roused, knows no retreat.

Dr. Von Goltz, in 1864, published at Berlin a work on the peasants of North-east Germany. As domain administrators her whole disadvantage in agriculture when compared with a country like England, since, on account of the clumsiness of implements and the lack of labor-saving machinery in German agriculture, more time is expended on an acre than in England. In manufacturing, Germany is at the same disadvantage. The division of labor has proceeded there but slightly; the use of machinery is backward, old-fashioned conservatism is still powerful in industry, and the productions of the laborer are correspondingly small.

tor of Prussia, it was for his interest to furnish as favorable an account as possible, while his optimistic tendencies would lead him in the same direction. In the domain of Waldau, where, he states, "the condition is neither better nor worse than in other parts of the land," he found that the peasants generally worked by threes, — a man, his wife, and a grown-up child or hired assistant. The combined wages of these three averaged in summer twenty-six cents, and in winter twenty-three cents. Besides this, the head of the family received a hut, a small lot of land, a pig, sometimes a cow, and a certain amount of corn, straw, etc. The whole amount, together with the wages received by the three, Von Goltz estimated to be \$170 a year. If the third assistant be not of the family, and must be paid, the amount remaining for the family is \$132.50, which, he says, is not sufficient for the satisfaction of the wants of healthy life. In 1874 he calculated that \$225 at least was needed properly to support such a family.

Under such a state of feudalism, the miserable condition of the peasant can be greatly alleviated by the generosity of the *Graf* or proprietor. The latter cannot well let his dependents starve, and he is frequently obliged to dispense large sums in charity. Such a state renders the peasant shiftless and careless; he works with bad grace and without vigor, for he knows he can never obtain more than a bare subsistence, and that must be furnished him of necessity. The amount of self-reliance engendered among the peasants from this life can be imagined.

Yet their state is far better than that of the independent laborer. In fact, the proprietors have within the last year offered to pay these semi-serfs in money only, that the peasant might have a motive to work for himself, and that they

might be relieved from the care of his support. The peasant, however, refused, knowing the conditions of the independent laborer. Liebknecht, in his work on the land and soil question, states of the independent laborers: "They work for daily wages which in summer vary from twenty-six cents to thirty-six cents for men, and eighteen cents to twenty-five cents for women. From this scanty pay they must save enough to live through the winter, when there is seldom an opportunity to work. As one can imagine, the tendency to save does not always prevail, and then the hunger fever must again restore the social equilibrium. In the winter of 1867 to 1868, this deliverer of society rode through the province of Eastern Prussia, and purged the proletarian classes, especially the independent laborers, with frightful thoroughness." The condition of the city workmen has been naturally better than that of the poorest peasants, but even here hardship is visible enough.¹

Those habits of docility and subordination which nature and years of iron rule have instilled into the German laborer, having followed him in his demands from his employers, have brought it about that the part of wages which is governed more by custom and by the personal influence of man with man than by economic laws, has been especially large in Germany, and it has operated against the lowest forms of labor. Again, the poverty of the lower classes not permitting them to remain long without employment, they are placed at the mercy of the capitalist. All these causes, combined with the fact that the backward state of German growth has not matured those finer qualities of leniency toward the weaker element in society, have caused the wages of unskilled labor to hover at the very edge of the necessities of existence.²

Nor are the prices of food much lower

¹ The Leipzig Bureau of Statistics for the year 1877 gives the pay of masons at five cents per hour, wool-combers six cents per hour, spinners, best, \$4.25 a week, and book printers \$3.94. But for the lowest forms of labor, or mere brute force, the wages are much smaller.

² Mere unskilled labor varies from twenty-five to sixty-two cents per day, with the average about forty-three cents. In Leipzig at present the city employs men on a new canal, who, coming from the country, work twelve to fourteen hours per day, walk back often five to ten miles, and receive thirty-seven cents.

in Germany than in England. Wheat, indeed, is cheaper, but meat is not.¹ It must, however, be confessed that as little meat is consumed by the German laborer, meat being but rarely added to his scanty meal of potatoes and black bread, the food consumed is cheaper in Germany. It is now impossible for a common German laborer to support a family by working ten or twelve hours a day. All must labor, — father, mother, children; the few household duties being cared for by the youngest members of the family in their hours from school.

The present embarrassed condition of industry and trade adds to the laborer's hardships. Thousands are now wandering in vain in search of employment, from the confines of Russia to France. This last and heavy straw it is which has broken the German laborer's patience. He sees others in prosperity, while he is in misery. His long-suffering is at last worn out, and he clamors for a change, for assistance against his hard surroundings, for relief from giving two or three of his best years to military service, for relief from taxation, for anything that will lighten his burdens.

Meanwhile, thinkers had been studying his case; men of deep sympathy, and in whom feeling played a predominant part, — men like Rodbertus, Lassalle, Marx, Liebknecht, and Bebel. They had come to the conclusion that the lot of the laborer had been growing worse for generations; that property was rapidly coming into fewer hands, and the laborer becoming more and more the slave of the capitalists; that free competition and the demands of liberalism led to the servitude of the masses; and in socialism, in the state ownership of capital, in the regulation of wages by the state, they saw the only remedy for existing evils. Soon these leaders collected around them a band of enthusiasts, men of warm hearts and sympathetic feelings, thoroughly imbued with the truth of their doctrines, and glowing with ardor. Some of them were fine orators, and they threw

themselves into proselytizing, both by public speaking and writing. Nor in private conversation was any opportunity missed of making converts. They were missionaries as zealous as Calvinists, whose force, fed by that lasting power in the German nature, never failed or diminished.

The enthusiasm of the social democrats is remarkable. Previous to the restrictions of the government, they congregated nightly in their clubs, read with avidity works on political economy, history, and politics, the writings of Mill, Lassalle, and Marx, while conversation partook of topics well befitting the halls of ambassadors. Nor were men of culture absent. Many a wealthy philanthropist was a member, while a striking element at these clubs was the student. In Leipzig and Berlin many of the ablest students belonged to social democratic clubs, assisting most freely in giving lectures on history, literature, art, and politics; while many of the leading articles among the sixty-five social-democratic journals were from the pens of students. They preached unceasingly to the masses; in their meetings eloquence never lacked response, and there all the brotherhood and love of union which lies in the sentimental German nature came out. All were equals. The student drank to the porter's health, and rich and poor took hands as the meeting joined in song. There are few scenes where a stranger is influenced with such strong contagion by his surroundings as in a socialist meeting. All is simple and unaffected. The charm acts particularly on the young, and it is an indisputable fact that the majority of young laborers and a large part of young men in Germany have leanings towards the social democrats. Clubs have been formed, libraries purchased, and socialistic works and statistics innumerable disseminated broadcast among the people. It is not strange that a few men of preëminent abilities, like Lassalle, Liebknecht, and Bebel, have won over that vast mass of discontented laborers. The workman saw idlers in luxury, and heard that under socialism the fruits of labor would

¹ The average price of wheat in Pomerania from 1848-74 was \$12.00 a quarter, and in England for the same time \$13.50.

be enjoyed by none but those who had helped to produce them. He felt that he was wronged of his proper wages, and socialism demanded state help for labor. He was told that every man has a right to the necessaries of life; that while one single person suffers, no one has a right to luxuries. He was told that property once belonged to the community; that private possessions in land were first caused by robbery of individuals from society; that labor being the only justification of property, land belongs to no one person, but to all; that the laborer in every generation is coming more completely into the power of the capitalist; that the boasted policy of liberalism has only increased the evils; that all else but socialism has been fairly tried, and in socialism alone is relief.

Great assistance has been given to socialism by the bitter feeling existing against religion amongst the working classes. With fierce resentment they see themselves forced to pay taxes, specifically mentioned on their tax-bills, for the support of a religion which they hate and despise. Socialism, openly irreligious, and advocating the disestablishment of the church, has gained, on this account, many adherents.

Suppose that you ask the laborer how the blessings promised by socialism are possible without an iron restriction on the liberty of the individual, — a restriction far beyond that under any despotism now existing; whether he does not think that progress comes best under the greatest liberty; whether individualism, and not socialism, should be our aim. In answer, many will say that the matter is now in such a chaotic state that it is impossible to say there will or will not be any restriction of liberty. The great majority, however, will reply to these questions, "I do not understand such matters. Let Marx, Lange, and Schäffle reason them out to their fullest extent. But the statistics of Liebknecht, our heavy burdens of army service, our enforced payment towards a religion in which we have no faith, the restrictions upon our liberty of speech, our ever-worsening condition, — these I understand. On these

the leading socialists and the workmen are one, and on this account we will support them. What we want is freedom; relief from excessive army service; a government which shall treat foreign nations as brothers, not as foes; bread for our families; our own improvement, — these we seek, whether by socialism or individualism we care not. Experience and time will teach us where to go."

Here, then, is a distinction; the vast body of social democrats in Germany are first democrats, and afterwards socialists. They are imbued with hatred of monarchies, of kings and princes, of all forms of caste, and the inherited enjoyment of peculiar privilege. But in regard to the doctrine of socialism, which they for the most part hardly comprehend, they are not confident, and demand time before deciding. Socialism in Germany among the laboring classes is simply the present and half-accidental form which the complaint against hardship and the resistance to over-government have assumed. The leaders of the movement, on the contrary, are socialists as well as democrats. They favor centralization of power, as tending to fit the people for the socialistic state, and are bitter opponents of the *laissez-faire* principle. Thus occurs the singular anomaly that in sympathy the ordinary mass of social democrats are with liberalism, when liberalism attempts to extend the prerogative of suffrage, and in all democratic movements. The masses, not understanding the fierce conflict of economic tendencies, are drawn by sympathy to the most advanced liberals. On democratic principles, the social democrats are ultra-liberals; while on economic principles and in reference to centralization, those of the social democrats who are socialists are ultra-conservatives.

They are particularly silent in explaining the full methods of their system, seeming to spend their present power on the denunciation of the evils of life. The positive requests of the leaders are comparatively modest, and consist only of the famous Lassalle demand, — that the state shall first found a number of co-operative societies, whose members shall

regulate their affairs, subject to the oversight of the state ; which societies, as the socialist hopes, will so increase by their own prosperity that finally the combined capital of the land will be brought by natural means under their control.

I am opposed to socialism, but I believe that the measures which the German government has directed against the social democrats are mistakes. The open discussion during the last ten years has caused the social democracy to cast away many of its worst tenets. Division of property is no longer to be demanded, and capital is to be made the property of the state by a slow and natural progress, permitting experiments of the worth of socialistic theories before they can be carried to perilous limits. Socialistic plans are chaotic, mixed, uncertain, but rarely revolutionary. If free discussion can go on, the party will continue casting aside its worst tenets, as it grows in wisdom and insight. Proper freedom would make that vast mass of earnest thinkers and laborers — men eager to learn and improve, seeking only their own good and that of humanity — a party of progress, of advanced liberalism, a strength and benefit to the German nation. Restriction, on the other hand, if carried far, will exasperate that sturdy iron band, in which there lies a force too immense to be crushed by the oppression of government, and transform it into an agency of stern, hard revolution.

II.

Having looked at socialism from the laborer's stand-point, it is now necessary for us to take a short view of its purely political history. German socialism of to-day dates with Rodbertus, a man respected by all, and of the greatest personal influence, who, living in the retirement of study, wrote continually from 1842 to 1875, and furnished the basis of all modern socialistic thought. The rise of those advocating Rodbertus's views into a party is due to Lassalle and Karl Marx : the former founding by his brilliant powers a German party ; while

Marx, working from London, founded the internationals, who, after the death of Lassalle, swallowed the German party, and now in Germany constitutes the social democracy.

The workingmen of Germany were first awakened to a consciousness of their power by the liberals, under the leadership of Schulze-Delitzsch. Born in 1808, in Delitzsch, Schulze came to Berlin in 1848, and threw himself into that struggle in which the employers fought against the socialistic tendencies of the workmen and the democratic leanings of the day. Workingmen's societies innumerable, helped often by wealthy capitalists, rose and fell. Everything was in confusion ; all thought some change must be wrought, but few understood how. In the midst of this chaos Schulze came out prominently by his ability, courage, and energy, and promised the laborers relief under the principles of liberalism. Endowed with wonderful energy, he founded, with the help of capitalists, productive societies, loan societies, and, most important of all, the Laborer's Improvement Society. But in all these the aim was to keep the control in the hands of a select few, to exclude the masses from power, to raise the choicest of the laborers to the class of the *bourgeoisie*, and to supply their places by others taken from the ranks. Schulze thus hoped to cement the workingmen to the party of progress, and prevent, what he most dreaded, their becoming a separate party. The laborers were taught to oppose both the conservative platform and the state control of religion, and the progressist party had, by 1862, drawn to itself the great mass of workingmen, in opposition to the enlargement of the army and an increase of taxes, the aim of Bismarck at that time. But the workingmen were by no means contented with the power they held in the party of Schulze, as they saw that his purpose was to receive their support and give them no active control in political affairs. Moreover, the writings of Rodbertus and Marx had become known, and many saw no help for the laborer under liberalism.

In the midst of this feeling Lassalle came upon the scene. Born of wealthy Jewish parents, in 1825, he was now thirty-seven, endowed with wonderful mental capacities, of a proud, vain nature, and with ability to move and inspire men, which, as his enemies confess, had never been excelled in any orator. He had first allied himself to the party of Schulze, but his opinions by no means coincided with those of his chief, and his anger at the cold reception given him by the progressists determined him to found a party of his own, gathered from the workmen. In October, 1862, in a political speech at Berlin, he stated that the workmen could expect nothing from the progressist party; that they must care for their own interests, obtain universal suffrage, and thus bring into their hands the power of the state. He now went through Germany with wonderful success, gathering by his fiery eloquence thousands in every large city. He was often imprisoned, but his confinement gave him opportunity to write his best works. In August, 1864, he was killed in a duel, having in two years raised the workmen into a distinct party, and acquired a personal following of two hundred thousand devoted adherents.

Meanwhile, Karl Marx had been at work. Born in 1815, at Trier, he left a brilliant career in the service of the state in order to carry out his socialistic views. Driven from Brussels and Cologne, he settled in 1849 in London, whence he has since worked to form an international socialist party. International congresses were held until 1871, but in Germany the advent of Lassalle destroyed Marx's power for a while in his native country. Lassalle cared not for the international question; his Verein was eminently German; he opposed

the federation of Marx, and desired centralization and a strong state. He gradually drew away from Marx, and as the proud character of each could ill brook a rival, their respective parties bitterly resisted each other. After the death of Lassalle, the control of his Verein passed to Von Schweitzer, who vainly opposed the growing power of the internationalists. Liebknecht, the friend and disciple of Marx, and second alone to Lassalle in influence over the masses, separated from Schweitzer in 1865, and began to form a party of his own, — the social democrats. Acting in a manner the reverse of Lassalle's, Liebknecht attached himself to the extreme left wing of the liberal party, and attempted to bring it slowly to socialism. He was joined by Bebel, who, having been the right-hand man of Schulze, at last became convinced of the utter hopelessness of benefiting the workmen by Schulze's method; and these two had by 1868 brought seventy-four of Schulze's one hundred and eleven societies over to their side and that of Marx. In 1871 the social democrats elected Bebel to the Reichstag, while Schweitzer was defeated, and resigned the control of his party. More and more Liebknecht drew the political reins into his own hands from 1871 to 1874, until at the election for the German Reichstag in 1874 six social democrats — among them Liebknecht, Bebel, Most, and Vahltrich — were elected, the party casting 160,000 votes; while the followers of Lassalle, though casting 200,000 votes, elected only three members. Since that time the social democrats have gradually brought the followers of Lassalle under the banner of internationalism, and in 1877 polled 493,288 votes and elected twelve members to the Reichstag.¹

The first political programme was put

¹ The following constitutes the vote of Germany for the Reichstag in 1877:—

| | No. of Votes. | No. in Reichstag. |
|--|------------------|----------------------|
| Social democrats | 493,288 | 12 |
| German conservatives | 526,038 | 40 |
| German Reich party | 426,637 | 38 |
| Liberals, neither national lib- erals nor Fortschritt | 134,811 | 13 |
| National liberals | 1,469,627 | 128 |

| | | |
|--|-----------|-----|
| Fortschritt, or the party of progress | 417,824 | 35 |
| Centrum or ultramontanists | 1,404,903 | 97 |
| Poles | 216,157 | 14 |
| People's party | 44,894 | 4 |
| Particularists | 148,072 | 9 |
| Protesters | 102,816 | 7 |
| Scattering | 16,053 | |
| | 5,401,021 | 397 |

forth by the party at the Congress of Gotha in 1875; and although it has not been officially modified, its worst features have since been discarded through discussion, and the next programme, if permitted by the government to come forth, will appear moderate in comparison. The programme first states that "labor is the source of all wealth and culture; and as general beneficial labor is possible only through society, to society belong the combined products of all labor; that is, to all its members, with the general duty of work, with equal rights, and according to the reasonable needs of each." The cause of the misery and slavery of the laborer is the monopoly of the means of labor by the capital classes. The destruction of this monopoly, of the system of wages, of profit in every form, and of all social and political inequality is the ultimate aim of socialism. The first step is the creation by the state of socialistic productive societies, which are to be under the democratic control of the workmen.

The programme demands, as the basis of the state, universal, equal, and direct suffrage for all members of the state above twenty years; the decision of war, peace, and law by the people; liberty of opinion and speech; the abolition of the standing army, and the creation of a people's guard instead; the general right to carry arms; compulsory education, and free education in the highest forms of culture; and the disestablishment of the church. The demands within the present state of society are the greatest possible extension of political liberties; a simple progressive income tax, taking the place of all other taxes; a stated normal day's labor, suited to the needs of society; prohibition of Sunday labor, and of all detrimental children's and women's labor; "laws for protection of the life and property of the laborer;" sanitary control of the laborers' houses and workshops; control of prison labor by the state; and "full control by the laborers of all help and moneys from the state."

The organization of the party is most complete; the German tendency towards

machine-like order having united with burning enthusiasm and that willingness in the ranks to yield to the leaders, caused by the latter's intense zeal and the great disparity in intellect between the two. The recent political events in Germany—the fact that the social democrats, though burdened by two attempts against the life of the emperor by assassination, and opposed in a general election both by all other parties and the full strength of the government, often exercised unconstitutionally, have nevertheless increased their total vote in the country, and almost held their own in the Reichstag—are too well known for comment. The repressive measures against the socialists, already purged of their severity by the Reichstag, are by no means successful, their harshness depending on the character of local officials. In Leipzig and Dresden there is comparative liberty, and in the latter city the social democrats so fully attended a conservative meeting, recently, that, on the right of speaking being denied to one of their number, they voted to adjourn. The policy of the leaders is to let the oppressive system run itself out, and they are by no means gloomy in regard to the future of the party. Even Fritzsche, the Berlin member of the Reichstag, who is followed continually by the police, recently said to a friend of mine concerning the imperial chancellor, "Had I been in his place, I should have adopted very different measures. If he had met us on the ground of philosophical discussion, shown the character of our ultimate aims, the apparent impossibility, the extreme improbability, of their realization, he could have kept the people from us for years to come, and postponed indefinitely the spread of our doctrines."

The measures against the social democrats are more harassing and aggravating than crushing. Their newspapers have been suppressed, but copies can be had if any one will take pains to find them; and although they are prohibited from having meetings of their own, they can express themselves at those of their opponents, and their own meetings are

often held under disguised names. Socialism in Germany cannot be crushed by the present oppressive measures, harsh as they are, and to harsher measures the people of Germany at this age will not submit.

•III.

In proposing to sketch the opinions of the leading socialists, our only trouble comes from the great mass of material; for it has been truly said of socialistic literature in Germany, "Its name is legion," and no other subject has drawn so many writers in Germany during the last decade. Rodbertus, professing to rest on Ricardo and Smith, finds the cause of pauperism, commercial crises, and the hindrance to a regular and unbroken progress of society in the fact "that with the increasing productivity of the labor of society the wages of the working classes are ever a smaller part of the national product." Moreover, if the laborers could perceive that by a different combination of the same simple operations they could get more for their labor, they are not in condition to withstand the force of capital, on whose side fights their own hunger and the suffering of their families. On this account they throw away their labor in order to live in misery, and they obtain a remuneration dependent only on the amount required for mere existence and propagation. As means to change the present condition of society, — a condition the worst possible, since under it the few thrive at the expense of the many, — he demanded the removal of the wages contract system and the institution of a normal day's labor; exclusive control by the state of the present circulating capital, which may be emitted to an unlimited amount in the form of banknotes, representing commercial products, in order to fix wages by special application; and the institution of a public magazine system, in order to control prices. By these means he hoped to bring men into the state where property is based alone on earnings, and thence gradually to the highest social order.

Lassalle was the follower of Rodbertus, and though he discovered no new principles he breathed into Rodbertus's teachings the fire of life, and threw them burning among the masses. He starts with the Malthusian theory that the remuneration of the laborer must always gravitate around the starvation point, and gives as a cause the present system of wages. Two changes are necessary for the emancipation of the laborer: first, the abolition of the wages system; second, the ability of the laborers to carry on large industries. Through the state alone can these changes be effected, and Lassalle makes the famous demand that the state shall gradually institute productive societies, where all property is in common and wages are governed by the vote of the workmen.

Marx, the master socialist, in his *Das Capital* asks how it is possible for the capitalist to increase his wealth, — how an article can be sold for more than was paid for it; and the answer is, Because it is bought for less or sold for more than its worth. The capital classes cannot prey upon themselves, but they find the laborer powerless before them, and prosper by preying upon him. Capital is a dead thing, and of itself gives nothing to production; labor alone gives increase, and should receive all products; but the fact is that capital, which creates nothing, but as a parasite drags down the laborer, takes by force the greater part of all products. The more the capitalist grinds the laborer, the longer and more severely the latter works, the more gain to the capitalist, since to him fall all products above the barest wants of the laborer. To improve this hard lot, Marx desires the state appropriation of capital, which he divides into two classes, — the means of production, and the articles produced. The first class, such as lands, factories, etc., he wishes to be common, while these of the second are to be given only to those creating them. All labor is to be on a large scale, and every community banded together. Marx is not pleased with the Lassalle demand for gradual change; he requires the expropriation of capitalists and the overthrow

of the present condition of production and exchange.

Liebknecht's best work is on the Land and Soil Question. He takes England and France as examples where land is owned respectively by few and by many, and then shows that in both cases, under competition, the lot of the agricultural laborer is wretched. He sums up his result: "In France the land is divided into many hands, 7,846,000 being owners out of a population of 31,000,000. The result is small return from the soil and general indebtedness of the peasants, who are the indirect slaves of capital, and for the most part in miserable condition."¹ On the other hand, in England, in place of free peasants we see unhappy slaves of wages, whose standard of comfort is lower than that of paupers. The French system ruins the state, the land, and the peasant; while the English system robs the working classes of the fruits of their labor, throws them into abject poverty, and allows much of their production to be squandered by the sons of their masters, — a system bad for all, immoral in the extreme. Germany, coming between England and France, is fast approaching the condition of the former country; every year the land is coming into fewer hands, and we have only to look at the misery of the working classes in rich England to consider what it will be in poor Germany. There is only one remedy, — the state ownership of land.

Of that small class of socialist writers who dare foretell the consequences of socialism — a class too few, and who leave most of what they attempt to prove for the experience of the future — Dr. Schäffle is by far the most able, and in his *Die Quintessenz des Socialismus* maps out the socialistic state. The change, he thinks, will not come before a century: first, centralization must so increase that the state can carry on the

immense fabric of industry now carried on by private persons, and this will be helped by the centralization of wealth in few hands. Demand and supply are to be regulated by a board of statistics, which shall give for each year the amount of food, clothing, etc., needed for the community, and labor is to be governed accordingly. Money and trade will be destroyed, the former being replaced by certificates representing certain amounts of goods payable at the state stores. There is to be no interference in the private affairs of life; individuals as far as possible may choose their own occupations, and such professions as medicine, which cannot be centralized, can remain outside the central control. But the great question is, Can socialism be made to enter against this great power of individualism which controls trade? To do this, Schäffle says, socialism must first cause each individual to work as earnestly for society as he now works for himself; and then it must find an automatic control of wages; otherwise, if controlled by officials, we cannot be more sure of just wages than at present. Schäffle confesses that so far no such means have been found, and the solution of the question, together with that of the possibility of the state to control all labor and at the same time not restrict the liberty of the individual, he leaves (following the example of most of his brother socialists) to the future.

IV.

In examining the tenets of the socialists, it must first be conceded that in their two main assertions they are right: first, that there is much misery and injustice in life, of which the lower classes have the larger share; and, second, that the relative amount of production received by the working classes has, dur-

¹ De Veauce, a member of the French Lower House, said in 1896, "According to the census of 1851, the mortgages of land owners amounted to 10,000,000,000 francs. Since then matters have become far worse, but all attempts to induce the government to publish the census of 1890 have failed. Of the 7,846,000 land owners in France, 3,600,000

are certified by the General Office to be unable to pay a personal tax." Since that speech the statistics have been published, the mortgages amounting to 12,000,000,000 francs. According to the census of 1851, 346,000 houses had no other opening than the door, and 1,817,535 had only one window.

ing the last two centuries, diminished, while capital has lately tended towards fewer hands.

The two latter facts are caused by the vast development of the division of labor, whereby great brain powers are more valuable in aiding production than formerly. Two centuries ago, when industry was mainly carried on by hand labor, there were no large factories and no demand for high executive ability. But at present a vigorous mind is the first requisite for success in trade or agriculture, and the scarcity of such a quality puts on it a high price. It is, then, the more complicated conditions of production which have in late years placed a high premium on brains. Men of the best mental capacities have become the capitalists, taking the place of the great nobles. It is therefore seen that this increase of the amount given to the enterprisers is only the payment for their rare business qualities. The recent gathering of capital into few hands is caused by the advantage that the large enterprisers have over the small, since the former can carry the division of labor to a further extent. But in countries like the United States, where large industrial corporations are frequent, this has not been the case, as the smaller owners have clubbed together, and can more than compete with their rich rivals; and thus nearly all the large industries are corporations, much of whose stock is owned by the working classes. This so-called gathering of property into fewer hands is the first necessary step towards the transition of the industry of a country from a small to a large scale.

The small enterprisers will hold out as long as possible, to their own loss and the great undertakers' gain. But when the tide has set towards industry on a large scale, the large capitalists have no advantage; and as the inherited acquisition of wealth tends to diminish those qualities of mind fitted to acquire and preserve it, property is very likely, when unrestricted by law, not to remain long in the same families.

As to Marx's assertion, that as capital is a dead thing, doing nothing to-

wards production, it has therefore no right to receive any part of the products, I must say, with the socialists, that right being a matter of utility, the question is whether it is best to interfere with this self-working order, and deprive capital of the share that mankind at present are willing to give to it. This brings us to the root of the whole question. At present, in a society where the laissez-faire system rules, every manufacturer, proprietor, or laborer is a servant. The large mill owner serves an immense body of consumers, and manages his factory according to their wants. All these servants of society are paid according to the estimation that society places on their services. If one line is particularly well paid, all are at liberty to enter it and try their powers; and wherever demand for certain qualities exceeds supply, those obtain a corresponding high reward. It is not a majority vote, but each member of the minority, as well as of the majority, makes his vote count in the total payment. What now does socialism wish? It is not satisfied with the remuneration which certain classes receive, and so wishes to have the community control wages. But that is done at present, and each member votes every day of his life, his vote being cast in the exact proportion of his conflicting judgments.

It is impossible for the people to give directly by actual ballot, or by means of representation, their estimation of the relative merits of different labor. It surely would not be correct to reward all labor the same. Philosophically, perhaps one sort of labor is as necessary to production as another; but it is not so judged by the combined opinions of the people, and that is the only just estimate. It is said that at present the strong oppress the weak, and personal influence does much to regulate the amount of wages. Does any one think this personal influence would not work if the value of labor were decided by a commission? Would not overbearingness, sycophancy, and underhanded play work more effectually than now? What better chance for hatred, cruelty, and injustice than under a scheme where wages

are governed by officials? For so must wages be governed under socialism; only under *laissez faire* can a self-acting system be possible. When there is a restriction on that system, wages must be given by dictum, not by contract.

Nor is it possible to see how a board of officials can govern the infinite ramifications of industry and trade. There is no man, or number of men, existing who can fully comprehend the combined conditions of commerce in a city like London so as to guide its massive and intricate movements to advantage. No government has ever attempted one hundredth of that contemplated by socialism, and yet we know that all attempts at interference with industry have hitherto been disastrous. Even on such questions as free trade there have been differences of opinion among the ablest men. What, then, can a government do when it takes on its shoulders the entire control of a country's industry and trade?

Again, it is a well-established fact that government works are carried on more expensively than private works. The former are noted for being slow, cumbrous, and lacking in progress, because they are outside of the sphere of competition. The removal of individual enterprise will take away many a spur to progress, and mankind, not made by nature to rise with rapidity, will proceed still more slowly. The control of industry and trade by the state can be effected only by restrictions on individual activity, and this must decrease production.

In time, again, the state officials must form a class, whence a despotism must arise, despite the forms of universal suffrage. But the greatest evil is that this system interferes with the freedom and judgment of the individual by allotting to government or society an increase of authority over the ordinary affairs of life. Society is to be one vast machine,

in which only the heads are the thinkers, the vast majority of its members being mere automata. Progress is the progress of individuals, and that comes only from experience, the only teacher, the only improver of man's character; and experience should be left as free and as wide as possible.

A man does not always advance from having more food and clothing. Pure advancement is in character and prudence, which proceed from a man's free experience. A man is not made prudent or far-sighted by outside restriction, but only when he has worked himself to that point can he stand there without help. The progress that has been made during ten centuries shows that in the nature of man good predominates over evil. Let, then, that nature work out its own salvation without restriction. I sympathize with socialists in their noble love for their suffering brothers. But what can we do? How will the forms of socialism change the injustice and cruelty of life for the better?

I am with socialists in condemnation of those beings who, having inherited the labor of thousands, live in luxury and idleness, doing nothing for the advance of their fellows, or to repay the boon they have received from the labor of those who have lived before them. There is no class more worthy of contempt. But what can be done? Restrictions can be placed on them only by general laws affecting the liberty of society. The most feasible plan is for the state to place a high tax on inheritance. But even that could be avoided by transfer, or mock sale, before death. It will doubtless be the first step, if any, towards socialism, and is destined to be a future political question. For the present, we must fall back on the hope that progress will instill into the nature of all the desire and pride of giving to the world as much as has been received.

Willard Brown.

WITHERED ROSES.

I.

Not waked by worth, nor marred by flaw,
Not won by good, nor lost by ill,
Love is its own and only law,
And lives and dies by its own will.
It was our fate, and not our sin,
That we should love, and love should win.

II.

Not bound by oath, nor stayed by prayer,
Nor held by thirst of strong desire,
Love lives like fragrance in the air,
And dies as breaking waves expire.
'Twas death, not falsehood, bade us part,—
The death of love, that broke my heart.

III.

Not kind, as dreaming poets think,
Nor merciful, as sages say,—
Love heeds not where its victims sink,
When once its heart is torn away.
'Twas nature, it was not disdain,
That made thee careless of my pain.

IV.

Not thrall'd by law, nor ruled by right,
Love keeps no audit with the skies:
Its star, that once is quenched in night,
Has set,—and never more will rise.
My soul is dead, by thee forgot,
And there's no heaven where thou art not.

V.

But happy he, though scathed and lone,
Who sees, afar, love's fading wings,—
Whose seared and blighted soul has known
The splendid agony it brings!
No life that is, no life to be,
Can ever take the past from me!

VI.

Red roses, bloom for other lives—
Your withered leaves alone are mine!
Yet, not for all that time survives
Would I your heavenly gift resign,—
Now cold and dead, once warm and true,
The love that lived and died in you.

William Winter.

A DAY AT WINDSOR.

It was on a bright October morning that I took an early train from London to Windsor. No autumnal tints had yet touched the trees, which stood amply robed in vivid green, nor was the grass a blade thinner or a shade paler than it was in summer. The sky was almost cloudless, and of that pale gray-blue which is its brightest color between the narrow seas. I never saw the heaven quite void of clouds in England; and I am not sure that if I had seen it so I should have liked it better. The wind—but there did not seem to be any wind, not even a breeze, only a gentle motion of soft air which stirred just enough to make you conscious of its presence. There was not that glow above and that rich, deep-hued splendor below that make the autumn of New England appear so glorious; but the absence of those bright colors which our year, like a dolphin, takes on as it is dying was more than made up for me by the fullness of life and the freshness of beauty which, when we had left the city behind us, I saw all around me. I admit that I am quite willing to do without any evidences of decay, however brilliant may be its phosphorescence, and that there is no flower which compensates me for the loss of June roses.

In the approach to Windsor there is nothing remarkable; but rural England under a bright sky is always beautiful, and it was after as pleasant an hour as railway traveling will permit that I left the train at the town which clusters around the base of England's royal castle.

What a little place! It seemed hardly big enough to hold so fat a man as Falstaff. And then it is so small for its age. Think that it should have been there these eight hundred years, and yet have grown no larger! Moreover, there is the surprise of finding in such a very small town such a very big castle. Indeed, it is absurd to say that the castle is at Wind-

sor: it is Windsor that is at the castle. But the smallness of the town, its age, and its apparent incapacity for becoming any larger were all charms in my eyes. It was a new and delightful sensation in England,—the coming upon places that were finished, that were neither great nor growing, and that plainly had no enterprise. It gave rest to a certain stunned and weary feeling which comes upon one in the streets of New York, and in the streets of other places which are daily, with more or less success, doing all they can to be like New York, that dashing, dirty, demirep of cities.

Before going to the castle I walked about the town a little, —not, however, with any Shakespearean purpose. Not in the town, nor in the park, nor in the neighborhood did I make passionate pilgrimage to the scenes of Shakespeare's only comedy of English life. To what good end or pleasant thought should I have done so? There is not a place nor an object there that Shakespeare has mentioned which is what he saw or had in mind, or which he himself would recognize were he brought back to earth again. Herne's oak is gone; and if it were not, in what would it differ from any other old oak? And why should I go to Frogmore simply because it is mentioned in *The Merry Wives*? If places have any beauty or any real charm of association, the sight of them is a source of a great and a pure pleasure. Could I have seen the house that Shakespeare had in mind as Ford's, or that might have been Ford's house; could I have seen Mistress Ford or sweet Anne Page, or portraits of the women that stood to Shakespeare as models for those personages—if he had any models,—I would gladly have gone twenty miles afoot to enjoy the sight; but since I could not, since I could see nothing of the sort, not even the "bare ruined choir where late the sweet birds sang," what need to follow the delusion of an empty name!

Even at Stratford there is little that has real association with Shakespeare, except the old Guild Chapel and the Hathaway cottage, which remain much as Shakespeare knew them. The house in Henley Street has been "restored" beyond all patient tolerance, and filled with gimcracks and "Shakespearean" vanity. And so I left the places mentioned in *The Merry Wives* unvisited.

In Windsor itself I found little of interest. The town is not new, but it is modern. Its Elizabethan features have all been improved away. It is chiefly filled with people who live upon the castle, and upon the railway that brings other people to the castle. The glorifying beams of royalty fall upon everything. On a little hut by the river-side I saw a sign, "All Kinds of Bait. Patronized by the Royal Family;" and I had some comfort in picturing to myself the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught going there for worms and minnows when they went out fishing on half holidays, — although, poor fellows, I fear they never had the true boyish pleasure of carrying their worms, not exactly, like Mr. Punch's boy, in their mouths, but in boxes in their own pockets, and of putting them on the hooks themselves, and then of taking home a good catch of fish for the royal breakfast-table. Who would be a prince, to have his hook baited by an attendant, and his gun loaded by a game-keeper! In pleasure dignity dulls the edge of enjoyment. But nevertheless a bait-house patronized by the royal family was a thing to see.

In a little public-house in a by-street I saw in the window a card: "Bean Feasts and Parties Supplied." And this I hailed as evidence that pork and beans came into New England with the Mayflower, quite as trustworthy, to say the least, as that on which some noble families are said to have come into Old England with the Conqueror. And I was also glad to see in it evidence that the bean-eaters had their little merry-makings and picnicks, not unlike those festivals which produce here a dreadful variety of iced cream and consequent

stomachic derangements for Sunday-school children.

In the course of my stroll I came upon a house which had recently been burned, the ruins of which stood just as they had been left by the fire. The house had not been wholly destroyed, and the skeleton still held together. It seemed to have been built some forty or fifty years ago. I was surprised at the flimsiness of its construction. The bricks were poor and the mortar was bad; the beams were out of proportion, small, and badly-joined; the tenon and mortise work was not only clumsy, but weak and insufficient. A house so built may be found anywhere; and I should not mention this but as the occasion of remarking that I found the same inferior builder's work wherever I went in England. According to my observation, modern English houses, unless they are built with special care and unusual expense, are very slightly put together, with bad materials and poor workmanship. It is the custom there to put up the shells of houses, usually three or four together, and to leave them to be finished according to the wishes of an intending tenant or purchaser. They are called "carcasses." I examined many of these without finding one even tolerably well built. The walls brought to mind the scoff of Tobiah the Ammonite against the newly rebuilt wall of Jerusalem: "If a fox go up he shall break down their stone wall." The mortar, although it had been set for years, would crumble under the touch of my stick, even of my thumb nail. And walls of the modern-built villa houses that I visited were rarely more substantial, while the joiner's work was both flimsy and coarse. I also remarked that where recent additions had been made to the height of garden walls the mortar in the new part, although in general it was plainly ten or twenty, or even thirty, years old, was more like mud than like mortar. Indeed, I did not see in England, in a new private building of moderate pretensions, any mortar worthy of the name. This attracted my attention, I need hardly say, because of the notion generally prevailing, and sedulously encouraged by British writers,

that all English work is distinguished from other work of its kind by excellence of material and thoroughness of workmanship; that although it might not have elegance it was sure to be substantial. I did not find it so. In this respect, in many ways, I was disappointed. That such was once the character of the work of English artisans and manufacturers I believe is not to be disputed; but during the last fifty years this one glory of England seems to have departed.

Visitors to Windsor Castle are required to register their names in a book, when they receive tickets, without which they cannot pass the gate. No fee is expected or allowed to be taken for this preliminary process, which is performed at a little shop in the principal street of the town. I offered a half crown to the respectable and cheerful dame who thus equipped me; but she told me, with a smile, that she could take nothing, but that she had guide-books which she could sell me. Whereupon I whipped her particular devil around her particular stump, to her entire satisfaction. As to her books, they were naught, as such book are most commonly. While I was doing this it occurred to me that I wanted some ginger-pop, a potation which I had not yet tasted, and which I would by no means have left England without enjoying. For in my boyish days I had been made thirsty by reading of the revelings of English boys in this exhilarating drink, just as I had been made hungry by reading in Scott's novels of knights and cavaliers devouring venison pasties. I asked for some ginger-pop. But the lady replied with some dignity that she did not keep it, adding kindly and with some condescension that I might get it at a little shop down the street. Hereupon a cheery young voice broke out, "I'll show you, sir, where you can get some pop." I turned, and saw a lad some twelve or fourteen years old, and, thanking him, asked him if the pop would be good. He assured me that it would, adding by way of proof, "All the fellows of our school go there." Momentarily forgetful, I asked, What school? "Why, Eton, of course," he replied. We went off to-

gether, and soon pledged each other in the fizzing fluid, which, to my great disappointment, I found to be nothing more than poor soda-water flavored with poor ginger syrup. But I was well recompensed for this disillusion. My companion's views upon the subject of ginger-pop were different from mine, and he beamed and expanded under its influence. I told him that I had come to see the castle, and asked him some questions about it. Of course he knew Windsor through and through, and after we had chatted a while he offered to go with me and be my guide.

We set off immediately, and at the castle we became part of a group or squad of visitors who were about to make the round of the state apartments. For here, as at other great show places, it is the custom for an attendant to start upon a tour either at certain intervals, or when visitors to the number of a dozen to a score have assembled. I shall not be so superfluous as to give any description of these apartments, which did not impress me either with their magnificence or their good taste. I expected both; I would have been satisfied with one; I found neither. There was an absence of grandeur and stateliness in proportion and in arrangement, a lack both of splendor and of elegance in decoration, which surprised me. Nor was there any impression of antiquity in keeping with the age of this venerable palace and fortress. Two of the apartments were of great interest,—the Vandyke room and St. George's Hall. The Vandyke room is filled with portraits by that master-painter of gentlemen and gentlewomen. Of the twenty-two canvases one half are portraits of Charles I. or of his family. There are three of Charles himself; of Henrietta Maria four, besides that in the family group. One wears a little of Charles's handsome, high-bred, melancholy face, with its peaked beard dividing the singularly elegant, but certainly most unmanly, Vandyke collar. And after all, notwithstanding Charles's beauty and his air of refinement, he had not a kingly look. His face lacked strength. The Earl of

Strafford, whose portrait is perhaps the greatest head that Vandyke ever painted, looked far more kingly; and, with all Strafford's faults, he was more kingly than his master. The most interesting of the other and not royal portraits are those of Tom Killigrew, of Carew, and of Vandyke himself.

St. George's Hall is interesting from the fact that it has upon its walls and its ceiling the arms and the names of all the knights of the Garter who have been installed since the foundation of the order. The general effect is that of a rich series of heraldic mosaics. As to the knights, there is, as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant might say, "sic an admeexture." Not that there was a "Jew and a beeshop," — at least there was no Jew's name yet visible when I was there in 1876; but the admixture is of men of mark and distinction with men who were merely the commonplace sons of commonplace fathers, inheritors of high rank and great estates, who but for their inheritance would never have been heard of beyond the bounds of their own parishes, and who as simple gentlemen would have had no claim to admiration and little to respect. And yet the Garter is the great prize of life in England. To win it men will peril body and soul, although it is the emptiest of all distinctions. For a knight of the Most Noble Order, except by his star and his garter, does not differ in virtue of his knighthood from any other human mortal. A peerage brings station and power and privilege and ennobling duty and opportunity; but the Garter and the Golden Fleece and the Black Eagle, — what are they? Can any one tell what good they do the man who wears them, or of what merit they are the sign? They are not like the Victoria Cross, or the Order of Merit, or even like that much-cheapened distinction the Legion of Honor, tokens of courage, or of ability, or of character. But a knight of the Garter is one of a body of not more than some fifty men (originally but twenty-five), who have the sovereign for their chief and foreign kings and princes among their number; and therefore it is the most coveted dis-

tinction in Europe, although it means nothing, and the order does nothing. This hall of the order of St. George is two hundred feet long, but as it is only thirty-four feet wide its effect is not one of grandeur; on the contrary, it seems like a decorated passage-way to some really grand apartment.

The Waterloo Chamber, although not very spacious considering that it is one of the principal state apartments in the principal palace of the British sovereign, is yet a noble room. It is hung with some thirty or forty portraits, nearly all at full length, of distinguished personages who were connected in some way with the great battle which ended Napoleon's career. Most of these portraits are by Sir Thomas Lawrence. As one looks around it, the old exclamation, "My stars and garters!" (which was still heard in New England thirty years ago), is brought forcibly to mind. Such an exhibition of starred coats and gartered legs, and of robes and of ermine and of human upholstery in general, with faces appended thereto in Lawrence's weak, pretty style, is not to be found elsewhere. It is amusing to see that whatever the figures of the men may be, which are hidden by the velvet and the fur, their legs are all alike. Lawrence evidently had one pair as models, and furnished them to all his sitters with impartial pencil.

It was more amusing to see the awful admiration with which these and other magnificences were regarded by the visitors, who were all, with the single exception of myself, British sight-seers of the middle and lower-middle classes, out on a holiday. Of the Vandykes they took little notice; they were more disposed to admire the vast inanities of Verrio and Zuccarelli in the audience chamber and the drawing-room. But these robed and jeweled full-length portraits of kings and princes and dukes and earls, whose names they knew, were to them manifestly glimpses of glory. They were also much interested in furniture, gilded chairs and tables and vases, and the like.

My Eton boy kept near me, but he had found two or three young compan-

ions, and when he was not playing good-natured cicerone to me (and he showed intelligence and good taste in what he said) he chatted with them. I saw that our official attendant fretted at this, particularly when the lad spoke to me. He was a consequential man, more like one of John Leech's butlers than any real butler that I saw in England. His squat figure was carefully dressed in black; his shoes were polished to an obtrusive brightness, so that they looked like large lumps of anthracite coal; and he shone at both ends, for he must have had an ounce of highly perfumed oil upon his straight black hair, which was coaxed into the semblance of a curl above each ear. He delivered himself of his explanations with pompous dignity. At last, on one occasion, when my young companion had spoken somewhat eagerly to me, and had then turned to his fellows, and their tongues disturbed the almost awful hush with which the small crowd of Philistines listened to his descriptions, the man stopped short in the midst of an harangue, and, wheeling about upon my Eton guide, broke out, "Wot *har* you a-talkin' about? Wot do *you* know about hanythink in the castle? *Will* you be quiet wen h'I'm a-talkin'! 'Ow can the ladies and gentlemen hunderstand the castle if they can't 'ear me speak?" The boy held his peace, of course; but as soon as the man turned round again, looked up at me with a most impenitent wink, and thrust his tongue into his cheek with an expression that, if his rebuker had seen it, would have made him choke with suppressed wrath.

The weary round of the state apartments having been finished, I went to St. George's Chapel, which, although worth seeing, seemed to me less so than any church of note that I visited in England. The monument to the Princess Charlotte is one of those elaborate exhibitions of bad taste which were put up at great expense in England at the end of the last century and the beginning of this. Indeed, I did not see in any church in the country a modern monument which was well designed or really beautiful. The modern monuments in Westminster

Abbey are mostly monstrosities in marble.

The noble round tower of Windsor Castle is its chief beauty. It dominates and harmonizes all the other architectural features of the pile. It is the round tower that makes Windsor Castle imposing. We all know Windsor by that tower, which sits like a great crown upon the castle-palace of the British sovereigns. Up the hundred stone steps of this tower I went with my young Eton friend; and if the steps had been a thousand I should have been well repaid for the ascent by the sight that greeted me on all sides, as I looked off from the battlements. The guide-books say that when the atmosphere is unclouded twelve counties, Middlesex, Hertford, Essex, Oxford, Wilts, Kent, Hants, Bedford, Sussex, Berks, Bucks, and Surrey, may be seen from this elevation. I must then have seen my full dozen; for although there were clouds, they were few and light, and themselves so beautiful that I would not have given the sight of them for the sight of six more counties; and the day was bright and clear with a soft, golden clearness. Except from Richmond Hill, off which I looked on such another day, I had no sight of English land that was to be compared with this in its beauty and in its peculiarly English character. It was picturesque, but it had no striking features. Its charm was, as I have remarked before, upon other occasions, in the blending of man's work with nature's; in the alternation of the noble and the simple; in the grand harmony of things beautiful in themselves, yet not very striking if seen alone, like the rich blending of simple themes in great orchestral music. It was a grand symphony in form and color. For it seemed, like a symphony, to have been constructed, yet with such art that the succession and relation of its beauties seemed also perfectly natural. To have disturbed their order, or to have regarded one without regarding the others also, would have been destructive of its highest charm,—that of the extension and continuity of varied, self-developed beauty. I wan-

dered around the great circle of the parapet, and leaning into the golden-tinted air drank in delight that filled me with a gentle happiness.

But I was not allowed to muse in solitude. Soon a warder came up to me, telescope in hand, and began his official function. He called my attention to this great house and to the other, seeming to think that the chief pleasure in looking from Windsor Castle consisted in seeing the seat of this or of that nobleman. I did not take his prying telescope, and after a word or two walked away and changed my point of view. Soon he followed me, and began again his verbal catalogue and index, and again offered me his brazen tube. Annoyed by his persistence, and wishing at once to be left alone and not to offend him in the performance of his office, as the easiest way of accomplishing my double purpose I listened to him a moment, took the telescope, and sweeping the horizon slowly with it, handed it back to him with thanks and the customary shilling. He took the telescope, of course, but to my surprise he refused the shilling.¹ His manner was very respectful, but equally decided. Fearing that he might fasten himself upon me as a gratuitous guide, I pressed the coin upon him on the ground that I had used his telescope. "No, indeed, sir, you did n't," he replied, with civil and even deferential manner. "I saw you did n't, and I've done nothing for the tip." I yielded, and was moving away again, when, after looking at me a moment, he said, "I beg your pardon, but I think you must be an American gentleman. I should n't have thought it, if you had n't been so suspicious. American gentlemen are always so suspicious."

The man's respectful but outspoken manner pleased me. I was a little puzzled by his epithet, but apprehended him in a moment. He had no conception of the feeling which made me desire to be alone, and supposed that I regarded him as a sort of impostor, who for the sake of my shilling professed to show me what he did not know himself. For the rest, —

¹ My only experience of this kind in England.

'ow was I to hunderstand the castle if I did n't 'ear him speak? Then I put myself into his hands, and let him show me his landscape and his country seats; and in the course of our talk I learned from him that Americans were more apt than Englishmen to decline his offices. This he thought was because they were so sharp, "bein' so accustomed, you see, sir, to be taken in at 'ome." That was richly worth the shilling, which I offered him again, and which he now took thankfully.

My nativity had been detected by a stranger only once before; and that was by a tailor, who spoke of it casually as, soon after my arrival, I was trying on a water-proof overcoat at a shop in Regent Street. I asked him how he knew it. He smiled, and said, pointing to my coat, "I knew that coat, sir, was never made in England." He was right; and I should have known it myself if I had seen the coat upon another man, although it was cut after a London pattern, and was made of English cloth by an English tailor. This stamp of nationality in handiwork is universally borne. Why it is so seems almost unaccountable. But a book, for example, bound in New York or at Riverside by an English binder, with English tools and English materials, after an English pattern carefully copied, can be distinguished from a London-bound book almost at a glance by an observant book-lover. It may be as well bound, or better, but it will not be the same. So a London-made watch-case copied here line for line, and in tint of metal to a shade, will be easily distinguishable from the original, even although the pattern is "engine-turned" and worked by a machine in both cases. The critic would not perhaps find a ready reason for his discrimination, and might find it impossible to give one; but none the less he would be safe in making it.

Just as I was turning from my warder, he said, "If you like old churches, sir, yonder 's one that 's one of the three or four oldest in the kingdom, they say, — St. Andrew's of Clure;" and he pointed off to a little spire that shot up from among some trees and hay-stacks two or

three miles off. This was welcome news; and after a word or two with him on the subject, I sought and found my Eton boy, and asked him if he knew the way to that little church. "To be sure," he said, mentioning the name. "I've been there many a time. Would you like to go? We need n't go by the road; I know paths through the fields." We set off without more words. He took me down through by-streets, and then through workshops and stables, and at last brought me out upon a broad, low meadow; and then we followed by-paths and lanes. And here, from this out-of-the-way place, I got a view of the castle which surpassed in grandeur and in noble picturesqueness all views of it that I had seen before, either with my own eyes or in prints and pictures. The sky line was much finer, the whole pile had much more dignity, and the long, level foreground over which I looked stretched out directly to the base of the mound out of which that majestic growth of stone seems to spring.

As we walked, the lad, upon a little leading, told me about himself. He was a foundation scholar. His family had been a wealthy county family, but had decayed and become poor, — by means, I suspect, from what dropped casually with his story, of a scampish father and grandfather. But his friends had interest enough to get him a foundation scholarship at Eton, where he had been two years. But the poor fellow had not prospered; for he confessed to me that he had been plucked twice. Moreover, he told me how hard a life he led among the sons of noblemen and rich gentlemen who filled the school; how they scorned him and scoffed him, and at best slighted him, and took no more notice of him "than if he had been a puppy dog." I did not tell him, but I saw that the reason of this treatment was not only his being on the foundation, as he said, but his being neither clever nor strong. He was intelligent enough, and not a weakling; but he had been plucked twice, and I saw that he would not have counted for much at foot-ball or at cricket. He lacked both nervous energy and strength of fibre; and this in a foundation boy who was

nothing at his books of course made him a nonentity at such a school as Eton, where, most of all places in England, the traditional creed is held that

They should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

But he was a good-hearted fellow, and with some independence, as I found; for he would take no tip from me, and had declined, as we came through the town from the castle, to have luncheon, suspecting, as I saw plainly, that I proposed it on his account. Poor, weak, sensitive soul! — sure not to succeed in life; able neither to take nor to keep, and ashamed to receive, yet far more worthy of respect than many who get both gain and glory.

After a pleasant walk we came out close by the little church, which stood almost literally among the hay-stacks, and which might have been hidden entirely from view, except its spire, by any one of many hay-stacks that I have seen in Pennsylvania; for it was no larger than a country school-house. But outside and inside it was a little jewel, of quaintest design, if design could be asserted of what bore the marks of different hands and different periods, — Saxon, Norman, and Early English. Part of it is said to have been built in the seventh century. It stood in its church-yard almost like a summer-house in a garden. It was composed of two parts, one much longer than the other. Its walls were of chalk and flint, and its roof was of flat, red tiles. It had a low, square tower, very heavily buttressed at the angles, from which rose, with a curved base, a small, sharp spire. The little porch at the side showed its rafters, as the whole church did; those of the porch were like an A. Although so small, it had a nave and side aisles, and little clear-story windows, the sills of which almost rested upon round arches supported by rude pillars. It had a pretty carved altarpiece; and there were the old high pews, — actually old, but comparatively very new; for at least one part of the church had been built centuries before pews and Protestantism came in together. It was by far the prettiest

country church that I saw in England, and much the most interesting, notwithstanding the superior age claimed for St. Martin's at Canterbury and the associations of the Hospital church at Harbledown. Yet upon after-inquiry among those of my friends who had been educated at Eton, I did not find one who had seen St. Andrew's of Clure, although he had been within an hour's easy walk of it for three years.

As I entered the church, there appeared at the porch, I know not how, as if she had come up out of a vault, an old woman, who smiled and courtesied and gave me good-day as I went in. She wore a cap, a folded kerchief, and an apron, all as neat as wax and as white as snow. I saw, of course, that the little place was her show; but how she managed to be there as I came in, the queen's head upon a shilling only knows; for there cannot be a visitor a day to this little place. I expected to hear her soon whining beside me; but no, she remained quietly at the porch, while I sauntered about the church until I got my fill of it; nor did she offer to speak to me until I called her to me and asked a question. She answered in so sweet a voice and with so pleasant a manner that she won my heart on the spot; but it had been half won, as I encountered her, by her smile, her cap, her kerchief, and her apron. She showed me the little that there was to be shown, and told me the little that there was to be told, about the church, which for its age was very bare of legend and of monument. As I passed out I observed the font close by the porch, — a large, low, dark-colored bath of stone, half filled with water. Around the edge, which was a full span deep, was arranged a garland of roses, the most beautiful, I think, that I ever saw. They were white and red and yellow, and their perfume filled the whole of the quaint old shrine; for the little church was hardly more. The old woman, seeing my admiration of them, told me that the rector's daughters had put them there "because to-day was St. Michael's and hall hangels." She dropped a little courtesy as she said it; and if

St. Michael and all the other angels were not pleased with her simple obeisance, they must be harder to propitiate than I believe they are.

We went out into the church-yard, which had as much beauty as such a place can have, — more than any other that I ever saw. It was full of small dark evergreens (the Irish yew), which shot up, pointed like spires, from the emerald grass, the flowers, and the old head-stones. Although the place was so small and so rustie, there were others than "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" buried there. And as I went about among the stones the old woman, whom I kept near me by constant questions, that I might enjoy the pleasure of her speech, stooped to some planks which I had thought were the temporary cover of a new and unfilled grave, and removing one of them showed me a large and handsome vault. It was of white marble, finely finished, and had slabs for two coffins. She told me that a Colonel — was building it for himself and for his wife; and she pointed out to me with evident pride its elegance and costliness. "See, sir," she said, "what a beautiful resting-place the Colonel is building for himself, and for his lady too, when it pleases God to call them. Could there be anything finer? See, sir, white marble and polished that the porch of your own house could n't be finer. [No, indeed, good soul; there you are nearer right than you seem to think.] It must be such a consolation to them, sir." And she spoke quite as if she thought that the Colonel and his "lady" ought to be very thankful, when it pleased God to call them, to be laid away in so grand and elegant a place.

I left her smiling and courtesying, and walked back to Windsor with my young Eton friend. I have since heard that she herself lies now in the church-yard; and although there will be no marble around or above her humble coffin, I have no doubt that she sleeps as well as if she lay in the tomb that she regarded as so inviting. Peace be with her; for she had a gentle way, a sweet voice, and she did not speak unbidden.

We crossed the Thames, going thus from Windsor to Eton, and from Berkshire into Bucks; but we were not out of one until we were in the other, and indeed it seemed to me as if, excepting the castle, both places could be covered with a large blanket. In this is one of the charms of England, and I believe of other European countries,—that in small towns which have always been small you may find buildings, like Windsor Castle and Eton College, which have always been large; and the cultivated fields and the green meadows come close up to the walls or to the houses. Eton is a very small place, but is full of houses in which it must be a delight to live, so indicative are their outsides of comfort and refinement, and, not least, of reserve. And this expression of reserve, which pertains more or less to the houses in all small towns in England, is much helped in all by the winding, irregular streets. You cannot stand and look down a row of houses a quarter of a mile long as if you were inspecting a file of soldiers.

It was now long after noon, and I saw in a field an Eton game of foot-ball. It was played with spirit, but with less dash than I had been led to expect. At another time, however, there may have been more. Apart from their uniforms, the players could not have been distinguished from the same number of Yankee boys, of like condition in life, engaged in the same sport. I also met a large party of "old boys," as they came up, in their uniforms, from a cricket match. A lathier lot of young fellows I never saw. Not that they were either weak looking or unhealthy; but they were not at all what the writings of English critics had led me to expect. Not one was robust; only one had color; and there was not a curling auburn head among them. I saw Eton boys by scores, and found them neither ruddy nor plump,

but, like most other boys between twelve and twenty, rather pale and slender.

The full-dress Eton costume is a ridiculous one. It is a short jacket or roundabout, with a very broad turn-over shirt collar, and a chimney-pot hat. The combination is grotesque; and it is made more so by the solemnity of most of the young chaps when they have it on.

Hunger drove me and my young companion into a restaurant, and I shall never forget the looks of a little Eton prig who entered as we were sitting, and took a place over against us. He kept on his preposterous hat, gave his order as if it were for his own capital execution, and ate his cakes and drank his chocolate as if that event were to take place at the conclusion of his repast. My poor fellow was not one tenth part so dignified, although he was, I am sure, a hundred times more agreeable. And when the time came for us to part, and I thanked him for his company, he stood up and made me a bow, and said, "I have had a very pleasant day, sir, and I hope you have." We went out and shook hands, and he turned toward the school, and I across the Thames toward Windsor. I should be glad to know that he was no longer snubbed, or worse, and that he was not plucked at his next examination. I was soon in the train, and as we steamed away towards London, although it was only five o'clock in the afternoon, I saw the mist rising and lying in level bars across the trees some six or eight feet above the ground. It was so dense that it was plainly visible at a distance of not more than one hundred yards,—plain enough for me to make a memorandum sketch of it. But this seems to breed no malaria. The tertian ague of our forefathers has departed from England. Did it come over here with pork and beans and some other English blessings in the *Mayflower*?

Richard Grant White.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

For the highest forms of art must we continue to go abroad? A partial answer to this question comes back, not from the oldest society of the Atlantic sea-board, but from a city in the Ohio Valley, where it must seem that American influences are almost exclusively at work. Whatever the Cincinnati faience may indicate in other ways, it appears as a purely American achievement, and is for that reason full of suggestiveness to the reflective. Here is a young lady who, with a delicate feeling for art, has combined such inventive and analytic powers as have enabled her to work out, patiently and alone, a secret in pottery which has puzzled experts and practical potters in Europe for centuries. Miss Louise McLaughlin has produced a faience such as only Deck of Paris and the Havilands at Limoges have produced hitherto. At the Exhibition of the Society of Decorative Art in New York several specimens of the ware were shown, and the full significance of the discovery was recognized by the high-priests of ceramic art in the metropolis, Mr. W. C. Prime and Mr. Bennett. This artistic inventor of Cincinnati (from whence Duvencek and Dengler also came), be it understood, has never been in Europe, and of course could have known nothing of the carefully concealed French processes.

The pottery made of an earth treated with a coating of enamel or glaze, and now commonly known as faience, is not prized, as is porcelain, for its fineness or thinness. The various glazes which are in practical use in the manufacture of faience are far greater in number than is usually supposed: in one establishment the foreman has the directions in his note-book for more than three hundred different glazes. It is now sometimes necessary to define the word "glaze" as that external finish which does not enter into combination with the colors or body beneath, and "enamel"

as the finish which is incorporated with, and enters into a union with, the colors lying on the body beneath; but the word glaze is commonly used, generically, to include both glazes and enamels. Stated generally, there cannot be less than two firings in the manufacture of faience (passing over salt glazes). The first firing is necessary to drive out all moisture, and to prevent further shrinkage when fired a second time at a heat sufficiently great to vitrify the glaze or enamel. But the earthenware treated with a so-called plumbiferous (containing lead) enamel, if colorless, was used to produce the faience of Oiron (improperly called *Henri Deux* ware); the Wedgwood, with its bas-reliefs of white, etc.; and, if colored, such products as the *Palissy* ware, now successfully imitated in Paris. Without speaking of the stanniferous (tin) enamel, it is claimed that these wares have been surpassed in brilliancy of color by using a "transparent alkaline enamel." But it is highly probable that while better effects have been gained with glazes (to use the word in a generic sense) containing more or less of an alkaline element, too much emphasis has been laid on the mere matter of the glaze, and not enough on the more difficult preparation of the body on which the colors are laid before glazing and firing. The main fact, however, to be kept in mind is that until the last few years modern Europe could produce faience decorated only in a thin style of painting, and with few colors, chiefly blue. The object to be desired at the present time is to paint on pottery under the glaze or enamel with a free choice of color and great brilliancy, and fix the results in firing by a proper protecting surface. The pieces of ancient Chinese and Persian ware have, until lately, existed only to excite unsatisfied longings for their reproduction.

A few years ago the Lambeth potteries made some progress in the handling

of color. But at last, in 1873, Laurin, by his discovery at Bourg-la-Reine, in France, gave an impetus to the movement which has finally reached high perfection. He made possible a decoration limited only by the decorative skill and coloring power of the artist. He led the way to a process which was in its effects to the old what heavy oil-painting is to thin water-coloring. But the glaze of the Bourg-la-Reine ware is said to be the softest of the glazes, yielding to the point of a knife, and the ware shows bubbles in its surface. Being fired at no great temperature, this glaze makes easily possible the preservation of the lines of the decoration in all their sharpness; but the ware lacks the brilliancy of coloring gained in firing by such processes as admit a very high temperature. What is gained in one way has been usually lost in another. Other faience, it is true, has been made with a harder glaze than that of Bourg-la-Reine ware, but only in the old thin style of painting. Both these different wares lack the much-desired "diaphanous" effect, in which the colors seem to melt away into the enamel, and give the impression of brilliant colors seen under the surface of perfectly clear water. This *summa bonum* was not reached until Chaplet, the partner of Laurin, left Bourg-la-Reine, and united his processes with those of the Havilands (an American firm from New York, manufacturing at Limoges in France), who erected kilns especially adapted for the purpose at Auteuil. The ware now known to every one as Limoges faience was then first produced in 1875; but none was publicly exhibited until 1876, at the Philadelphia Exposition in this country, where the pieces naturally excited great attention.

The indirect effects of such expositions receive curious illustration from our present subject. It was here that Miss Louise McLaughlin saw this ware, and without further clue set to work to secure the same effects. And now she can produce in the kiln of a manufacturer of common, coarse pottery in Cincinnati a faience decorated with as great

a variety and brilliancy of color as has been achieved by the Havilands of Limoges. It should be understood that after the technical processes which allow the wide range of coloring are mastered, the value of any one piece depends on the skill of the artist, as entirely as when canvas is used. To produce such ware, any one person must not only be a skillful potter of great inventive powers, but must have such artistic mastery of form and color as is required merely of a painter. Miss McLaughlin had, like many others, painted porcelain in the common manner, *over* the glaze (known as "china-painting"), and had given the results of her experience to the public in a little work on that subject in 1877. But in that year she boldly set herself to the ambitious task of reproducing the brilliant and heavily painted Limoges faience. To paint *over* the glaze, as our many amateurs know, is easily and readily learned; but to paint *under* the glaze, with an unlimited palette and the desired brilliancy, demanded a combination of artistic and inventive powers not often seen. Then it is to be remembered, also, that the French processes were kept secret, and that her aids were only those to be found in the manufactures of common, coarse ware. The process of discovery was at first wholly empirical. For a long time, and through almost a hundred carefully made experiments, it was the old story of discouraging failure: a changing from one clay to another, a reversing of each part of the process, or a painful mastering of petty details. Each experiment was carefully recorded, and each new one made only after a study of the failures, or supposed success, of previous trials, until by a patient differentiation of disturbing elements there came gleams of partial success. At last, a substantial success was achieved in October, 1877; but as yet the threshold only had been gained. Late in the spring of 1878, a few specimens, although far from the results aimed at, were sent to Paris after the opening of the Exposition, and in competition with work there displayed received honorable mention from the

jury on ceramic products. The difficulties of working under the glaze are the greater, because the colors, as laid on, are often so entirely different from the intended effect when fired that, unlike canvas painting, the contrasts and harmonies can be kept during the painting only in the mind of the artist, who is in no way assisted by her sight. The effect can be seen only after the piece is fired, and when change or correction is impossible. But as to the actual processes used in the Cincinnati ware, nothing of course is known. Identical effects, however, were produced, as in the pieces sent to the Paris Exposition, when the coloring was applied to the ware before and after the first firing.

The finish used by Miss McLaughlin is technically an enamel, which fuses with the colors underneath. It is sometimes supposed that the Cincinnati faience is the result of the discovery of a new glaze or enamel, merely; but in fact the glaze is but one part, and by no means the most important part, of a whole process of decoration, in which the preparation of the ware before firing and glazing occupies the chief place. That this is true is shown by the fact that Miss McLaughlin can produce similar effects by the use of different glazes. Nor is she dependent for the glaze she uses on the potter who makes it. The matter of the glaze is, however, on other grounds, a very important one, and it is quite certain that the young lady has made an improvement even on the work at Limoges. A glaze which, while being satisfactory in other respects, should be of such composition as to contract in cooling in the same proportion as the body underneath has hardly been attained even by the Havilands. Any one who goes the round of the china stores can see for themselves that in almost every piece of Haviland ware is to be found many fine cracks, which produce what is known as a "crazed" surface, caused by an unequal contraction in cooling. The same trouble showed itself at first in the Cincinnati faience; but further experiments corrected this, so that in the largest number of pieces fired in

1878, and in all of those fired in 1879, no crazing is to be discovered. If the crazing does not appear within two months after the piece has been taken from the kiln, it does not usually occur.

That the discoverer reached her results by exactly the same processes, if she gained exactly the same effects, as in the Limoges is *a priori* most probable; but it may not be so. Her glaze does contain an alkaline element, but it would hardly be classified as an alkaline glaze in the sense used by the Havilands. The Havilands also state that an alkaline glaze cannot be applied in a liquid state; but in the manufacture of the Cincinnati ware the glaze can be applied in a liquid or powdered state. And, moreover, the Cincinnati and Limoges wares are fired at different temperatures. Ordinary porcelain, decorated over the glaze (if fired only once, as is usual here), requires a heat ranging from fourteen hundred to sixteen hundred degrees. The Limoges ware is fired, as is reported, at a temperature of about fifty-four hundred degrees; while the Cincinnati ware, in a kiln for common, coarse ware, is subjected to a heat of about nine thousand degrees.

As a consequence, while the effect of the decoration is brilliant and diaphanous, its surface will resist the point of the hardest steel instrument. Hence, should this system of decoration ever be used in the exteriors of buildings, like the terra-cotta work in the Boston Art Museum, these colors, as soft, varied, and brilliant as those of any canvas, would resist the action of rain, heat, and frost, and be practically imperishable. The discoverer already proposes to adapt her processes to portraiture and the higher forms of art. I have seen a head of large size on a flat surface produced by this process; the piece had unfortunately been broken in firing, but it showed the same distinguishing features as the pottery. In fact, in any form, the Cincinnati can be readily distinguished from the other wares. In each of the wares of Deck and Haviland, also, there are distinctive characteristics not to be mistaken.

Our country is as full of materials for fine ceramic products as a bountiful nature could well supply, and it would be strange if American skill and art did not create an industry here whose extent would in the future surpass any of our present conceptions.

— One of the most discouraging frailties of our race to those who feel called upon to observe and reprove the weaknesses of their kind is the propensity to keep old letters, — family letters, love-letters, gossip and idle-hour letters. Everybody intends, nobody likes, to destroy them. The pain that accompanies the re-reading of letters laid aside to be burned is put off as long as possible. Some thought of a future rainy day, when the fire shall be clear and everybody gone out, flits through the mind as the desirable time to bring the boxes of letters from their seclusion to be consumed. And yet Wisdom, remonstrating with careless Folly, and bringing up the unpleasant suggestion that strangers who intermeddle not with her living will interestedly pore over her treasured manuscripts when she is dead, — Wisdom will be silenced either by a promise to burn them "some day," or by an intimation given that Folly's feelings are so tender that she cannot make way with what is so dead "just yet;" as if it did not tighten the strings of Wisdom's heart to see the old letters go! — to watch the records of joy, of grief, of confident friendship or bitter experience, the links that bound her to life, perhaps, curl into gray ash! Would she not be spared the deadly faintness that follows the destruction of that yellowed paper with those short brown curls; that half-contemptuous smile over the ten-page "note," in which he said her conduct was maddening, and spelt maddening with one *d*? It is *vingt ans après*, and he is dead in the South.

The charming letters of foreign travel; those graphic sketches of intimate friends, illustrated by pen-and-ink drawings (what has become of the Miss Gushington on her Eastern camel?); the folded writings of our dead, — those who rest in the Lord, and those whose faces chill

indifference has turned from us forever; and . . . the little tissue paper with one soft, flossy, yellow curl, with only a date over the blue ribbon, — let Wisdom burn these all, lest further accumulation make her mad before the gods come!

And Folly, who hesitates and lingers, will some day find that her nephew has been writing his school exercises on the backs of her old sweetheart's letters, and her nephew's class is moved by curiosity to find out who could ever have addressed Mrs. Folly as "My Sweetest Lamb and Blossom;" and this because poor Folly could not bear to burn up her old letters, and so consigned them to the house-maid as waste paper, at the risk of wringing Mr. Folly's heart could he have known how lovely woman stooped.

While the mania for collecting a million of stamps lasts, people supinely yield not only their present envelopes to the eager fingers that follow the more eager eyes fixed on the coveted stamp, but they relinquish their old stores of missives to be stripped of their badges. Give the stamps, by all means, but might it not be well to remember, O ladies fair, that these letters of purple ink and fine linen paper may trouble some heart you would be loth to grieve? Burn them, first cutting off the stamp; no one is called to account for idle words spoken, but those written and kept may do harm.

On reading the above, my wife said, "When I depart, I shall not leave any letters about for you to croak over, and there are never any in *your* pockets, I'm very sure."

"Alas, there is very little of anything in my pockets," said I sadly. I was filled with astonishment at the direct manner in which the feminine mind arrives at conclusions.

— "Much has been said, and on the whole well said," on this village question, since the truth seems to lie, like a pie, between the upper and under crusts of statement. While in all the larger, and in most of the smaller, villages "something is going on" of a public and social nature, if not continually, yet I often think I never knew a young resident of average physique and intelligence who

was not eternally complaining of the dullness of country life.

Though probably no village exists in New England where there are literally no young people, yet in many there are so few left at home as to make life pretty forlorn. The effect is like a pulse with too few beats to the second, as any one may prove who will try for years to carry on a public meeting of any sort, with a decided doubt preliminary to each stated time of gathering whether enough will be present to say "*we*."

Just as in a hall or church mere numbers of people assembled will raise the thermometer several degrees Fahrenheit, so the spiritual thermometer, sympathetically affected, rises from the massing of men together. In youth, when all the animal instincts are strongest, this one of mere gregariousness is peculiarly felt, and no "getting up of good times" at home, though useful, will ever fill the void.

When this time of tumultuous unrest, except when circumstances can keep the soul at the flood tide of living, is past, village life becomes very pleasant, especially to persons of simple tastes and limited means; and it is so because the theoretical and very often practical idea on which such life is founded, certainly in Massachusetts, is that propinquity of residence makes friends. What if they are not always congenial! Despite all the slurs cast upon the Christian idea of neighborhood life, any one who has passed his manhood in a village has tested a degree of kindness and self-sacrifice unheard of in cities except among near friends; and I protest it is not a worse hot-bed of gossip than the daily newspapers prove cities to be.

It is quite possible that the visible standard of social morality may be lower in villages than in the city,—which holds most of the best, as well as most of the worst, of men,—owing to the lack of a public opinion whose pressure can be felt; only there is more truth-telling in proportion in the former than in the latter.

The tide, by constant attrition, grinds the pebbles subjected to its action into

what often seems a tameness of uniformity, but it does rub the corners off; and this fact of the pressure of public opinion may help to explain the greater tendency to insanity in the villages, if statistics prove this to be really so. I knew a lady who, living remote from cities, held high views on the subject of dress reform, and cared no more for the openly expressed disapproval of neighbors to whom she felt intellectually superior than for the whistling of the wind. She removed, at length, to a city, and was one day walking on the street with her husband, when he looked down, and asked, "Is n't your dress rather short?" The tide washed them out to sea; at once fashionable clothes on my strong-minded friend proved their power. What we country people notice in those on whom the city has placed her polishing hand are greater expensiveness of living every way, more repression of the outward show of certain animal instincts and idiosyncrasies, not more truthfulness or honesty, but less simplicity, and by no means, with greater knowledge of men, a necessarily higher degree of wisdom.

— Did you ever try "sketching on the spot" in verse? For instance, sitting on a breezy bluff, with the green sea rolling in upon the white beach below you, and the sea-gulls drifting away into the golden morning mists before you, did you ever attempt, then and there, to outline on paper some such stanzas as the initial ones of Edgar Fawcett's *Passion and Fantasy*? If you ever did, I venture to remind you of your utter failure. Honey is gathered in the open air and sunshine, from the flowers and leaves and buds; but it is made in the hive, where the worker is shut away from the bewildering influence of an excess of materials. When a poetic impression is forming in the mind is no time for artistic labor. The memory is storing away the ingredients of future inspirations, as the bee fills its honey-sack and loads its thighs for the making and filling of amber cells. Some day, in the quiet of your study, you will be seized by a fancy, and compelled to build a poem. Piece by piece

the beautiful stuffs will come to hand from some mysterious source, and swiftly the cloth of gold and purple and silver will be woven. You are surprised and delighted, not knowing that all this is but a kaleidoscopic turn of memory, by which the effects of nature, caught here and there, are brought to the light, after lying many days and nights in the most shadowy chambers of the mind, where they have absorbed the characteristic flavor, or essence, or *chic*, of your genius.

—Were you ever troubled by the ghost of a poem? I mean one of those shadowy, yet perfectly outlined fancies, which elude expression just in the way that a blue smoke-wreath escapes the grasp of a child's hand. Often I have chased one for days together, trying every kind of phrasing for a net in which to catch it; but no mesh ever seemed strong enough or fine enough. It would dance before my fancy's eye, gay colored, graceful, heavenly sweet, a mocking phantom of the perfect poem. It sometimes comes out of an indefinable suggestion, caught, as if by indirect vision, from some other poem. A mere phrase, even a word used in a new sense, a peculiarly musical rhyme, or the rhythm of a verse, may serve to call up one of these delightfully unmanageable shadows of song. I often wonder if just here may not be drawn the line dividing genius from mere talent by saying that it is genius which can capture, and talent which can only worry itself with trying to capture, this beautiful, ethereal thing as it wavers and shines in the subdued light of fancy. It may be that it eludes talent only to fly into the open hands of genius. But, somehow, to me, along with the charming apparition comes always a whispered hint that even the most exalted genius may get bewildered following this ghost of a poem, this will-o'-the-wisp of the border land of dreams. Then I smile, and am much consoled with the thought that some day, after gathering a rich heap of those "ruby and diamond and sapphire words" of which Théophile Gautier speaks, I shall write the perfect poem.

—It seems strange, when we have

made such shifts for exercise as dumbbells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, etc., that we should have left archery in the lurch. In a six-foot bow and a quiver of arrows you have a whole gymnasium. One of its advantages is that it is a game that you can play social or solitaire, as you like. Another advantage is that, while most of our athletic sports are masculine, this is neither masculine nor feminine, but human.

Archery to be anything must be taken hold of in earnest. As Roger Ascham says, "a man should wrestle with his gear," and Hansard declares that a man ought not to begin with a bow under fifty pounds, — I would say under forty. Mr. Maurice Thomson cautions against the danger of over-bowing one's self, but I have seen more persons under-bowed than over-bowed.

A word here in regard to bows. If you mean to *play* archery, you may buy all you like of these three-pieced inventions: otherwise, away with them! The English long bow, or a domestic bow of the English pattern, I think the most suitable for target practice. The domestic bows made after the Highfield pattern, high-backed, are the best.

I have used in hunting and roving a seven-foot Japanese bow: it is pleasant to shoot roving shots with; not so good for target practice, however. The belly of it is lance-wood, the back bamboo; it is wrapped and glued, and then japanned over. Most of the archers I know confine themselves to target practice, neglecting that free and life-giving part which Thomson has made so vivid for us, — hunting. I find I can concentrate on a living mark much more easily than a dead one.

When we compel ourselves to physical activity for the sake of health, that is exercise; but when we are active for the love of the thing itself, then exercise becomes recreation. We get muscle by any physical activity, but graceful muscles by doing the things we love. Hansard says, "We esteem it the peculiar excellence of archery that neither satiety nor fatigue attends it. At the close of the livelong summer's day I believe no

archer ever heard the upshot given without regret, — without wishing that the pastime was but then to commence. Everything connected with it has a fascination for me. I make my own arrows, and I enjoy the making of them quite as much as the shooting of them.

The archery revival wave is later in reaching New England than other parts of the country. The clubs now organizing will have to work with additional zeal to overtake the older clubs in the West. What they want first is thorough organization; then procure good tackle.¹ Buy English manufacture until our own workmen get more skillful. Then each club should have a uniform. A flannel suit cut after the sailor fashion for the gentlemen, and a sailor waist for ladies, makes a free, beautiful, and becoming archer's dress. The material may be green, if the taste of the club so direct. Each club should have a small archery library, — Roger Ascham's *Toxophilus*, Hansard's *Book of Archery*, Maurice Thomson's *Witchery of Archery*, *A Life of Robin Hood*, and the *Robin Hood Ballads*. Then in the room where the club or society meet it would be pleasant to have the walls, as far as possible, ornamented with bows and arrows of Indian make and the make of other nations.

There is an engraving, *The Education of Achilles* by Chiron, the Centaur, that ought to adorn the walls of every toxophilite society. Achilles has drawn the arrow to about half-way between his breast and ear; Chiron is showing him that he gets more power by elevating the shaft hand.

The old way among the Greeks was to draw low to the right breast; afterwards it was changed to the right ear. Ascham quotes Procopius, a Greek writer, as saying there was "no pithe" in the old way. This is, indeed, a fine stroke of the artist's, as Achilles would probably get the old way from his parents and comrades, and be taught the new way by the Centaur.

None of the writers on archery have been explicit enough in regard to the

position of the fingers on the string while drawing. Maurice Thomson says, hook three fingers under the string. I think the commonly accepted way is that the string strikes the fingers midway between the tips and the first joints. I get cleaner loosing with the string nearer the tips, steadied by the thumb. Ascham, in speaking of the shooting-glove, says, "A shooting-glove is chiefly for to save a man's fingers from hurting, that he may be able to beare the sharp string to the uttermost of his strength. And when a man shooteth, the might of his shoote lyeth on the foremost finger, and on the ringman, for the middle finger, which is the longest, like a lubber starteth backe, and beareth no waight of the string in a manner at all. Therefore the two other fingers must have thick leather, and that must have thickest of all whereon a man looseth most. And for sure loosing the foremost finger is most apt, because it holdeth best, and for that purpose nature hath, as a man would say, yoked it with the thumb."

In my experience in arrow-making I have found two feathers glued spirally on the shaft to answer quite as well as three. I have shot arrows of my own making with Highfield's best, and had them go quite as true. I found after I had adopted two feathers that the Indians of South America used the same method of feathering. A pair of wings answer quite as well for an arrow as for a bird.

— Your notice of the *Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton* recalls the memory of one who was a conspicuous figure of my childish days. There is a certain stiffness about one's idea of a lady superior, the founder of an order, but there was nothing of the sort in the real Mrs. Seton, whom we used to know and love. She was the dear and intimate friend of our mother, who was, like her, a convert to the Catholic religion, and our two families were almost the only Americans of that faith in the city (New York). We Catholics were indeed at that time but a slender colony; in all the United States we had but a single bishop, Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, —

¹ The word tackle in Welsh means arrow.

a brother, I think, of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. In New York we had only one church, St. Peter's in Barclay Street; and what a plain little place it was! Mrs. Seton lived in Stuyvesant Street, near St. Mark's church, a locality then quite out of town. She was a loving-hearted woman, and one who openly manifested her affection for those she cared about. Her portrait is prefixed to the Memoir of her Life, written some years since by her grandson, Mgr. Seton. This does her no sort of justice, and, to my mind, hardly resembles her. Her eyes were peculiarly beautiful, of a soft, dark brown, as were those of her children, inasmuch that the "Seton eyes" were proverbial among us. Yet it was not beauty of person so much as charm of manner that rendered her so universally attractive. She won hearts wherever she appeared. The Setons were indeed a very lovable family, and endowed in unusual degree with those poor, perishing charms on which we are warned not to set an undue value.

It was in 1808 (or 1809) that Mrs. Seton left us, to found the sisterhood at St. Joseph's, near Emmetsburg, Maryland; and we children never saw her again, though frequent intercourse was for years maintained by letter. Of her work it may truly be said that it was sown in weakness, but raised in power. From that humble beginning came the order whose beneficent labors are too well known that I should need to recount them here. But, like other pioneers of great enterprises, the little community underwent sad hardships. They were but a handful of women, alone in an unsettled region, and they were bitterly poor. I remember a little anecdote in illustration, half ludicrous, half pathetic. Among the inmates was Sister Rose, a strong-minded, energetic person, who looked a good deal after the temporalities of the place. One of the younger sisters was suffering from toothache, to relieve which an application of ginger was proposed. "Susan, dear," said

Sister Rose, "*had n't you better offer up the pain to God, and save the ginger?*" We may be sure that such economical devotion was not enforced where our kind Mrs. Seton reigned; but think of the state of things where such a saving could be considered an object!

— The article in defense of Uncle Sam, in the August number of *The Atlantic*, answers itself pretty well. The argument is about this: I admit that my client has acquired possession of property belonging to A; that he knows the owner; that he does not notify the owner; that he cautions all of his subordinates to keep it a secret: but I insist that if the owner or his duly accredited agent will make demand of my client's chief clerk in proper form, he will be accorded both the information and the money. Suppose one were to apply this sort of reasoning to the ordinary case of a dropped pocket-book. I know the owner, but he does not know that he has any claim against me. Is it enough for me to say that when he demands his property I will hand it over, or if he asks me for information I will give *that*, — meanwhile cautioning all my employees to keep the finding a secret, on pain of dismissal? What if there is a possibility that an announcement might open the door to fraud! No fraud could be worse than retaining what does not belong to me. I insist that Uncle Sam is amenable to the same moral rules as other people, and that he ought (for the sake of example) to be more careful than any one else to pay every cent which he owes.

Now I have never prosecuted a claim for a dollar against the government, either on my own behalf or that of any one else, and very likely I never shall. Uncle Sam owes me nothing. But in the course of some seventeen years of intermittent residence at Washington I have seen and heard enough to satisfy me that the system in vogue of dealing with money wrongly in governmental hands is by no means a creditable one.

RECENT LITERATURE.

IN the new edition of Webster's Unabridged¹ we read the possibility of a periodical dictionary recording the verbal changes and additions which the growth of a spoken and written language compels. It is sixteen years since the last great revision of the dictionary; at the close of this period the editors, who from time to time have silently corrected or improved the body of the work, present a supplement of nearly five thousand words. How many years will pass before a new set of plates is made, absorbing this supplement and later accretions, it is impossible to say; but there are manifest practical difficulties in the way of an indefinite series of supplements. The natural order would seem to be one supplement and then a new complete edition, followed again by a supplement to that edition; and in this way the student of our language would be furnished with a guide to the changes which take place and are recorded, say, twice in a generation. With a row of successive editions and supplements on his shelf, the future student will enter upon his scientific study of the evolution of language with great boldness and hope. To our minds, this dictionary has ceased to be encumbered with the personality of Webster. The name of its founder still rightly clings to it, and the very height of the growing shadow lends something to the stature of the original personality which gave birth to this mighty thing; but the impetus which this concretion of scholarship has now obtained, together with all the material interests involved in its fortunes, gives us a right to regard the dictionary as an organic institution, with an interest for all Americans, quite freed from any petty considerations of partisanship.

An American Dictionary of the English Language, as Webster fondly called it, with more prophetic truthfulness than the skeptics of that day would allow, is at length justifying its title, and for better or worse is establishing itself as the representative repository of our speech.

¹ *An American Dictionary of the English Language*. By NOAH WEBSTER, LL. D. Thoroughly revised, and greatly enlarged and improved, by CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D. D., late Professor in Yale College, and NOAH PORTER, D. D., LL. D., President of Yale College. With an appendix of useful tables. To which is added a Supplement of nearly

It is of course to be understood that the supplement contains not only words which have gained admission into the language since the publication of the last edition of the dictionary, but many which were previously overlooked. The principle continues to govern that the dictionary records words and meanings, and exercises the judicial faculty sparingly. The great bulk of additions is derived from the manufacture of terms which our scientists indulge in, and no single work can indicate so strongly as this the immense industry in science which has characterized the last half generation. We fancy that the editors have been embarrassed here by the claims which have come before them for adjudication, and we suspect that the array of terms with their definitions is anticipatory, in some cases, of general usage. A scientific writer invents a term to express a new classification which he has made, and accounts for it at the outset. He may be the only writer who will ever use it, and in that case the word need not find admission into the dictionary. Its general adoption by other writers must determine whether or not it is coin of the realm. Perhaps some such reason as this has determined, for instance, the omission of the useful word *antigeny*, lately thrust forward, and of *Algic*, which Schoolcraft in vain urged as the adjective of Algonquin. We miss *goloid* also, and trust the absurd composition will disappear from our public discussions before the editors find it necessary to put the word itself into their cabinet. *Antimacassar* appears, but the reader of *Happy Thoughts* looks in vain for the mysterious *antigipelos*. *Send* as a noun, used by Longfellow in the line,

"Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims,"

does not appear; nor does *remede*, which Emerson uses in *Monadnoc*:—

"Thou dost succor and remede."

In Browning's recent poem, *Ned Bratts*, occurs the word *outstreat*, and in a foot-note he points to Donne as authority:—

five thousand new words, with their definitions, etc.; also a new Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary, containing nearly ten thousand names of noted persons in ancient and modern times, giving their nationality, their occupation, and the dates of their birth and death. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. 1880.

* "They did not eat His flesh, nor suck those oils which thence out-streath."

Dagos, as people of Spanish parentage born in Louisiana were once called, does not appear, and the use of *death* in the phrase *to be death on* might as properly be noted as in the phrase *to be the death of*; the disagreeable commercial phrase *to value for to accept a draft* is fortunately not given, but it would have been interesting to find the artistic term *values* of a picture noted. Several of Ben Jonson's classic importations fail of a place, among them *tribade* in his line —

"Or with thy tribade trine invent new sports."

Chalk, in the phrase *by a long chalk*, might properly have been admitted under *Add.*, since the phrase "to know chalk from cheese" is recorded *s. v. chalk* in the body of the work. Lowell says, in his Biglow Papers, —

"'T will take more emptins, by a long chalk, than this new party 's got."

It is indeed very easy to convict a dictionary of inconsistency. Why is *cent shop* here, and not *dollar store*? One might preach a sermon upon these two phrases, and trace the decadence of thrift in them. *Figuline* is given, but not its friend, if not substitute, *figurine*. *To go back on* occurs under *go*, but not the phrase *to go for*, with its curious double use in exactly antagonistic meaning. *Shebeen* is given, but not the more idiomatic *shebang*. *Launder* *as v. t.* is set down as obsolete, and reference made to Shakespeare; but the editor could have seen the word on street signs as he took his daily walk after working on the dictionary. *Millerite* in the supplement should have appeared as an additional term to the same word in the body of the book. *Infair*, a characteristic Southern and Western word for the reception of a wedding party at the bridegroom's house, is not here; nor is *sen*, a Japanese coin. *Rose-cold* and *hay fever* are pronounced one and the same thing; but is not this unmedical? The definition of *kindergarten*, etymologically, strikes us as defective. Was it the mere accessory of a garden, or was it not the treating of children as plants and flowers, which supplied Fröbel with the word? — a word which is protected only by its German form from being disagreeable to our anti-sentimental ears. *Derringer* is given with a correct definition, but the reader is not told that it owes its name to a Philadelphia

inventor and manufacturer in the first instance. We miss *fly* in its technical sense as employed by the vast army of base-ball players; and considering the fact that the game of base-ball generally occupies more space in the daily paper than the game of European politics and war, we think all its terms might find explanation. The modest and convenient word *comradery*, as good as its French brother, is omitted, and so, we are happy to say, is the foolish *walkist*. *Croquet* is given with the accent on the second syllable, as becomes an American dictionary; in England it is accented on the first.

So we have noted at random words and phrases which came to mind in running over these pages, and we offer thus our contribution toward that complete dictionary in which all members of the republic of letters have an interest. A new edition is not yet under discussion, we presume; when it is made, we hope space will be saved and order introduced by marshaling under a root word all the derivatives and compounds which now hold independent places. The growth of the dictionary in bulk is something to alarm a thoughtful man when he thinks of his great-grandchildren. The appendix in this edition is enriched by a new and useful brief biographical dictionary, which has the virtue of giving the names of living men and women; and by means of this and other convenient compilations, one's library of reference is brought within the covers of a single book. We are glad that the editors have not yet thought it necessary to add a concordance to the Bible and Shakespeare. We dare not say boldly that they never thought of such a thing.

— The reissue, with nearly three-score portraits, of J. C. Hamilton's *Life of Alexander Hamilton*,¹ containing the great body of his writings, will bring freshly before the minds of students the importance of the study of Hamilton's works and career. We might have preferred to have Mr. Hamilton print his father's papers distinct from his own comment, following Sparks's plan in his *Life and Writings of Washington*, but the main advantage rests with us in having so full a magazine, not only of Hamilton's writings, but of facts and rumors concerning him. It cannot be said that the fathers of the republic have been neglected. Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Hamilton, Sam Adams, Gal-

By JOHN C. HAMILTON. Illustrated with numerous Portraits. In seven Volumes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

¹ *Life of Alexander Hamilton*. A History of the Republic of the United States of America, as traced in his Writings and in those of his Contemporaries.

latin, John Quincy Adams, have all been preserved in stately octavos; Pickering, indeed, still lacks fit presentment, and so does Rufus King and possibly Otis, good as Tudor's Life is; but the first duty of collecting and arranging the materials illustrating the birth of the republic has largely been fulfilled. Undoubtedly, the same work in some instances must be done again, since fresh material has come to light. Washington's writings, for example, ought to be re-collected and reëdited with scrupulous regard to the original MSS., and with reference to the many scattered letters which have come to light since the publication of Sparks's edition. An admirable opportunity awaits some critical scholar, with a wide historical sympathy, for the publication of Washington's complete writings upon the plan followed by Mr. Spedding in his splendid edition of Bacon's works, the biography accompanying, commenting on, and established by the writings, which by a simple typographical arrangement are made distinct from the editor's work.

We look confidently for a class of critical scholars who shall expend unreserved labor upon authoritative editions of the writings of the men* who translated the logic of events into the logic of words; but we apprehend that at the present time another class of writers is forming of which there is more urgent need. Mere antiquarianism, or even scientific scholarship, applied to the constitutional history of the country, can wait a little; but the historical writing to-day which interprets Hamilton or Jefferson as organically connected with present phases of national life appeals to us with great force. As was remarked in this journal when the first volume of Dr. von Holst's work was under consideration: "The make-shift habit . . . has so impressed itself on the minds of our people that we have only too few students who want to learn from the past how to avoid the follies and dangers of the future. No question was ever better argued than the tariff question was, in the years between 1820 and 1833. But the reader of our newspapers to-day would hardly know that the question of protection had then been carefully argued on its principles." But we think there are faint signs of a better condition of things. Historical and political students are beginning to read current affairs in the light of our own historical pre-

cedents, and a literature is slowly forming which is concerned with the broad relations of the republic to its own genesis and to the history of freedom. Indications of this spirit of inquiry were given by Dr. Lodge's Life of Cabot, Mr. Morse's Life of Hamilton, and now again by Judge Shea's Life and Epoch of Hamilton.²

The volume before us finds a chronological close at the adoption of Hamilton into Washington's military family; at that point Hamilton's youth ended, if indeed it ever began; but Judge Shea's work being a historical rather than a biographical study, he has found abundant material for his handsome and substantial volume. Hamilton as a personal actor figures slightly in its pages, but the preliminary discussions have so far cleared the way that the subsequent volumes, which the author hopes, but does not promise, to give, will probably be more closely connected with Hamilton's career. Meanwhile, the present volume may yet be taken, independently, as an examination into the political principles involved in the erection of the United States, or, to use Judge Shea's favorite term, the States in Empire. The author's method has been to sketch, as a proem, the relation which Hamilton bore to the new nation; and having thus justified himself in giving Hamilton's name to the epoch, to proceed with a detailed analysis of Hamilton's career. A third of the volume is thus taken up with an introductory canvass of the whole subject; and of the remaining two thirds much the greater part consists of a historical survey of the time before 1776, with which date the volume closes. Hamilton's significant action was confined to the remarkable incidents of his speech in the fields, his controversy with Seabury, and his clever handling of his artillery company in the early engagements at White Plains and the crossing of the Raritan. The book cannot therefore be regarded as a portrayal of Hamilton in any such sense as Morse's excellent Life; it must be taken as a historical and political study, especially of the times preceding the war, and as such it is worth and will receive careful attention. Judge Shea frankly confesses his immense admiration for Hamilton; but then he gives a reason for his admiration, and his reason leads him into wide discussion of political generation. His delineation of Hamilton's individual characteristics requires him to

Justice of the Marine Court. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

¹ Atlantic Monthly, xxxix. 631.

² *The Life and Epoch of Alexander Hamilton. A Historical Study.* By the Hon. GEORGE SHEA, Chief

make two comparisons, one with Talleyrand, the other with Burr. He does not distinctly declare Talleyrand's obligation to Hamilton, but he draws the comparison with such shrewdness that the reader will form the conclusion which the author holds in his own mind; in the comparison with Burr, which turns mainly on the elementary characteristics of the two men, excellent use is made of Hamilton's own frank confessions. From intimations here and there, it is plain that Judge Shea has used opportunities for what is next to personal acquaintance, — the acquaintance with those who knew Hamilton intimately. It is to be hoped that he will also make use of material illustrative of Hamilton's career as an advocate, not preserved in J. C. Hamilton's edition.

The value of the work follows, we apprehend, from the clearness with which the author has seized upon certain leading political principles of which Hamilton was the great exponent, and has illustrated them by his reading of history. Judge Shea thinks continentally, as Hamilton did, and he has the advantage of Hamilton's thought and of historical evolution. In a single sentence he has stated the gist of his political philosophy, and many of his most pregnant passages are in expansion of this idea: "A war is near at hand. Not one, as [Hamilton] so early wished, which might maintain and extend the dominion of England; but one that will end by dividing its empire, yet vindicating its ancient principles of constitutional liberty." Thus he sees clearly and expounds forcibly the great fact that the war for independence was a constitutional war, fought by men who were unwittingly saving England as well as establishing the United States. Thus all the measures looking toward conciliation with England, the aspect of the several parties in America, the attitude of Burke and Shelburne, are related with a definite understanding of the underlying sentiment which accounted for many otherwise perplexing facts. One of the most admirable passages in the volume is that which closes the detailed and vivid account of Bishop Seabury, and in the analysis of this man's action and motives Judge Shea justifies his claim to write history.

His interest in his special subject has misled him, we think, into paying too much attention to Hamilton's juvenile letters and occupations. The scrutiny, for instance, which he gives to the letter to Edward Ste-

vens brings up results out of all proportion to the importance of the letter. Perhaps he has deferred his illustrations of the political temper of the times; at any rate, his slight allusion to Hamilton's tone toward his opponents is not enough to account for the personal antagonism which grew out of his cabinet relations. In a literary point of view, it is to be regretted that a style not too attractive at its best should have been marred by forms and phrases which a more rigid criticism could have obviated. Such are the Scottishly obtuse use of *will* twice in the introduction, and elsewhere in the body of the book; the defective punctuation or careless formation, which erects conditional sentences into complete ones; the use of such confusing or awkward phrases as these: "France and Scotland have not been unkindred alliances" (page 148); "Each was distinctly a gem — yet alike" (page 30); "Hamilton, and the nationalists of that period who followed his lead, knew that a commonwealth or a Cromwellian era was alike not to the purpose of settling for their country a beneficial, competent, and permanent government" (page 11); "When England acquired Canada by the peace of 1763 from France, that, bringing Canada under the English dominion, relieved the New England colonies from the active hostilities of a people with whom those colonies were ever at enmity — aliens, as the New England colonists would have said, in blood and religion" (page 322), — where the important word *that* is tucked away almost out of sight. We do not like such words as *viability*, out of a law book, nor *essentiality*, nor *exceptless*; nor do we feel comfortable at reading, "Concerning this we shall hereafter have proper occasions to sufficiently elaborate" (page 58). We want Judge Shea to speak his mind freely for three volumes more if possible, but to take the pebbles out of his mouth when he speaks it. These blemishes may cost him some readers, and for the readers' sake we hope they will disappear in future volumes and in a revision of this. Meanwhile, a journey over a corduroy road, even, may be taken when it is laid through an interesting country.

— There are books which, however gracefully written, appeal less to our literary taste than to our domestic, and the memoirs of the Baroness Bunsen¹ is one of them. Her husband was a prominent figure in the group of intellectual men who were so intimately connected with a Quiet Life, etc. In two volumes. New York [and London]: George Routledge and Sons. 1879.

¹ *The Life and Letters of Frances, Baroness Bunsen*. By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, author of *Memorials*

cerned in the religious life of England and Germany which accompanied the historical Renaissance of Niebuhr and Arnold; his labors and his books have long been the possession of the world, and his life has more recently been published. Who Bunsen was and what he had done could have been answered by many persons in America very clearly before his life appeared, but no one can well read the memoirs of Bunsen's wife without being reminded how large and important a part of a public man's life may be wholly screened from the world. If the Baroness Bunsen's memoirs had not been published, we should have had glimpses only of an inner world in which Bunsen lived, — we should have heard by reports of visitors to it of its charm and sacred seclusion; by this disclosure we have enriched our personal acquaintance, not only by getting new knowledge of Bunsen, but by forming a personal and friendly attachment to his wife.

The character of the baroness, as amply illustrated in her letters and in the details of her family life, was one of rare fullness and strength, of integrity and delicacy, which blossomed and flowered within the natural domestic and social boundaries of her existence. We have rarely had presented in literature so fine an example of womanly repose. The circumstances of her childhood and youth, so quaint in their old-fashioned loveliness, were like a hedge of roses to hem in her undeviating way toward an honest yet broad womanhood. Bunsen plainly influenced her mind in a theological direction; but the somewhat vague and ethical views which caused him often to be misunderstood, perhaps by himself also, served chiefly to expand her charity and to extend the reach of her fine susceptibilities. There was a rock of solid, unquestioning devotion in her nature, which never for an instant was shaken. The course of her life was constantly interrupted by adverse circumstance, growing out of her husband's public career, and by death after death in her family circle; but the agitations and regrets which spring up naturally are overcome by a triumphant, unconscious devotion, which makes the reader half forget the funeral procession which winds through the pages of the book, especially in the second volume, when Madame Bunsen's growing age is told off by the passing bell for almost all her friends.

There is nothing very complex in such a character to the ordinary eye, and the illustration of it is not marked by a great vari-

ety of incident. We can easily believe that the book would be pronounced dull by many, and that some disappointment would arise upon seeing so many names of eminent contemporaries and so little in the way of gossip about them. The book certainly is a leisurely one. Mr. Hare might have omitted many letters, and the continuity of the narrative would not have been broken; he might doubtless have added many more without materially increasing the range of our impression; we simply take it as it is. It will not afford vast entertainment, nor tickle one's jaded nerves with smart epigrams; but there yet remain people who, loving orderly and high-minded life, are glad to refresh themselves with a slow and quiet book which takes them from the agitations and noise of the world about them, into the cool retreat of a family circle where the highest aims are pursued and the best things give the greatest pleasure. Madame Bunsen's life, though led often in court surroundings, and drawing vitality from intellectual sources, was after all a singularly domestic one. She lived most intensely in that growing circle of children and grandchildren of which she was the charming centre; and it reinforces one's confidence in the world of to-day to be permitted to have so intimate an association with that *fons et origo* of Christian civilization, the family. Such a life as Baroness Bunsen lived is possible, apart from its circumstances, to many an American matron, and no one can carefully scrutinize it without borrowing something of its charm and learning to feel a finer scorn for meanness of living.

— It appears to us that Mr. Didier¹ has managed discreetly a nice and difficult affair. He had to let appear the character of a famous woman in whom no one of all those who pity her misfortunes can fail to see the hardness and untempered ambition, and he has left the work mainly to Madame Bonaparte herself, who is fully equal to it, in the many extremely clear and strenuous revelations of her own letters. The world has long known the story of how this beautiful American girl of eighteen married the brother of the First Consul, and was divorced from him by the order of the Emperor, and thereafter wasted her life in the vain endeavor to get recognition and money out of her husband's family. They were thoroughly vulgar people, all those Bonapartes, except Joseph and

¹ *The Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte.* By EUGENE L. DIDIER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

Lucian, and they were not so much shocked as other people would have been by the persistence of the wife of Jerome, who would have been ready at any time to take anything from them. She had been atrociously wronged by the unscrupulous adventurer on the imperial throne, but he remained her ideal of greatness, and she longed for nothing so much as admission to his presence. There is little reason to doubt that, as Mr. Didier suggests, she would have been a true mate to Napoleon: she was equally aspiring, she was even harder, and she had a courage and will that none could surpass. She made little pretense of romantic affection for Jerome, who indeed deserved no affection; she scoffed at the imbecility of love; she sought herself in her marriage with him; and it is doubtful if she suffered by her separation except through a cruelly foiled ambition. She was long willing to receive the help he always meanly withheld; and she seems scarcely to have felt any resentment towards him, or enmity towards his second wife. After the failure of her hopes, she remained in Europe for the education of her son and his settlement in life. When he married outside of the Bonaparte family, the last blow was dealt to her hopes, and she returned to the country upon whose petty provincial dullness and commercial vulgarity she could not heap loathing enough in her letters. They form a unique study of an entirely worldly soul, without one gleam of desire or purpose beyond "the pride of life." She was a woman of very strong mind, and a shrewd and unerring thinker upon the level she chose; but that level was the lowest that any mind, untainted by vice, as hers certainly was, could choose. She placed all her hopes upon this world. One after another they failed her utterly, and left her life a monumental ruin, hardly less imposing to the student of character than that of the great Napoleon himself. It is pathetic, but it is even more terrible, — the life-long defeat of that able intellect, that indomitable will, that heroic courage; and it remains a warning, not an appeal, because it does not seem to have involved the anguish of a heart.

— Whatever a journalist of Mr. Reid's experience might have to say of his profession would be worth the attention of the public. What he does say in his recent address before the New York and Ohio editorial associations¹ is curiously full of instruc-

tion and interest. He has known practically almost every department of journalism, beginning with the editorship of a country newspaper in his own State, and arriving at the management of one of the first journals in the commercial metropolis; he has been a reporter and a war correspondent; he has been news-editor and writer of leaders; he speaks with authority. The general reader ought not to care less for his ideas than the class to whom they were especially addressed, for hardly any one is more concerned in newspapers than the general reader of them; but we doubt if the clear formulation of opinions and reasons will be more surprising to him than to many, perhaps most, of Mr. Reid's fellow journalists. It has, for instance, long been the prevalent impression that the prosperity of a newspaper is to be measured by the extent of its advertising; but Mr. Reid shows that after the advertising passes a certain amount it is received at a loss to the publisher, who must print supplements to contain it, and who cannot make any extra charge for these supplements. Mr. Reid's belief is that the great journals must reduce the bulk of their advertising by increasing their rates, and that the cheap advertising must seek cheap mediums. His ideal newspaper, the journal of the future, somewhat vaguely shadowed forth, is one in which there will perhaps be no advertising at all. This not impossible sheet will be of such limitations as to size that the reader need not leave anything in it unread; and contemporary history will be presented with as much clearness, succinctness, and literary art as the old news which the historians rehearse for us. Mr. Reid says with perfect justice that there is no reason why Motleys and Macaulays should not be employed in writing contemporary history; and we trust in the day when the publishers of newspapers will find their account in paying what it will cost to employ historians to write their news. Till that day comes, we need not quite content ourselves with history as it is written by the slightly paid, but apparently not underpaid, beginners in journalism, who are not only not able to philosophize their material, but cannot begin to give it form. Money can tell here, at once, — a very little more money than is spent now; but the publishers may be sure that a man of talent will not work for just as little as a man of no talent. Money, however, will not suffice

¹ *Some Newspaper Tendencies.* An Address delivered before the Editorial Associations of New

alone. The historian, or the journalist, must be allowed to select and reject. You cannot expect him to record day after day that Daniel O'Brien dealt a severe scalp-wound to Mrs. O'Brien with a flat-iron, both parties being drunk, and keep his literary self-respect. The day will soon come when he will not say that O'Brien was drunk, but beastly intoxicated, and the rest will follow, and you will have local-reporting in all its native magnificence again. Mr. Reid, in deprecating the publication of criminal news, — we wish he could have spoken more decidedly, — has suggested one difficulty in the way. But it is not in the narration of the great criminal events, which really concern civilization, that a man must lose heart and pride; it is in dealing with the bloody and filthy trivialities of the day. Perhaps the news-gatherer should not be allowed to write at all, and certainly the writer should be left undisputed master of his material. You cannot get Macaulays and Motleys on any other terms.

We think that Mr. Reid is perfectly right in saying that the press has never been so decent, so able, and so powerful as at present; and that its advance has been as constant as it has been immense. He derides the hope that newspapers will ever again be as cheap as they were before the war, for the simple reason that their making is now twice as costly, and they are so infinitely better that their readers would not tolerate a journal of the earlier date. He gives some very interesting and valuable details from the books of *The Tribune* relative to the expense of making a paper in those simple times when an editor's salary was less than a book-keeper's, and not comparable to the wages of a journeyman plumber; and he measures the growth of journalism by the fact that whenever a great editor of former days returns to newspaper life, he sadly and amusingly fails, to the surprise of all his reverent juniors.

Mr. Reid believes in the autocracy of the managing editor. He should be absolutely independent of the counting-room, and should be master of the paper down to the last particular of its advertising. That it should be necessary to say this is rather melancholy; but it is very well to have it said squarely, and we hope his hearers took it to heart.

¹ *History of the English People*. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M. A. In three Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

² *The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Caesar to the Revolution in 1688*. By DAVID

He has not, he owns, realized his ideals in all points, but he is a man of a conspicuous genius for journalism; and there are no observers of our civilization who will not forgive his short-comings for the sake of his achievements. Not the least of these is the extinction of personalities in all the decenter New York papers, — a good which we believe we may attribute chiefly to his theories and example.

— That very large and respectable class of readers who suppose themselves familiar with the history of England could hardly amuse themselves more profitably than by making a comparative study of it in the widely differing works of Mr. Green¹ and David Hume, Esq.² It is not that these authors differ so much in their facts, though their different use of the same facts hardly leaves them the same. Their instructive and entertaining disparity is in their respective moods, attitudes, and theories. David Hume, Esq., wrote at the period of the self-satisfied eighteenth century when it was perhaps most self-satisfied; when its accurate little sciences had got its whole little universe well in hand; when politics, learning, and all the polite interests were definitely ascertained to be the affair of well-born people, who, if not always cultivated themselves, had their culture done for them, as the Turks have their dancing, by respectful dependents; when government was the business of princes and their ministers, and religion the concern of the clergy, and philosophy of the philosophers. Hume belonged to the philosophers, and he had his eighteenth-century doubts of religion, — doubts that compared with the regretful skepticism of our day seem a part of the smug and cheerful complacency of that time. He united to his Voltairean way of thinking about religion the highest high Tory opinions in politics, and his history is a curious blending of reverence for the crown and reverence for the church: a saint meets small honor at his hands, but a prince, if he be tolerably wrong-headed and tricky (not too far gone that way, like John), receives full homage. Saint Dunstan and Charles I. are hardly to be known for the same people in the respective pages of Mr. Hume and Mr. Green. But Hume had the true eighteenth-century slight for early English history, and dismissed with contemptuous brevity HUME, ESQ. A new Edition, with the Author's last Corrections and Improvements, to which is prefixed a short Account of his Life, written by himself. In six Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

the annals of Saxon kingdoms in which Green searches painfully for the origins of English character and civilization. "The sudden, violent, and unprepared revolutions incident to barbarians . . . disgust us by the uniformity of their appearance," he says; and "the dark industry of antiquaries . . . would in vain attempt to pierce into that deep obscurity which covers the remote history of those nations." He had himself so little of this "dark industry" that his enemies accused him of annotating his page with the names of authorities which he knew only at second hand; but he wrote a style which was the despair of the great Mr. Gibbon, and which is still charming, and all the more charming because some of its turns are grown quaint and a little archaic. It is not, of course, the style that a clever man would write nowadays; it is too formal, too poised, too academic, trimming its movement, as the taste was in those days, with a spread of antithesis, like the waver of wings with which the ostrich helps itself forward; but it is strong enough, and neat and clear, and it is characteristic, which so much of our contemporary style is not. It is the full-dress style of that period, but it is not too pompous to unbend to details concerning the life of the people at different periods, and by no means concerns itself merely with affairs of state, for the dignity of history was not one of Hume's superstitions. Though prejudiced, and sometimes not quite honest, he was not always unjust. He hated the Puritans, but he could not help recognizing greatness like Cromwell's, and his study of the character of that greatest of English rulers is not at all such as one might expect of "a man who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford," as he swellingly says of himself in his autobiography. Nor is his portrait of James II. drawn with a flattering hand; and though we should hardly think the private life of Charles II. "in the main laudable," because he was "an easy, generous lover, a civil, obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father, and a good-natured master," yet we cannot accuse a historian of gross adulation who stops short with this praise. In fine, Hume was too shrewd a thinker, too wise a man, to let the Toryism of his nerves blind him to the truth. The

limitations of his history are characteristic of a period before histories were exhaustively written, and before history in its universal significance was dreamed of. But it is graceful, easy, and lucid narrative, and it has survived to our time through its literary virtues. If the reader cares to know what contemporary and succeeding critics thought of it, he will find much to his purpose collated by the "dark industry" of Mr. Allibone, in his laborious Dictionary. Mr. Huxley's essay,¹ also, has been opportunely published for those who would have a completer view of the man and his whole work, offered by a kindred spirit. But those who have time will not misspend it in making Hume's acquaintance through his history, which the publishers have newly presented with all those advantages of paper, print, and binding so admirable in the companion editions of Macaulay and Motley.

Mr. Green's work is the result of the great acceptance of his *Short History of the English People*, and we do not know how it could well be more satisfactory than it is. Its mood and temper and thought are those of enlightened and modern-minded men. The spirit in which it examines the remoter past is careful and sympathetic, and is always rather reverent than patronizing. It is at all times interesting, and in its treatment of the great epochs — those of Alfred, William, the Reformation, Elizabeth, the Commonwealth, the Revolution — it is soberly just and humanely liberal. It is always the people, their origin, their growth, their destiny, that the author keeps in mind; but it is their history in the larger sense that he writes, and he does not bind himself to be perpetually giving details of what they ate and what they drank and wherewithal they were clothed. There is more of this in Macaulay, and perhaps even in Hume. He is not a brilliant writer, nor a very original thinker; his plainness sometimes verges upon bareness, but his good sense and his right-mindedness are unailing, and if one can have but one history of England these virtues make his the one to have.

—Mr. Ingersoll's book consists of a historical sketch of the War Department;² some notices of the duties and methods of the various offices which compose it; bits of history relating to our regular service,

¹ *English Men of Letters. Hume.* By PROFESSOR HUXLEY. New York: Hager and Brothers. 1879.

² *A History of the War Department of the United States, with Biographical Sketches of the Secretaries.*

By L. D. INGERSOLL, author of *The Life and Times of Horace Greeley*, *Iowa and the Rebellion*, etc. Washington, D. C.: Francis B. Mohun. 1879.

our militia, and our volunteers; and brief biographies of the successive secretaries. It reminds us anew of certain facts well worthy of incessant consideration: such as that our regular army has always been admirable in quality, but far too small for any great emergency; that our volunteer system furnishes capital troops, providing we can have time to embody, drill, and discipline them; and that our state militia is utterly worthless in war except to supply drill instructors for the volunteers. The war of 1812 found us with an army of 6744 men and officers; the governors of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island refused to order out militia except for the defense of their respective States; such militia as did take the field sometimes refused to cross the frontier, and usually ran away in field engagements. The army which ignominiously recoiled at Bladensburg, leaving our capital to a trivial force of invaders, consisted chiefly of militia.

The Mexican war saw something better arise. Militiamen could not, fortunately, be sent abroad, and the government hit upon the happy expedient of "United States volunteers." During our civil war the militia was tried once more, and showed once more its military insufficiency. The giant struggle was fought out by a volunteer army, zealously but feebly assisted by the slender array of regulars (sixty thousand men from first to last), and guided by our scientifically educated regular officers, without whom even the intelligent and willing volunteers would have been little better than a military mob. Such are the most important facts which are impressed upon us by Mr. Ingersoll's far from impressive narrative. They stimulate one to believe that the general government ought to assume the duty of selecting the regimental officers of its own volunteers, and that the regular service should be liberally used as a source of supply for these very important positions. Colonels and lieutenant-colonels,

detailed from among the company officers of the permanent army, would soon drill and discipline regiments of intelligent citizens, and fit them for early victory. Personal experience justifies the assertion that volunteers prefer such commanders, and fight with increased confidence under their guidance. The troops once organized and in the field, promotion might be made in the usual manner, so that volunteer officers should be stimulated to good conduct. Of course, such a system implies that the battalions of the regular army should be somewhat numerous, and that they should be abundantly supplied — in peace, oversupplied — with officers. The plan would cost money, but a policy of niggardliness will in the end cost much more; besides which, it is pretty sure to open every war with a year or so of disaster and disgrace.

Of Mr. Ingersoll's treatment of his topic one wants to say little, because it is impossible to say anything flattering. His book is scrappy in statement; confused in its collocation of facts; inelegant and ungrammatical and rustic in style; full of *emphasis* as to events and people, no matter how commonplace; redolent of puffery for influential politicians; and, in short, a poor production every way. The trumpeting of panegyric is general and laughable; everybody seems to be great and good, — even Simon Cameron. The sketch of this noble secretary closes with the statement that he was lately "the object in a court of justice of a most disgraceful blackmailing assault, which was promptly repelled, to the great gratification of every pure and well-regulated mind." Probably our "pure and well-regulated minds" will be surprised to learn that they took any interest in the vulgar squabble. The sentence is characteristic of the book in judgment and taste and style. On the whole, here is a subject of national importance very poorly treated, and we are once more reminded that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

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